THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ETCHING MORALIZED.

BY THE EDITOR.

To a Noble Lady.

To point a moral.——Johnson.

Fairest Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses design'd to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting!*

Yet oh! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—
Oh! would that our Candours on copper would sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are, good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely,
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee
So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aqua-fortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note,
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the Housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon
The design you conceive the most proper:
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax thro' the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure;

Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
Like the older artistical people;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque;
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence;
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others—of well-temper'd steel,
And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape
Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore let the steel-point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
Such stiff, crabbed and angular scratches,
That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
Something more like a road than a river.
Prithee, who in such characteristics could see
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances seem
Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
That had form'd such a vision of splendour!

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, designed by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,

With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed.*

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
That at first seem'd no better than curses:
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
And console you for all your *reverses.*

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
Of that Club (may all honour betide it!)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
By the work of a Goldsmith beside it!*

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it's, oh! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
In such innocent graphical labours!
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—
Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
They keep biting the backs of their neighbours!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which
You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too m ny endure
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,

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* The Deserted Village. Illustrated by the Etching Club.

A vile practise, most sad and improper!
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the churchyard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet constantly secretly eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepened some portions enough,—
The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine varnish and sooty lamp-black
You must *stop out* the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing-brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one which hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long, at its meal, the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures—whatever you will—
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap
With a sort of Blackheath and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is considered as rather Rembrandty;

And that very black cattle and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, coffins, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat,*
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti, or sweet—
For your hand a performance scarce proper—
So some careful professional person secure—
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
To assist you in *cleaning the copper.*

And, in truth, 'tis a rather unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
Though as sure of an instant forgetting
When—as after the dark clearing off of a storm—
The fair Landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting!

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends—without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
With *a fine India Proof of your Metal?*

CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

[Among the remarkable personages of our times, the writer of the letters now first published, was certainly one of the most prominent. The very little that is known of her personal history, has excited public curiosity in no ordinary degree, which the authentic information conveyed in this interesting correspondence is likely to revive. The outline we have had of the marvellous story of her eccentricities, her genius and her misfortunes, is here filled up by the only hand by which it could have been properly done, and the reader is introduced on a more familiar footing than he could have obtained during her life, to the wondrous woman who, for a considerable period, exercised an extraordinary dominion over the warlike Arabs of the desert,—Sheiks, Effendis, Hakims, Dervishes, and Rabbis, regarding her with wonder and veneration, as much for her courage as for her assumed knowledge of the occult sciences—an assumption she took every means in her power to maintain through the medium of conversation with the many eastern philosophers and scholars who frequented her residence in the mountains of Syria, where she lived with as much display of eastern power and magnificence as her income would allow.

But towards the close of her life, pecuniary difficulties so pressed upon her, that her days were passed in much suffering and considerable risk. She found herself frequently obliged to submit to insult and menace—difficult to be endured by one of her proud spirit, the last flash of which was elicited by a communication from the British government respecting the appropriation of a part of her pension* to the payment of her numerous debts in the Levant. She died shortly afterwards in her residence at Djouni, on the 23d of December, 1839, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. The father of Lady Hester was the third Earl of Stanhope, celebrated for his genius for mechanics; and her mother was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Chatham, after whose decease, the earl married the daughter of Henry Grenville, Esq. (cousin to the Marquis of Buckingham), by whom he had issue Philip Henry Viscount Mahon, and two other sons.]

* As the niece of the Right Honourable William Pitt, she received 900*l.* per annum.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

St. Antonio, Sunday night,
July 8, 1810.

My dear General,

I send you the box I mentioned. If it occasionally puts you in mind of me I shall be much flattered. Were I in France, where they work so admirably, I might be able to offer you one more worthy your acceptance, for I should order that a little bird should pop up with a spring, and sing a little hymn daily, expressive of my gratitude for all the kindness you have shown me.

I am going with Mr. Bruce to-morrow to speak to Captain Vincent; if, therefore, you would have the goodness to allow your boat to come to General Mc Kenzie's house in the bay I could take advantage of seeing every part of the harbour, &c. About half-past six I should think quite early enough.

Believe me, dear General,
Yours most sincerely,
H. L. S.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Terapia, upon the Bosphorus,
December 21, 1810.

My dear General,

I have to thank you for your kind letter just received, dated the 24th of November, your long letter which preceded it, and one I only received about a week ago, as it was sent by mistake into Greece. Your conduct about Lucun proves that judgment and firmness which has ever marked your character, and I am delighted it has been approved by his majesty; I wish all his servants could boast of serving him as faithfully as you have always done. What a sad business in Portugal! and this is to be called a victory? I think the inclosure you had the goodness to send me in your last letter, shows that things at Cadiz do not go on quite as one should wish; indeed, my dearest brother gives me to understand this to be the case. Dear fellow, he has been ill, confined to his bed for three weeks with a violent fever, from being too much exposed to the sun, but his last letter assures me he is recovered.

Since the fire at Pera good houses are so scarce that I have taken up my abode at this place, where I have a fine view of the coast of Asia, and mouth of the Black Sea. Lord Sligo and Bruce are about to set off upon a tour; the latter returns here in a few weeks, but my lord, out of respect to you, means to take his passage to Malta by the first opportunity, and to return to us in the early spring. I flatter myself that you will take my word for his having the best of hearts, and being a most friendly creature, till you can judge yourself of his good qualities; then I am sure that you will not withhold him a little good advice when you think he may want it, and I can answer for his taking it well, as he is very partial to you, and thinks highly of you in every way. Bruce desires to be most kindly remembered to you; he is going to-morrow to choose a worked handkerchief for your love, and I shall take the liberty of sending you a pot of preserved roses, which we all think the best sweet thing we ever tasted. As you will probably see Lord Sligo so soon, I shall not prolong this letter, as he will tell you all our adventures.

I have now only to thank you for your kindness in writing to me when your time must have been so much employed, and to entreat you to take a little care of yourself, for I really fear you have more business than it is almost possible you can get through without injuring your health. Allow me to assure you, my dear General, of the sentiments of perfect regard and esteem with which I shall ever remain,

Most sincerely yours,
H. L. S.

Canning has behaved to me in the civilest, kindest manner pos-

sible, but has never once mentioned his cousin's name. Should Mr. Fazackerley have reached Malta instead of Palmyra—for travellers never do what they intend to do—tell him that I have made this progress, that a *certain gentleman* has lamented that particular circumstances prevent his having the honour of making my acquaintance, &c. &c. of fine things. Mr. F. will *then* tell you what this means, and make you laugh; tell him, moreover, I shall not give it up yet, circumstances may change. Once more adieu.

Oh, one word more. The month of February is not far off, yet the French may still knock down a theatre before that period, and make an engagement void; if they do not, I must, or I shall be considered a false prophet.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Terapia, March 9, 1811.

My dear General,

Every body in England have so much to think of at this moment that I need not regret not having time to write by this opportunity; but I must acknowledge your kind little note of the 14th of February, for which I return you many thanks. I received one from my disagreeable cousin Wynne (at least every person thinks him so, and it is so long since I have seen him that I almost forget what he is like, only remember he is ugly). W. sends me, as I had reason to believe, a present from the Duchess of Rutland, but alas! the box was empty; he says he shall be here next month, and then I shall make him account for having lost my trinket. Lord Sligo we expect every day from Smyrna; I fear he has got into a sad scrape about the deserters he took on board his brig; but as he has been involved by the lies of traders, and of Mr. John or James the footman, I trust the naval men will hear reason, as I am sure he intended no disrespect to the service, though he has been very, very imprudent, and it has been difficult to make him attach sufficient importance to the subject, which he began by laughing at, and thinking it fine fun. The servants who went to Athens to fetch his baggage three months ago, chose to hoist English colours on board a Greek ship, and were nearly taken by two French privateers, and were obliged to hide themselves in some little port for a long time. Such a set you never saw. When he wrote, but a fortnight ago, he had not seen them at Smyrna, so perhaps they are taken, for all we know. A French merchant told me of their being pursued. Will you have the goodness to enclose Bruce's letter and the doctor's to some official person, and you will much oblige me. I send you a coin for yourself, which I hope is worth something; but I am no judge of these things. My next letter shall be a long one, and will follow this shortly, I trust, as I find Canning expects to send off another courier soon. I find a great many English are expected here in the spring. The weather within these few days has been quite heavenly, and I propose to myself great pleasure of riding a new horse (now breaking for me) which B. brought from Asia. He desires to be most kindly remembered to you, and would write, but is so busy reading debates, as the papers set off to-morrow to Persia. I cannot tell you all I think and what I feel about what is now passing in England; I am only glad I am out of it, having no power to do good. The Duke of

York's speech I think the best which has been made, its sentiments are those of an honest man, delivered with modesty and feeling. How many things I have to say to you of all sorts, my dear General, if I could converse instead of writing to you; but as I cannot, I shall take my leave of you for the present, assuring you of the respect and regard with which I shall ever remain,

Most sincerely yours,
H. L. STANHOPE.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Terapia, April 15, 1811.

My dear General,

I have much to say to you, but as you will see Lord Sligo, I do not know the use of putting it upon paper. He will answer you every question you may ask about me, even should they be very curious ones; he has my leave for so doing.

He will also tell you that Pozzo di Borgo is here, and what we suppose his plans to be, and likewise the stupid business about the Spanish palace; really to see Canning's agitation must be good, but he has been so much occupied that I have seen nothing of him lately, but he sent me your letter about Lord C., and sorry I am to learn that you have had so much to vex you, but I hope that it will end to your satisfaction. The moment B. and I learned of Mr. Le Marchant's arrival, and found by your letter to Mr. Canning he was a friend of yours, we sent for him to come here: he conformably accepted the invitation, and is gone over to Belgrade to-day with B., and joins Lord Sligo to-morrow at Pera. I inclose you a purse to make my letter look a respectable size; when I hear from you I shall have some new topic to write upon: that pleasure, I trust, will not be long deferred, in the mean time, believe me, dear General,

Ever yours, most sincerely,
H. L. S.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Terapia, April 23, 1811.

My dear General,

When at Zante we received the greatest possible kindness from a Mr. Voltero, a friend of Major Oswald's, at whose house he lodged; the General and every one else in the island spoke most highly of this man, and nothing short of real goodness of heart could have made a man so popular, or induced him to show such great hospitality to strangers. He gave us two letters to this place to friends of his, who he thought might be useful to us in their way. Mr. Spiro Chielmi is one of them; he is going to Malta, and has requested to have a letter of recommendation to you: I think I risk nothing in giving him one, for I believe I may justly say that it is very unlikely that Mr. Voltero should have recommended an unworthy person to us. He takes his passage to Malta in the St. Giorgo, commanded by Giorgio Deorise, and he says your protection will be of the greatest advantage to him; and I doubt not that you will grant it him, if he proves as modest in any little request he may have to make as I expect he will be. I cannot say how mortified I am that Bruce and Lord Sligo looked a whole day for that sort of handsome Turkish bridle the shops are sometimes

full of, but found none at that moment which was worthy of your acceptance; but another time I hope B. will be more fortunate in his search.

Believe me, my dear General,
Yours most sincerely,
H. L. S.

We are going, the day after to-morrow, to Belgrade for a few days, and then to Brusa; but continue, if you please, to direct our letters to Canning, who will forward them. I mention this that you should not be surprised should you receive no letters by the return of the courier.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Terapia, May 2, 1811.

My dear General,

I am just departing for Brusa in Asia, and luckily was not gone when your packet and letter of the 5th of April arrived here. I thank you a thousand times for your long and kind letter, which I cannot answer now, but only acknowledge. I have scribbled some for England, which I beg you to forward. When I get to Brusa I will write you a volume. Before that you will have seen Lord Sligo, pray, pray, advise and direct this young man. The interest I take in him will be explained when you see him, if you choose to question him about me. Kindly as you have acted towards me I should not wish to be the person to deceive you about any thing, unless it was your own wish. Lord S. can tell you things I cannot write, and then you will not wonder that I should feel an interest about a man whose conduct has been all kindness, honour, and delicacy towards me. He talks of going to Cadiz; his object he will also tell you. I often have wished I knew General G. as well as I do you, that I might entreat him to use his influence with my brother to act a *sensible* part. I think I have now said enough to prove to you I do not wish to keep any secrets from you, and you may lead to these subjects, if you will condescend to feel any interest in a person whose actions may appear strange, but whose motives are as honourable as their feelings are violent.

Ever yours, most sincerely,
H. L. S.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Private. Brusa, June 2, 1811.

My dear General,

Your kind letter of the 30th of April deserves a long one in return, but I have hardly had time to be recovered from the joy I felt at the good news you sent me. That James is safe I have had the happiness to learn from himself, and also that of his General has had an opportunity (for that only was wanting) of raising himself in the annals of fame. I cannot conceive any action more glorious to the British arms, more brilliant in itself, but I am outrageous against the Spaniards; you know I hate them, and I think I have now good reason, for had they acted as they ought to have done, what might not have been accomplished? Not having seen the accounts of Massena's retreat, which you allude to, I cannot form any just idea upon the share of merit that Lord Wellington has in the business: he may be a good General, but he is a vain man, and seldom states things just as they are; it is also

just possible, that Massena may wish to deceive him, and that he retreated from design, more than necessity; time, however, will prove that has occasioned this singular and sudden movement. Canning is wild with hope; and if ministers and generals were as much to be depended upon as you are, I should be so too; but as it is, I shall postpone being too much elated.

The news you tell me about the dear Duke of York gives me a degree of heartfelt satisfaction I cannot describe, for few persons ever lamented more than I have done, that the army should be deprived of its best friend, or shall rejoice more at his returning to his former situation. Lord William Bentinck I think the most honest one of his family; but there were two opinions about his conduct as a politician in India, and we don't want to try experiments in Sicily: it must be saved or lost in the course of another year. I have heard a great deal of General Maitland from a very particular friend of his, and I imagine it likely that he and Lord W. will not set up their horses very well together, unless his lordship is inclined to give way to the General, who has always been described to me as a decided character, possessing considerable talents and great observation. It appears to me that his opinions respecting the part of the world he lived most in argue an enlightened mind; they are the most sensible I have heard upon the subject of our settlements in the West Indies, but too long to relate by letter.

As the weather must be now very hot at Malta, allow me to entreat, for the sake of all those who love you, that you will take care of your health. How I wish you were here to enjoy this delicious climate, and the finest country I ever beheld! Italy is nothing to it in point of magnificence. The town of Brusa is situated at the foot of the Mount Olympus; it is one of the largest towns, and may be considered the capital of Asia Minor: the houses are like all Turkish houses, bad in themselves, but so interspersed with trees and mosques that the whole has a fine effect; the view quite delightful over an immense plain more rich and beautiful than any thing I ever saw, covered with trees, shrubs, and flowers of all descriptions; the rides are charming, and the horses better than any of those I have met with out of England.

That goodnatured methodistical minister, Mr. Canning, is, it appears, about to take his departure, he is much delighted at it; as for my part, I have no right to be either glad or sorry. I do not think him very agreeable, but I believe him very honest; but whether a man who is only honest is a fit minister to watch over the intrigues of a very cunning people is the question. Mr. Liston, I have understood, stands high in his profession, and I am prepared to like him. Frere I must hate * * * * * * * * By this time Lord Sligo will have reached Malta, and I think I can vouch for your liking him. I perhaps may see him with partial eyes, for I never can feel nor express sufficiently my gratitude for his kindness to me, and the interest he has taken in all which most deeply concerns my happiness. I inclose you a letter for him; but should this not leave Pera immediately, he most likely will have left Malta. Upon my account it was his intention to visit Cadiz if he possibly could, and I trust he will have been able to accomplish this plan. Pray, with your usual candour, tell me what took place at Malta among the sea-officers when he arrived there. I am so anxious

to know the truth, as I wish him well out of the scrape with all my heart.

The rebels here are so strong, that the Captain Pacha who was sent to cut off the head of the chief who resides about two days' journey from this place, was either frighted or bribed, for he returned having done nothing. We shall remain at this place some weeks longer, and then return to Terapia. Bruce desires to be most kindly remembered to you; his father in his last letter speaks with gratitude of the interest you have taken about his son, and likewise mentions your brother.

I hope you admire Lord Sligo's Albanians, they are not all such frights as those he has with him; their dress, I think, extraordinary and handsome. If you leave Malta, you must not come here, for you would fall in love if you did. How beautiful are these Asiatic women! they go to the bath from fifty to five hundred together; and when I was bathing the other day, the wife of a deposed Pacha begged I would finish my bathing at a bath half a mile off, that she might have the pleasure of my society, but this I declined; they bathe with all their ornaments on—trinkets I mean—and when finished they bind up their hair with flowers, and eat and talk for hours: then fumble up their faces all but their eyes, and sit under trees till the evening.

I am quite ashamed of the scrawl I have written you, and of its length; but even now I have not said half I wanted to say. Tell Mr. Fazackerly that I should have won ten thousand pounds of him if I had laid him a wager: dear Lord Sligo can tell you what that means if he has not already. Adieu, my dear General,

And believe me, with every sentiment
Of esteem and regard,
Yours most sincerely,
H. L. S.

I am very happy to find that the Prince has called on Lord Hutchinson to be his chief adviser; he is an honourable, upright man, and will tell him the truth. Lord H. is also friendly to the Duke of York.

Lieut.-General Oakes to Lady Hester Stanhope.

June 22, 1811.

Lady Hester Stanhope,

What can I say, my dear Lady Hester, as to the very important and interesting communication which Lord Sligo has made to me respecting yourself, and for which your letter of the 22d ultimo, paved the way.

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At this distance, and without knowing a great deal more than I do

at present, it is quite impossible for me to give any advice or opinion that ought in the smallest degree to have weight; yet, from all that Lord Sligo has told me, I will so far venture my sentiments as to say, that I am rather inclined to take B.'s side of the question, as likely to prove the best measure for ameliorating the evils and difficulties which must, I fear, from the general usage and customs of the world, and of our country in particular, be naturally produced by such an event as has occurred.

Lord Sligo has told me the object of his intended visit to Cadiz. It is certainly very kind of him to undertake the task, and I most earnestly hope he may succeed in curbing your brother's impetuosity, and reducing him to reason; this, however, will naturally require some art, and possibly a considerable degree of temper and patience. Lord Sligo has, I am sure, a good heart, with the best intentions, and the natural effusion of his genuine feelings may probably prevail, but I wish on this occasion he was a little older, and had a greater knowledge of mankind and of the world.

I now quit this subject until I have the pleasure of hearing from you again, requesting you will command me in any way that I can do you service.

Pray make my best regards to Bruce, and assure him of the same. I have not time to write to him by this opportunity. The letters I inclose from his father both to you and him, will no doubt be greatly interesting; and it is my earnest hope that they may prove also satisfactory.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Rebeck, upon the Bosphorus,
July 13, 1811.

My dear General,

I have only a moment to thank you for your dear kind letter of the 22d of June. I will write to you in length in about a week or ten days, and will only just tell you now that I have received, as well as B., the most satisfactory letters from his father; what an honest, upright feeling man he must be! As to my brother, he is rather less wild, but he is not all I could wish. I do wish you could hint to General Graham to betune him a little. The General knows all about it by this time, I am sure; for Mr. B. says that he has been tormented with anonymous letters. My old enemies, I suppose, are still at work, lamenting that all their former wicked intrigues to ruin my happiness has not, as they hoped it would, end by sending me into the next world.

How can I thank you for your kindness to Lord Sligo? he is so grateful for it, poor man, and to me for having spoken to you in his favour. God bless you, my dear General. I pray for the restoration of your health, and remain,

Ever most sincerely yours,
H. L. S.

We have only returned here a fortnight ago, and B. set off yesterday for Adrianople. He expects to be back in twelve days, and will then write to you.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Rebeck, upon the Banks of the Bosphorus,
August 27, 1811.

My dear General,

Unless I could communicate to you the unfortunate history of my life, I have no sort of defence to make for that conduct which surprised you; all I can say is, had I acted differently, I should have had to reproach myself, and altogether to give up a person whose attachment appeared to me as extraordinary, as I have since found it uniform and sincere, I fairly tell you I had not courage to do so. I know how to make the best of my situation, and have sense and feeling enough never to wish to force myself forward so as to make it at all awkward to him; all the society I want is, that which, if I had been *nobody*, I could equally have enjoyed—a few of his men friends, and those of my own, who this nor any other imprudence would not have deprived me of; yet I never wish them to commit themselves, particularly those in a public situation, which was one of my reasons for having candidly mentioned this business to you; but at any time when you might hear me abused, you might be tempted to take my part, or that in the event of my again passing by Malta, you might be prepared to act towards me as you should think most becoming your situation, and which I never could take ill, knowing, at least flattering myself, that from your *heart* you can never act unkindly towards me. * * * *

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* * The conduct of a certain person has given me great concern, and I little expected that he who knew the violence of my feelings could ever have acted as he has done. Thank God, upon his own account, he has not my death to reproach himself with, nor would I wish him ever to know not only all the misery, but sufferings his imprudence has caused me; but all that was over long ago. If he chooses to act as a friend towards me in private, it is all very well; if not, I shall never cease to pray for his welfare, but I can never see him again, nor will I allow him to torment me by letter: he might know me well enough to be aware that when my mind is *made up* upon any subject, it is unchangeable; however, I am still in hopes that matters will not come to this, if they do, God's will be done.

I am in all other respects happy and comfortable, and quite another creature to what I was when I left Malta. A very short time will now decide to what part of the world we shall bend our steps, to Egypt or to Italy; you must know, I think, we have great hopes of getting to Rome, even perhaps to France. Here is my letter to Lord Wellesley, which will explain the whole business: had *** not been a fool, he would never have acted as he has done; on the contrary, a public man ought to feel happy at the very idea of any thing like confidence subsisting between the two nations, and be very happy to find there are people in the world whose fears will not prevent their making an experiment upon its sincerity. But he is a bigot and an idiot in all

these sort of affairs; he made nearly as much fuss about the Captain Pacha having given us leave to go up the Black Sea if we chose it; to say the truth, I believe he is jealous; I never have yet either asked or allowed him to introduce one person to me since I came here, but young Morier, whom I dislike extremely, and Count Ludolph, whom I think of not in the way it is the fashion to do.

I have made my own way with the Turks, and I have contrived to get upon so intimate a footing, that the pacha's brother, brother-in-law, and captain of the fleet dined with us, accompanied by the confidential physician. This may not sound like a compliment; but see the captain pacha's brother, bending under a tree in a public walk, he neither notices Greek, Armenian, or Frank women of any kind, but looks at them all as if they were sheep in a field, and they dare not come near him, as his attendants form a circle which they never pass, but stand and look at him for an hour together. I must likewise tell you that C. has been much shocked at my having gone on board the fleet in men's clothes; a pair of overalls, a military great-coat, and cocked hat, is so much less decent a dress than that of a real fine lady in her shift and gown and half-naked besides! The captain pacha said I was welcome to go, but I must change my dress, and I certainly thought it worth while. I closely examined every thing; and as I understand a little about a ship, it was not quite a useless visit. After his foolish conduct, all communication with the palace being at an end, I have not seen Sir H. Jones, but this I do not care much about.

When the answer arrives from Paris I will communicate to you the nature of it, and at all events as soon as it comes, and Mr. Liston is arrived, we shall leave this place. I find he is a sensible, liberal man, and I dare say he will see this business in a different light from C. To give you a little idea of the narrowness of this man's mind, when I praised Monsieur de M. to him, and said even himself could no but confess the French *chargé d'affaires* had never done a dirty thing and was considered even by his enemies as disinterested and pure, he was obliged to agree; but added, had he been a man of principle he could never live under the orders of a tyrant. I said what was he or any other Frenchman to do? He replied, Leave France for England. And what to do there? said I. Live upon bread-and-water! he answered. God knows we have too many Frenchmen in England as it is, to wish for more. By the by, though I have made it a rule never to repeat my conversation with Monsieur de M., I will tell you in confidence one thing I said to him (having you, my dear general, a little in my head). He seldom talks politics, but one day asked questions about L. Bonaparte, How was he, How would he be treated in England, How considered, &c. &c. &c. I answered, I knew not, but were I a public man I should have put him at first, and kept him in close confinement. If he was his brother's spy he deserved, if a traitor to his country, the same; for it is neither to the honour or interest of a great nation to encourage either the one or the other. These are my true feelings, and I am not ashamed to confess them to any one; and I fancy although I can do justice to the French as a nation full of talent and resource, no one can better *faire valoir* their own country.

The long-promised bridle accompanies this letter. I fear you will

not like it much, but it is of the newest fashion. There are two sorts of bridles here, such as I send of various descriptions and colours, and those made for very great men, of solid silver, weighing some of them twelve or fifteen pounds, which their own stallions can just bear the weight of during some grand procession. In the hand, these bridles are the most magnificent things you can imagine, but they are so confused with chains and ornaments that they bury a horse's head and have little effect. I have sent a red one to my brother, but I thought that a dark one would more become your white horse. All those with tassels are made with a little silk mixed with silver or gold twist; it looks pretty for a day, but the heat of the horse spoils it directly, and it cannot be cleaned! This bridle must be cleaned with lemon-juice.

I must now conclude my long letter, but not without again thanking you for all your kindness to me, and exertions about Lord Sligo, who by Captain Barrie's account is even more committed than I imagined. Captain B. was poor Lord Camelford's greatest friend, therefore I received him with great cordiality. Adieu, my dear general, any letters which arrive more than a fortnight after Mr. Liston has passed you, pray keep till you hear from us.

Yours most sincerely,

H. L. S.

I am grieved about your health; pray do not remain at Malta long enough to injure it seriously. I should think if you came up here, and then went to Greece in the winter and returned home in the spring, it would be of great advantage, for few of our military men are acquainted with this country; besides, travelling and constant change of air would do you much good. I wish I could talk to you, for I have many important things to say. Now the dear duke is in power you may be any thing; but pray get quite well. Once more, adieu. God bless you, my dear General.

Lady Hester Stanhope to the Marquis Wellesley.

My Lord,

Mr. Canning having threatened to write to your lordship, I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject I am anxious should not be misrepresented.

You are aware, my lord, that I left England on account of my health; which, though mended, is by no means re-established: and I always suffer extremely from cold. In the course of last winter I had often expressed a wish that it were possible I could visit either Italy or the south of France: which coming to the ears of Mr. Latour Maubourg, the French *chargé d'affaires* at this place, he was so good as to hint, through a third person, that he should be most happy to give me every assistance in his power to accomplish this object. Had Mr. Adair been here, or any man of known character and liberal opinions, I should, in the first instance, have communicated this circumstance to him, and fairly told him it was my intention to take advantage of the opportunity which now presented itself of making the acquaintance of Mr. Maubourg, and of requesting him to forward my views in the manner which he thought most honourable and respectable to both parties. But Mr. Canning was young and inexperienced; full of zeal, but full of prejudice; I guessed, therefore, what might be the line of

conduct he would pursue on such an occasion. Respecting, as I do, his many virtues, I did not wish to quarrel with him, or appear openly to disregard his authority, or publicly to ridicule the very idea of any person presuming to doubt my patriotism; because I despise the idea of war with individuals, and, also, cannot but lament a fault too common to most of our public men—that of seeing things in the light they wish them to be, and not as they are; and wishing to impose this fallacy upon the public mind, which, when discovered, must sooner or later destroy the degree of confidence they ought to possess.

The above reasons decided me to see Mr. M. privately; who is also very young for his situation, but which his talents fully qualify him to fill. Nothing can have been more candid, more honourable, than his conduct upon this occasion. He lost no time in writing to Paris for passports, and his answer may be expected every day. Not long ago Mr. Canning's spy, who I saw was pursuing me for some time, communicated to his employer that he had seen Mr. M. and myself walking together upon the coast of Asia. This led Mr. C. to inquire into the business, the whole of which I communicated to him, and my reasons for having kept it a secret. He has thought it his duty to take leave of me, and also to forbid any of those persons belonging to him to visit me: which, as far as it affects my comfort, is of no consequence, as they are all horridly dull, except Mr. Pisani, who is a man of information and merit: and as far as relates to my politics I flatter myself that it is not in the power of Mr. C., or any other person, to cast any reflection upon them, that would be credited in this or any other country, and much less in my own.

Although it is very evident that Mr. Canning has not been educated in your lordship's school of gallantry, yet I give him full credit for acting from the most upright and conscientious principles; and if his zeal has carried him a little too far, there is no one so willing to forgive it as I am, or so little inclined to attempt to turn him from what he considers to be the execution of his duty. Affectation nor fear has in no degree influenced my line of conduct towards him; and if I have acted with more moderation than is usual to me, it proceeds from what may (though true) sound like conceit to confess—the persuasion that Mr. Canning and I do not stand upon equal grounds, and that he is by no means a match for me, were I determined to revenge what, to others, carries the appearance of insult. But as he is both a religious and political methodist, after having appeared to doubt my love for my country, he will next presume to teach me my duty to my God!

Before I conclude, I must request your lordship not to receive Mr. C. with dry bows or wry faces, or allow the fine ladies to toss him in a blanket. The best recompence for his services would be, to appoint him commander-in-chief at home and ambassador extraordinary abroad to the various societies for the suppression of vice and cultivation of patriotism. The latter consists in putting oneself into greater convulsions than the dervishes, at the mention of Bonaparte's name.

H. C. S.

To the Most Noble
The Marquis Wellesley,
&c. &c. &c.
August, 1811.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Rebeck upon the Bosphorus,
October 21, 1811.

My dear General,

As the answer from France is not yet come, I am going straight to Egypt: therefore send all letters you may receive for me to Mr. Maltoss, at Alexandria. I am so hurried just now, I have not time to write but a few lines, but you will hear of me from Mr. Manutz, our late consul at Bussorah, and from Mr. Taylor, who brings you a letter from his brother the delightful colonel. I have talked to Mr. Taylor about you and about Malta, but to no other person; he perhaps can be of use to you, as he has been all his life used to intrigue, though in himself a plain straightforward man. To say how I lament that you should be losing your time and your health at such an infernal place, has grieved me for some time; and I wish you would take my advice, and if you can get leave to quit Malta and all its horrors, do visit the Morea, it may be so useful to you hereafter, for things will not always remain as they are in that quarter; it must sooner or later fall into the hands of the French or English. Mr. Taylor is not only prepared to like you, but to serve you in any way in which you may put it into his power; and at all events for a man of his character to be able to state how things stood exactly is always an advantage, for persons cannot praise themselves, or tell their own story, with the same effect as it can be told by others. You shall hear from me again as soon as I get to Alexandria: in the mean time, may every good wish I make for you be realized.

Adieu, my dear General,
Ever most sincerely yours,
H. L. S.

Having received no letters from England for an age, I have none to send just now.

Dr. Ch. Lewis Meryon to Lieut.-General Oakes.

Rhodes, December 2, 1811.

Sir,

Finding an occasion presents itself for Malta, I cannot forbear writing to your excellency, to apprize you of a misfortune that has happened to Lady Hester Stanhope and her party; and which, though (thank God!) it has not proved a fatal one, has yet been so serious, as to make me apprehensive lest it should come misrepresented to your ears, and cause, by that means, an unnecessary alarm.

Your excellency probably was aware that her ladyship had left Constantinople for Egypt. A ship of about 250 tons (as I guess) had been hired, and commodiously fitted up for the voyage. Scarcely had we quitted the canal of the Bosphorus when a storm arose, and detained us seven days behind the Princes' Islands; so that, at setting out, the weather was against us. This subsided, we made shift, by degrees, to reach Scio, where we were detained ten days more by a second, not less furious than the first, though intermitting occasionally. A fair wind at last sprung up, and reaching the port of Rhodes on the evening of Saturday the 23d, we took our departure thence at midnight, and by Monday afternoon had crossed more than halfway towards

Alexandria. I think it was about sunset that a sirocco sprung up, and by the next morning had become so furious as to oblige us to wear ship and retrace our road. On Tuesday and Wednesday the gale continued, acquiring every hour fresh strength: and as Rhodes, for which we were making, required the ship to go with the wind on her beam, our progress had not been so rapid as to bring land in sight.

Thursday, about eight o'clock, the ship rolling tremendously, her foremast slipt out of its step, and made a hole through her bottom. In a quarter of an hour there was a foot water above the ballast, and the leak was then first discovered. The pump was immediately manned, but proved to be useless. All hands were then set to work with buckets, but the leak evidently gained upon us, and the crew, exhausted with fatigue, were on the point of giving themselves up to their fate, when, at two in the afternoon, Mr. Bruce's servant discovered land. The man's emotion was so great that he fell into an hysteric fit: whilst the rest, borrowing a little fresh vigour, renewed their baling, in hopes of being able to last out till we reached what was now known to be the southern point of Rhodes. It is not for me to make the eulogium of her ladyship's courage during these awful moments. What little I had myself, I borrowed from the serenity of her looks. At three o'clock we came abreast of the point, but found we were unable to fetch the shore. The vessel was water-logged, and we were three miles off. An anchor was let go, but did not hold; and we were told now that our only hope was the ong-boat. No time was lost, and each person with only the clothes he had upon his back, got into her, making in all twenty-four. The sea ran mountains high; and trying to reach the land, it was found that the boat made no head against it. Fortunately, under our lee, there was a rock, about a mile from us. We made for this, and in half an hour reached it, all wet from head to foot, and the boat hardly out of the water. But here things wore a worse aspect than ever. The rock produced nothing eatable, had no inhabitants, and no water: and from having fasted two days, owing to sea-sickness, our hunger and thirst were now pretty severe. We stopped here twenty-four hours, in expectation of starving, when the wind subsiding a little the boat succeeded in crossing to *terra firma*, and brought us back water and bread. The same night we all embarked, and reached a village on the sea-shore.

Thus, your excellency will see, that excepting our lives, every thing has been lost; as the ship probably went to the bottom an hour after we left her. Lady Hester, Mr. Bruce, and a gentleman by the name of Pearce, who is of her party, remain until to-morrow at the spot where we landed; I have come forward here to prepare a house for their reception. Not wishing, as I before observed, that any false account of our shipwreck should reach your excellency's ears, I write this letter without her ladyship's knowledge: persuaded that if you will pardon the trouble I give you she will approve of what I have done.

I am happy to say that under all this fatigue and wetting her health has not suffered in the least.

I have the honour to be,
With the greatest respect,
Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,
CH. LEWIS MERYON.

(*To be continued.*)

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

No. I.

Of the great comedian, Robert William Elliston! who acted quite as much when off the stage as he did when on it, a thousand pleasant anecdotes might be recorded. Giving at all times a free vent to the sly humour, the goodnatured satire, and keen enjoyment of a joke, that were natural to him, his whim, eccentricity, readiness, and talent, gave to many of the adventures in which he was engaged an air of comedy, farce, or extravaganza, sufficiently dramatic; rendering them quite as amusing as one-half of the entertainments now produced on the stage. As the original *raconteurs* of these pleasantries (principally persons engaged in them) die away, so will the stories themselves.

The present attempt to preserve some of these humorous scenes ere they are quite forgotten, may not prove displeasing to the general reader, nor unacceptable to the lover of theatricals. They must necessarily lose much of their raciness, pungency, and whimsicality, in being committed to paper: but the reader's imagination, who was at all acquainted with Elliston, will readily supply the writer's deficiencies.

A few solitary anecdotes, purporting to be of Elliston, have from time to time stolen into print, but they have hardly done justice to the Prince of genteel Comedy, representing him as a drunkard, a trickster, or something worse—but he was none of these, but a *bon vivant*, a wag,

A fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy,

and one who has "often set the table in a roar."

CONJURER AND NO CONJURER.

Elliston pursued every thing for the time being with an ardour that often led him into very inconvenient extremes. Whatever it was, business or pleasure, working or playing, speculating, building, acting, drinking, or gaming, he engaged in it for the moment to excess, carried away by the strength of his animal spirits. A well-authenticated anecdote may be related in exemplification of this peculiarity, and fifty others of the same kind might easily be brought forward.

One evening, during a short engagement in the pleasant town of Marlborough, he had retired from the theatre after the fatigues of the night to "take his ease in his inn,"—"The Roebuck," the then principal hostelry of the town—in company with Brunton and De Camp, both of them engaged there at that time as well as himself. "The Roebuck" was then a pleasant inn on the roadside, near the entrance of the town, overlooking in front the open country.

As it was impossible for Elliston at any time to remain wholly inactive, he proposed to his companions a rubber of whist by way of relaxation. Cards were accordingly produced, and Elliston taking *dummy*, put himself in array against his brother comedians. Fortune favoured him, he always turned up an honour when he dealt, had trumps at command, and got all the points of the game in his hand. As it was not by any means his practice to play for *love*, he very soon emptied the pockets of his friends. Flushed with success, he pursued

his advantage till their broaches, watches, and rings, had severally been staked against his broad pieces, and had shared the fate of their purses. Having now nothing to stake but their words which Elliston declined to take, as he also did lending them the "sinews of war," to use against himself, things came to a stand-still. At length, about two in the morning, the despoiled sons of Thespis departed for their trucklebeds, in no very pleasant mood, leaving their reckonings as unsatisfied as themselves.

Elliston did not, however, follow their example. The itch for play was upon him, and budge he would not. It was in vain the waiter made fifty excuses to come into the room, inquiring, *par parenthèse*, if there were any further orders, gently hinting at the same time that the family wished to retire to rest.

Potential in all things, Elliston authoritatively said, they need not sit up, that he should stay breakfast, desiring the waiter to bring up a fresh supply of candles, and put two or three bottles of madeira on the sideboard, and then go to bed.

Knowing his customer, John did as he was desired. Being once more left by himself, Elliston recommenced playing. Placing before him the spoils of victory, that is, the watches, and jewellery of his unfortunate friends: then carefully dividing their money into two equal portions, one of which he put into his right hand breeches-pocket, and the other into his left, he began to play at *double dummy*, duly filling a glass for each of his mute antagonists, transferring the stipulated sum for which he played from one pocket to the other, according as the supposed party to whom it was appointed won, or lost, drinking at the same time very gravely for each of the presumed players.

The break of day overtook him in this very pleasant pastime, and to enjoy the fresh air of the morning, he threw open the old-fashioned capacious bay-window that looked out from the front of the apartment in which he was sitting, and took a survey of the wide expanse before him. The novelty of the scene pleased him, for the break of day in the country he had seldom witnessed, though it had generally found him its votary in town, and he repeated the soliloquy of *Richard*—

> The air's refreshing,
> And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
> Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.

Never having, as he remarked to himself, gone through the scene with such natural properties; the neighbouring cocks crowing to a miracle: when all at once a merry voice was heard at some distance on the road carolling the well-known song,

> The southerly wind, and a cloudy sky,
> Proclaim a hunting morning.

In an instant Elliston was all eye, as well as all ear. Eagerly stretching his neck out of the window, he perceived an individual coming briskly along dressed in a scarlet-coat, leathern inexpressibles, and top-boots, with a small wallet or knapsack strapped to his shoulders.

"It is some country squire; yes, there's his hunting-dress," thought Elliston, "going to join the hounds; he must step up, and take a glass of wine to help him on the road—perhaps he'll like a rubber."

"How do you do, sir—how do you do?" he bawled out; "good morning to you."

"Good morning," replied the red-coated gentleman, in a strong broad accent, very good-humouredly.

"A fine morning, sir, for hunting," said Elliston.

"Very," said the red-coated gentleman.

"Step up, and take a glass of wine, sir, it will help you on your road. I can let you in—'free man's key, sir.'"

"I doant care if I do, sur!" retorted the other.

No sooner said than done, the complaisant comedian descending to the front door, the complying stranger was soon admitted.

Free and easy as Elliston invariably was, he found his freedom and ease outdone by those of the stranger, whose familiarity was such, that it could not have been greater had he known Elliston all his life. A fresh bottle was soon uncorked, clean glasses produced, and filled and emptied on both sides with great celerity and good will. Elliston now thought it was a good opportunity to break the ice, accordingly he ventured to remark that it was a capital morning for sport.

"You are sure of plenty of game, sir," said he. "Talking of *game*, do you ever play at cards, sir?" carelessly taking in his hand the pack that was lying on the table, "ever do any thing in this way?"

"Sometimes," said the stranger, with a smile; "but what do you call these?" taking the cards from Elliston, and after a short examination, jerking them out of the window. "I always play with my own cards, then I knows no tricks can be practised that I am not up to."

"A very wise precaution, sir," said Elliston, who now very decidedly smelt a customer; "perhaps you'll have no objection to take a hand—we'll not play for much, only guinea points."

"Just as you loike, sir," replied the red-coated gentleman. "I never plays at cards wi' any one unless I be challenged, then you knows they can't grumble arterwards."

"Very true," replied Elliston, with a knowing wink; "you are lucky at cards, perhaps."

"Yes; I generally wins," said the stranger drily.

"I'm rather fortunate myself," said Elliston, with a self-satisfied smirk. "Come, sir, we'll commence operations at once.

Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he that first cries, hold, enough!"

"With all my heart," replied the red-coated gentleman, making the cards, as it is termed, with a dexterity of shuffle and cleanness of cut, scarcely to have been expected from one of his uncouth appearance. Elliston stared for a moment in astonishment, but soon recovered his self-possession.

"We'll e'en to it like French falconers," said he, and to it they went.

But, alas! poor Elliston soon found he had got his match—that he had a perfect master of the game to contend with—the cards seemed to know his adversary's touch, to obey his very wish, to play into his hands. If he wanted a particular trump he had it, every thing turned up in his favour—he was literally covered with honours, and scored every point.

"Surprising;" said the discomfited Elliston, as be parted with guinea after guinea.

"Yes! ain't it?" said his new friend, with much nonchalance.

"You've the devil's luck, squire, as well as your own," cried Elliston.

"Yes, I have," said the other.

Elliston's own money had quickly passed into the possession of the red-coated gentleman, it was soon followed by the cash of Brunton and De Camp. There now only remained the watches, rings, and brooches, these were as successively staked, and as successively changed owners. At last, Elliston was, to use his own expression, literally cleaned out, and the red-coated gentleman extinguishing the candles, for it was now broad day, said he must think of tramping, for he had got to be at Hungerford to breakfast, "therefore Muster Rover, I wishes you a werry good morning."

"Rover! Rover!" cried the beaten comedian; "why then, you know me!"

"Know you, to be sure I does," said the fortunate gamester, "you are Muster Elliston, the actor—don't you know me?"

"No, curse me if I do; and taking your present luck into account, I wish I had never known you! Who the devil are you?"

"Why, I'm Moon—Moon, *the conjurer!* I thought every body knowed me."

"Moon, the conjurer!" groaned Elliston; "no wonder then that you held all the cards in your hand. I have been finely tricked—*you* may be *a conjurer*, friend, but it's very clear, *I've* been *no conjurer.*"

It was in fact the celebrated Moon, so well known for his sleight-of-hand, who was in the habit of travelling early in the morning from town to town dressed as described, and who was now proceeding to Newbury, in order that he might exhibit at the fair to be held there, in his usual costume of a scarlet-coat and leathern breeches as before mentioned, when he was so unluckily hailed by Elliston.

"It be no money returned in our line, you knows, Muster Elliston," said the juggler, with a grin; "I didn't ax you to play, but you would call me in, you know; but howsomedever, as ve always returns the rings and vatches that ve takes from the company arter ve've showed our tricks, you are wery velcome to your bits of jewelry back again, so I wishes you a wery good morning."

"Oh! day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" cried the pigeoned Elliston. "The next time I get in the *sun*, after robbing the *stars*, I'll take good care how I come in contact with the *moon* again."

HUMBUG.

"Humbug!" observed Elliston one day to a friend, "is not the contemptible, worthless thing you may possibly imagine it, sir. Humbug has a world of its own in which more than one-half of the population live perfectly happy and contented. Humbug is the great business of life, sir. Existence is more or less made up of it in the church, in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the stage. Its skilful application constitutes the great secret of success. For my part, I like humbug, and so I am persuaded does every body else, though perhaps they don't know it, and might not have the candour to confess it if they did."

Elliston was perfectly sincere in this declaration, in the sentiment of

which there is perhaps more truth than many straight-laced and moral persons might be inclined to admit. He was fond of humbug,—was a complete master of it, and practised it on every available occasion with a relish and earnestness that added considerably to its efficacy. One instance of his success in humbugging an audience will be a case in point.

During the run of "Rochester" at the Olympic, in the memorable season of 1818, Karles, who performed the character of *Charles the Second*, and who like the royal personage he represented, was never at any time averse to the pleasures of the table, got so intoxicated one night, that he was unable to make his appearance before the audience. Elliston, who thought on these occasions the least that was said was the soonest mended, took no notice of this little accident to the audience, but quietly sent on one of the underlings of the theatre for the part.

The substitution was immediately discovered, for Karles was too popular in the part, and many of the audience had seen the piece too often to suffer them to be deceived so easily, and loud cries for "Karles! Karles!" mingled with hisses, resounded through the theatre. Amongst others, a testy-looking little gentleman, whose rotundity of person and dogged air sufficiently showed his independence, was one of the most vociferous. The tumult rose to such a degree at length, that Elliston was obliged, *malgré lui*, to make his appearance.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" he asked, in an authorative tone.

"Karles! Karles!" was the universal reply, the testy little gentleman's voice rising above the storm.

"Karles! Karles! who calls for Karles?" roared Elliston, portentously, at the same time fixing an indignant glance full on the testy little gentleman.

The audience were abashed, and even the little gentleman felt for a moment rebuked, but recovering himself with a great effort, he resolutely answered,

"*I* call for Karles!"

"And what for?" said Elliston, still keeping his basilisk eye fixed on the little man. "Why did you call for Karles?"

There was another pause. The universal gaze was directed in one concentrated focus on the testy gentleman, who, it was plain, was considered the champion of the house; he seemed to feel this, for big drops of perspiration stood on his brow.

Elliston repeated the question more sternly, "And why did you call for Karles? I ask—for why did you call for Karles?"

In the agony of exasperation the baited little man at last mumbled out,

"*Why, because his name is in the bills!*"

This was conclusive, was unanswerable; the audience felt it so, and a round of applause followed the effort. They evidently thought the little gentleman had got Elliston in a cleft stick, but they had mistaken their man. Not at all disconcerted, Elliston coolly answered,

"And a very good reason too! You have a right to call for Karles!—it is the glorious privilege of a British audience; but suppose Karles" (here his voice became tremulous) "should be at this moment stretched on a bed of illness, with his weeping wife, and five helpless children

clustering around him—the doctor vainly trying to assuage the fever that is parching his lips and firing his brain,—a fever aggravated, let me tell you, by the recollection of the duties he must leave unperformed here, though well he knows the generous sympathy and considerate indulgence ever manifested by a liberal public to the calamities of its favourites. Who but a brute"—(here he glanced a flash of indignant fire at the little man, who perspired from every pore)—"who but a brute, I say, would call for Karles in this his season of prostration—his hour of suffering!"

"Shame! shame! shame!" cried the audience.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Elliston, with great energy, encouraged by such support, "there is but one such person, and there he sits," pointing to the discomfited little gentleman.

"Turn him out! turn him out!" now resounded from all parts of the house.

"But I have paid my money!" spluttered forth the little man, his lately blanched cheeks now becoming red, almost purple with anger.

"No money returned!" said Elliston, with a roguish twinkle.

"Out with him! turn him out!"

Accordingly turned out the enraged little gentleman was, *sans cérémonie*, in spite of all his protestations amidst the acclamations of the house.

Elliston then complimenting them on their humanity, love of justice, impartiality, and sense of discrimination, retired amidst thunders of applause, leaving the underling to murder the part of the merry monarch, to the perfect content and satisfaction of the audience. Thrusting his tongue into his cheek, he muttered aside as he passed the prompter,

"Haven't I humbugged them nicely? Ah! there's nothing like humbug!"

THE GENIUS OF THE LAMPS.

ELLISTON, during one of his seasons at Birmingham, had been doing very bad business, as it is technically termed; so much so that he was completely at his last shifts, he had neither money nor credit; his actors had long been reduced to half-salaries, which they did not get, and no one in the town would trust him a farthing. In this extremity it was evident that nothing but making a very great splash, and creating an unusual sensation in the Birmingham theatrical public, could save him from the necessity of shutting up. At this juncture Covent Garden, under the auspices of the great enchanter Farley, produced its far-famed melodramatic spectacle, "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," founded on the well-known tale of the same name in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." In this spectacle all the gorgeousness of eastern fiction was endeavoured to be realized, if not outvied. The papers were redolent with praises of the magnificence, splendour, and profusion with which the piece was produced. Expectation was every where on tiptoe, and a desire to witness it was strongly manifested by the playgoers of every part of the United Kingdom.

"Here is a chance of retrieving every thing," thought Elliston, and immediately announced in the Birmingham bills, that he had great pleasure in informing the public that in consequence of the flattering patronage he had received, he had put in preparation, and should

shortly produce, regardless of expense, the new spectacle of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," then performing with such unexampled applause and success at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, and attracting all London—that he had determined to exceed in magnificence and extent of splendour and decorations the original spectacle; he had therefore employed all the vast resources of the theatre, and had engaged numerous auxiliaries. Then followed an announcement of some of the gorgeous effects he intended to exhibit, such as the "Flying Palace," "The Abode of the Genie," &c. &c. His manager, treasurer, and starving actors, on seeing this, thought he was mad, well knowing the state of his finances. The whole town, however, was set agog by this underlining, as it is termed, and looked eagerly for the night when the promised treat was to be represented.

Having no money to go to work with, Elliston was driven to try his credit, but it was in vain. Not a book of Dutch metal, a sheet of foil paper, a yard of canvass, nor a pound of colour could he get any one to trust him with. Pretending to be in great dudgeon at their want of faith, he indignantly intimated he should withdraw his patronage from the Birmingham tradespeople, and procure all his vast material from London.

The piece was very ostentatiously put in rehearsal, as far as the words went, and Elliston every where talked very pompously of the immense expense he was going to for scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, and the great preparations he was making. But unless he was really possessed of Aladdin's lamp, or some talisman equally potent, no one could conceive when, where, or by what means the wonders he spoke of were to be achieved. All the idle and unemployed vagabonds about the town and its suburbs, were kept in attendance for some days around the stage-door, in the vague hope of being engaged as supernumeraries. Elliston having, as has been said, signified that a numerous train of auxiliaries would be engaged.

At length the urgent applications at the box-office, and the impatience of the Birmingham public, obliged Elliston to fix a time in his bills for the first night's representation of the anticipated wonderful novelty, which was accordingly done, to the great gratification and delight of the whole town, but very much to the mystification of his managers, prompter, treasurer, the company, and the heads of the different stage departments. Not a single preparation, that any one had the slightest knowledge of, having been made. They were, however, assured by Elliston that all was right.

At length the appointed day came, and so did the *night*. The actors were perfect in their parts, and were not a little anxious to know by what magic it was the rich dresses, splendid decorations, costly properties, grand processions, and beautiful scenery promised in the bills were to be produced.

The rush at the opening of the doors was tremendous; the house was crowded in every part. The first-price returns, which was made at the end of the second act of the play, "Wild Oats," in which Elliston performed his favourite part *Rover*, announced the receipts to be upwards of three hundred pounds. The great majority of the audience had really come to witness the splendours of the promised pageant, in the full faith that every thing would be represented that was promised —but there were others who had very contrary expectations; for Ellis-

ton, with all his tact, could not prevent some rumours getting abroad, that no preparations whatever had been made that nothing was ready, and that the audience were as usual with him, to be humbugged. These persons had come, therefore, armed at all points for a row.

The actors went through the comedy with fear and trembling, anticipating nothing less than a frightful riot, and the complete demolition of the theatre. Elliston, on the contrary, appeared in unusual good spirits, especially at the state of the house.

The play was at length gone through, and all was excitement for the appearance of "Aladdin." The farce could now be carried on no longer—the scene-shifters came to ask where the scenes were—the actors to be supplied with their dresses—the mechanist to demand the machinery, and the property-man to be informed where the properties were to be found.

"My good fellows," said Elliston, coolly, "make yourselves perfectly easy, it is all right; you know I intend incog to personate the Genie of the Lamp myself; through whose agency the effects I have announced are to be produced. As the Genie of the Lamp, I shall certainly not be able to keep my word; but as the Genius of the Lamps, the *Genius Loci*, I will effect still greater wonders—but clear the stage, gentlemen. Run on a pair of chamber-flats, carpenter, and do you, prompter, immediately ring up the curtain, for I am going to address my best friends, my generous patrons, the public. It is all right, I repeat."

Here he gave a knowing wink. The company shrugged up their shoulders in incredulity and despair, and slunk away into contiguous holes and corners to await the coming of the expected storm. The orders given were obeyed, the scene was run on, the curtain rung up, and Elliston made his appearance before the startled audience, laying his hand several times on his heart, and bowing repeatedly in his usual bland and courteous manner. There was a considerable tumult and confusion created by his appearance, all being anxious to know its cause. Some few murmurs were heard, but loud cries of "Silence!" at length restored order, and Elliston commenced his address.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he; "I have, as you well know, been preparing for some time past, at a tremendous outlay, a splendid spectacle, one that shall be worthy of this enlightened town, and the munificent patronage I have ever received at your hands (great applause). You have nobly responded to the call (loud cheers); *but* ladies and gentlemen (a blank silence, then cries of 'Oh! oh!') but ladies and gentlemen, I repeat, every thing in this life is subject to disappointment (loud groans, mingled with hisses); the decrees of fate are not within the control of man (here he became pathetic; loud cries of 'Humbug!'

"*Humbug!*" said Elliston, indignantly; "do you call *this* HUMBUG?"

Here he produced from his pocket a very large, official-looking letter, having an enormous seal of black wax attached to it. (Groans, hisses, and cries of "Hear him, hear him.")

"I have just received this despatch from his most gracious Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department"—(great confusion, with some few cries of "Gammon," and "Over the left," of which, however, he took no notice)—"announcing, ladies and gentlemen, the

melancholy intelligence of the sudden decease of his Majesty's cousin-german, the reigning Duke of Wolfenbuttle, at the court of Stuttgard" —(stifled groans, and looks of rueful disappointment, with cries of "Go on, go on")—"I am commanded by the government, ladies and gentlemen, immediately on the receipt of this despatch, which has just arrived express, to close the house till Monday next, under penalty of the forfeiture of my licence." (immense uproar, hisses, and cries of "Shame! shame! swindle! swindle! go off! go on! hear! silence!") "In this dilemma, ladies and gentlemen," continued Elliston, "there is but one duty left me, as a loyal subject, which is to show my respect for the reigning dynasty, by consulting the feelings of our beloved sovereign" (continuation of the tumult). "Still, however, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you should be rather gainers than losers by this unfortunate event" (faint applause, and incredulous murmurs). "I have, therefore, resolved on obeying the edict of Downing-street, and postponing the representation of "Aladdin," until the time specified in the notice, Monday next" (renewal of the tumult); "but," continued Elliston, with great emphasis, "I have directed the check-takers to give every lady and gentleman, as they quit the theatre, a double order of admission for any one night they choose next week" (applause and cries of "Bravo! well done, Elliston!") "By which means, ladies and gentlemen, you will not only have witnessed the representation of O'Keeffe's excellent comedy of "Wild Oats," this evening for nothing, but will have two admissions for the price of one, for a subsequent night, giving you a clear gain of cent per cent" (uproarious applause). "You are a commercial, a calculating people. You will see at once the advantages of this arrangement, will perceive the gain—a representation to-night for nothing, and two admissions next week at the price of one, to witness the most gorgeous spectacle ever produced on the British stage" (deafening cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, this being a complete home stroke to the money-getting people of Birmingham). "I therefore throw myself upon the liberality and generosity of a British audience, and with the performance of our National Anthem, shall respectfully take my leave."

Here the band struck up "God save the King," and Elliston retired amidst enthusiastic shouts, observing as he passed his astonished company, who had been eagerly listening,

"Didn't I say it was all right; that as the Genius of the Lamps, I would perform even greater wonders than I shall do as the Genie of the Lamp?"

The audience retired perfectly consoled for their disappointment in having two admissions for the price of one, independently of having witnessed the performance of that evening gratuitously.

Having now by the night's receipt of three hundred pounds obtained the "sinews of war," all he wanted, Elliston set to work in good earnest, and by dint of incredible exertion, for nowhere is so much work got through in so short a time as in a theatre, produced "Aladdin" on the following Monday, with a glitter and effect that completely satisfied the most unconscionable, and which realized him at the end of the season a profit of between two and three thousand pounds.

It is perhaps needless to say, that the letter of the Secretary of State, announcing the untimely demise of his Majesty's cousin german, the reigning Duke of Wolfenbuttle, was entirely an invention of Elliston's

brain—no such personage having died, if indeed he had ever lived, which was a query.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THERE was a readiness in turning every thing to present account about Elliston, that never under any circumstances forsook him, and which not even liquor itself could overpower. A ludicrous instance of this faculty may be related.

Elliston and Richard Brunton, brother to Miss Brunton, now Countess of Craven, and father of Mrs. Yates, had been starring it for a few nights at Daventry, and on the termination of their engagement, were one evening awaiting at the Royal Oak in that town, the arrival of the coaches from London and Birmingham, which were accustomed to cross each other there. The London coach was to bring down Brunton's daughter, who had not then become poor Frederic Yates's better half, as she afterwards did, and who was to proceed by it in the company of Elliston to Birmingham, to fulfil a short engagement there, Elliston being at that time the proprietor of its theatre, while the Birmingham coach was to convey Brunton to London to play a few nights at Covent Garden.

As the two coaches seldom arrived at Daventry till considerably past midnight, the two friends and brother actors, Ambo', to pass away the time while waiting for their respective conveyances, resorted to the only authorized occupation in an inn at such a juncture, and indulged in such a royal libation, that like the shadows of the kings in the witches' glass in "Macbeth," bumper succeeded bumper; "another, and another, and another," till, with the conscience-stricken usurper, they might well have exclaimed, "What! will this *wine* stretch till the crack of doom?" In fact these congenial spirits drank pottle deep, and by the time the coaches arrived, they had each got as complete a skinfull as any gentlemen could possibly desire to have.

Unfortunately for Elliston, who was considerably the worst of the two, the London coach, which duly contained the fair Miss Brunton inside, had only one vacant place left, and that was an outside one in front of the coach. Much time was lost in raising Elliston, who was already elevated more than enough, to his seat above, and when at last this difficult ascent was accomplished, "Oh, who can tell how hard it is to climb under such circumstances!"—the great comedian could not but be himself aware, that in the condition he then was, he was in imminent danger with every motion of the coach of toppling off; but with that presence of mind which, as we have said, never forsook him, he turned to the passenger by whose side he was placed (for he, Elliston, had the off seat), a goodnatured grazier, and hiccupped out,

"My good friend, as I am rather sub—subject to a de—determination of blood to the head, which is apt to produce gid—giddiness, if you'll take my place and give me the inner one, between you and that other gen—gentleman, and just hold me up as we go—go along, I'll stand a glass of brandy-and-water at the next stage we come to."

"It be a bargain," said the goodnatured countryman, changing seats, "I'll hold you up, never fear. Steady, sir. Now, coachman, we be all right, so drive on."

And drive on the coachman did. Elliston, through the influence of the fresh air, after exchanging a hiccupping adieu with his friend

Brunton, sunk into a comfortable doze, from which he was not aroused till they stopped to change horses, when his holder-on claimed the performance of his promise.

"Oh certainly, certainly," hiccupped Elliston. "A shilling's worth of hot brandy-and-water, landlord."

The brandy-and-water was duly brought and tossed off by the satisfied countryman, Elliston most honourably paying for it.

"Be we to go on again, sir?" inquired the grazier, after the coachman had changed horses, and was preparing for his next start.

"Oh certainly, certainly," said Elliston. "Go on again, never leave off."

And off they set again, Elliston as before composing himself to the air of "We are a' nodding," till another stage was performed, and they arrived at Stony Stratford. The coach again stopped to change horses, and again the grazier awoke Elliston to claim the performance of the contract.

"Oh certainly, certainly," again said Elliston. "Another glass of hot brandy-and-water for my friend Snooks here, ostler, and take the money."

Again the grazier drained the glass to the bottom, and again the coachman prepared to start for the next stage.

"Be we to go on again, sir?" asked the grazier, who began to think he had got into a very good thing.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Go on again, never leave off," making himself up this time to illustrate the air of "Oh Slumber my Darling."

Another stage was performed, Southam was reached, another glass was emptied, and another contract entered into. In short, not to lengthen out this story unnecessarily, in the course of another stage, the same game being pursued, Elliston, through the influence of sleep, and the fresh air, had become perfectly sober, while the poor countryman, through the strength of the hot brandy-and-water, and the haste in which he was obliged to drink it, had got perfectly drunk,—in fact, they had exchanged conditions, and it soon became evident that, to ensure the safety of the countryman it was necessary they should change situations.

"But stop, friend Snooks," said Elliston, with a knowing wink, as the proposition was made him, "the boot is on the other leg now; what is good for the goose is good for the gander, you know, and a pretty gander I have been. I have no objection to insure your neck, but it must be on the same terms as you insured mine. Yes, yes, no holding on without the brandy-and-water, friend goose; to say the word, is it a bargain or not? Be we to go on again, sir?" slily imitating the grazier.

"Yes, yes," rather unwillingly hiccupped the countryman, finding he had no alternative, "certainly, certainly."

His seat was accordingly restored to him. At the end of the stage Elliston duly claimed his glass, and made a fresh contract for the next, using the countryman's own words, "Be we to go on again, sir?" and by this cunning contrivance, not only preserved his neck during his temporary intoxication, but obtained all the brandy-and-water back again at the expense of which he had procured it, much to his own satisfaction, but by no means equally so to the honest countryman.

Patty's Début

London Henry Colburn, Publisher, Gt Marlborough St. 1843.

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Chap. XXXIII.

During the space of ten days or a fortnight, the sincere and steadfast-purposed John Williams was fully occupied in canvassing among his friends and acquaintance for such substantial patronage for Mrs. Allen Barnaby's work upon "Slavery in the United States of America," as her peculiar circumstances rendered necessary. Of all canvassing this species is decidedly the most difficult, let it be carried on where it will; but John Williams was not a man to withdraw himself from an enterprise, merely because he found it difficult, and at length his perseverauce so far succeeded that he ventured to announce hopes to his client of being able to raise the respectable sum of five hundred dollars provided she would agree to make over the copyright of her forthcoming work to a quaker bookseller, who on that condition had agreed to undertake not only the publication of it, but also the collecting the promised subscriptions for the purpose of paying them over *in advance* to the authoress.

Perhaps my heroine never gave a more decided proof of ready cleverness than on this occasion. She would joyfully have accepted a single dollar in exchange for all the profit she actually anticipated from the publication of her unborn production; but on receiving this magnificent proposal from John Williams, she started, shook her head, sighed, dropped her eyes, and for the space of a minute and a half exhibited with admirable skill all the symptoms of great disappointment, borne with meek patience and resolute philosophy.

"Thee dost not like this proposal, friend Barnaby?" said the good quaker, looking at her rather timidly. "Thee dost not think five hundred dollars will suffice for thy present necessities?"

"Not so, my dear sir," replied the admirable woman, with a modest humility of manner that was very striking; "the sum you name would be quite sufficient for the humble style to which I shall for this object reduce my manner of travelling. It is not *that*, my kind friend, which causes me to hesitate. But I confess to you that the idea of parting with the copyright of a work which I have *every* reason to believe will be very profitable, does startle me. I cannot but consider it equivalent to parting with several thousand dollars."

"Indeed!" returned John Williams, feeling, good man, very much ashamed of having been made the organ of so unjust and ungenerous a proposition. "If that be the case, my good lady, I withdraw the offer with many apologies for having made it."

"Nay, dear sir, do not say that," she replied. "To you I must ever feel deeply grateful; and, moreover, my good friend, we must not lose sight of my very peculiar position. I do not feel that I have the power to refuse this offer, though the terms of it do seem rather severe, for in fact, without the assistance it promises, I can do nothing, and therefore, as you perceive, I must perforce accept it, or abandon

at once and for ever an undertaking in which every feeling of my heart is engaged."

"I do believe thee, I do believe thee," replied the quaker, deeply touched by the generous devotion of the poor negro's advocate. "But thy goodness must not be the means of robbing thee of thy fair hopes of honest profit from thy labours. I must see my friend the bookseller again, and endeavour to bring him to reason."

"Perhaps, sir," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, timidly, and with the air of a person who knows that he is asking for a good deal, "perhaps, sir, your friend the bookseller might agree to give me one quarter share of the profits arising from the sale of the work after all expenses, including the advance of five hundred dollars, shall have been paid?"

"Nothing can be fairer or more liberal," replied John Williams, with an eagerness of manner that was almost unseemly in a quaker; but in fact he was greatly delighted at the idea of settling the business in a manner that he thought would be agreeable to all parties; and immediately seizing the stick, that ever stood ready in the corner (his ample beaver being already on his head), he declared his intention of immediately seeing the individual whose consent it was necessary to obtain, and left the room with a promise of bringing home the stipulated sum with him, which he would deliver to her, he said, at the same hour on the following morning, being engaged out to dinner with his wife, which would prevent their meeting again that day.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby rose from her chair at the same moment that he rose from his, for she had no inclination whatever to remain *tête-à-tête* with Rachel.

That very sensible woman and exemplary wife did not take any trouble to conceal from my quick-sighted heroine, that her liking for her did not increase by their lengthened acquaintance. In fact, though she strictly kept her word to her husband, and did not permit her own feelings or prejudices to be any hindrance to the work which had for its object the welfare of the negro race, she did in honest truth, hate and detest Mrs. Allen Barnaby as much as it was well possible for a Christian quaker to hate any thing. She had hailed the first mitigation of brilliance in her as a symptom of seemly respect to the society of quakers in general, and to John and Rachel Williams in particular. But not content with this, Mrs. Allen Barnaby had gone on, day by day, adding little quaker *et cæteras* to her fitting out, which showed upon her like a white rose stuck in the unshapely ear of an elephant, till the worthy Rachel, who though a quaker, had enough of the woman in her to see through such trickery, felt persuaded that she was nothing better than a great overblown cheat, and in pursuance of this unpleasant persuasion spake to her little, and looked at her less, all which being carefully noted by my observant heroine, it is no great wonder that she bustled out of the room the very moment after John Williams left it, with no other leave-taking than a rapidly-enunciated, "Good morning, ma'am."

Nothing could exceed the air of gay goodhumour with which the well-pleased major received his lady's account of what had passed; they were unquestionably a most happily-assorted people, and as if to take instant advantage of the peculiar hilarity of their parents, the Don and his wife knocked at the door of their room just as my heroine

had concluded her narrative, and declared that they were come with a joint petition that the whole party might go to the play that evening. No favour was ever asked at a more propitious moment; both the father and mother were in too happy a state of spirits, not to relish any proposal the object of which was gaiety and amusement.

"Off with you then, Tornorino," exclaimed Patty joyously, "and get the very best places you can."

"Perhaps it will be better for me to undertake that part of the business, especially as I have a notion that one and all of you will look my way for money to pay for them," said the major.

"You are always a dear darling, papa, that I will say for you," replied his daughter, her bright eyes positively dancing in her head with glee; "but you can pay the Don, you know, when he comes back, and you'll find that he will get capital good places for you."

Thus reassured, the major gave up the point, and the interval of the messenger's absence was spent in very lively chit-chat by the parents and their darling daughter, who, to say truth, was not always equally disposed to bestow the advantage of her charming spirits upon them, when no other person was present to share their admiration.

The Don, however, did not linger on his way, but returned with two tickets for front places in one of the best boxes in the house, and these he presented to his august mother-in-law, informing her at the same time that they were the only very good places left, but that he had made an acquaintance with one of the gentlemen of the orchestra who had promised him an order for himself and his wife.

"Then Patty shall go with her mother, Tornorino," said the major, goodnaturedly. "I won't take a good place while Patty has got a bad one."

"It not be a bad one," returned the Don earnestly. "It be a very good one."

"Good or bad, Torni," returned his wife, with great vivacity, "it will be no treat to me, you know, if I am to be parted from you, my darling. No, no, Mr. Pap, I know you mean to be very kind, and I thank you accordingly, but I shall sit with the Don, be sure of that."

The major returned some laughing compliment to her pigeon-like constancy, and promised not to interfere with it again.

As my heroine's particular friends were absent from the dinner-table that day, she had little or no opportunity for conversation, for her previous devotion to John Williams had prevented her taking her usual measures to obtain acquaintance with any one else. But Patty was more than usually talkative, and before the repast ended had addressed the interesting question, "Are you going to the play to-night?" to no less than five different persons. Three of these being very "dry" quakers, answered in the negative with something not far removed from a grunt or a groan; and of the two others, one said he did not know, while the other so far encouraged her prattling propensity as to inquire if there was to be any thing particularly worth seeing in the performance that night.

Madame Tornorino's first reply to this very natural question did not sound very civil, for it consisted in a short loud laugh, which seemed to indicate that the person who had asked it, had been guilty

of an absurdity; but having indulged in this mirthful propensity for a minute or two, she settled her features into more than usual gravity, and said,

"Upon my word, sir, I don't quite know, but we heard there was to be a new performer, didn't we, Don Tornorino?"

"*Mais oui,*" returned her husband, bowing to the inquirer, "dere will be a *début* to-night."

"Then I shall certainly go," said the gentleman to whom he addressed himself, adding, "that is just what I like best."

And hereupon Patty laughed again; upon which her mother, a good deal shocked at her rudeness to the very well-dressed gentleman who appeared to occasion her mirth, said in an audible aside to the major,

"The dear creature is in such spirits at the idea of going to the theatre to-night, that she is ready to laugh at every thing." An observation which was fully justified by her daughters suddenly clapping her ha.. with the most *naïve* appearance of irrepressible glee, and again bursting forth into a fit of merriment so genuine, that it was almost impossible not to join in it.

"What were you laughing at, Patty?" said her father, taking her arm as the party were dispersing after dinner, "I declare, my dear, I think you grow younger, as well as handsomer, every day. Doesn't she, Tornorino?"

"Oh! she is a *bien belle femme,*" replied Tornorino, at the same time whispering something in her ear.

"And you are a beautiful man, my darling," she replied, withdrawing her arm from her father. "And he is going to give me another treat," she added; "for he says I must take a delightful walk with him before the play, and so I shall set off this very moment."

"Why, Patty, you will be tired to death," said her mother, "so dreadfully hot as it is. Upon my word you had much better lie down instead of trotting out in the sunshine."

"Thank'e for nothing, mamma," replied the lively beauty, snapping her fingers. "My husband always knows what is best for me, don't you, Don? So good-by, dear pap and mam, and the next time you see me, I hope you'll find that I am not at all the worse for my walk."

"Stay, Patty, stay," cried her father, calling after her as she walked off towards her own room with her Don, "I suppose you mean to come back in time to walk to the theatre with us?"

"Upon my word I don't suppose any such thing," returned his daughter, gaily. "At any rate, pap, you had better not wait for us," she added, "because as we are not going to sit together, there is no use in our bustling back just to be in time for you. I won't say but what I shall spend a levy that I have got in the corner of my pocket, in treating the Don with an ice, so that most likely we shall not come back at all."

As no very reasonable objection could be made to this conjugal arrangement, the young couple were suffered to walk off without further opposition, while the seniors entered their own retreat together.

"Perhaps it is quite as well, major," said my heroine, "that they should leave us a little to ourselves this evening, for it is quite necessary that we should talk over what we have got to do next. I suppose

we may reckon upon receiving these five hundred dollars to-morrow morning, and the sooner we can be off afterwards the better I presume you will be pleased."

"Decidedly, my Barnaby," replied her husband. "But don't you think, my dear," he added, after meditating upon the subject for a minute or two, "don't you think that there will be something rather awkward in our running away the very moment you have got the money from them? Don't you think it will look odd?"

"Not the least in the world, Donny," replied his wife, with very prompt decision. "You forget that the very purpose for which I am to receive it, renders it absolutely necessary for me to travel with all the perseverance and activity possible into the other Free States. New York, you know, is one of them, and as it is there we most wish to go, why should we not set off for it to-morrow? There are steamers going two or three times a day."

"If *you* have no objection, my dear, I am sure *I* have none; for to tell you the truth, I never hated a place so much in my life," returned her husband. "I never sit down to table without feeling as if I were put in the stocks. Confound their solemn faces, they positively give me the cramp."

This short dialogue sufficed to settle the question as to what they were to do next, and that no time might be lost, they employed themselves till it was time to set off for the theatre, in collecting together whatever had been unpacked, and putting all things in order for departure.

"There!" said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as she turned the key of her trunk with a very satisfactory snap, "now I shall be able to help Patty to-morrow; for as we well know, she is always behindhand."

Having completed this business, and been favoured with an early cup of tea in their own apartment, they set off for the theatre.

"Buy a bill, Donny," said my heroine, as they passed through the lobby. The request was complied with, and having reached the places secured for them, the major politely placed the play-bill in his lady's hand. Her spectacles were immediately applied, for alas! the beautiful Barnaby had reached the time at which they were necessary, and she proceeded to examine the bill of fare for the evening's amusement.

"Read it aloud, my dear, for you know I can't see in this owl's light," said the major.

The lady obeyed, and read, "The Merchant of Venice."

"Ah! that's a very good play," observed the major; "I remember seeing it in London. And who is the new performer Patty talked about?"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby applied herself anew to the play-bill, and read aloud, "The part of *Nerissa* by a lady from England, being her first appearance."

"Oh! then, it is only some English actress who has never played here before," said the major. "It does not mean a first appearance."

"I suppose not," replied his wife. And then she obligingly read aloud the other parts of the bill, even to the name of the printer. This done, they both set themselves to examine the house (for they had arrived unnecessarily early), and criticised all the people who came

into it; and in this way they beguiled the time till the curtain rose.

When the scene changed from Venice to Belmont, the stage was for a moment unoccupied, and then two well-bedizened ladies entered at the farther end of it, and walked forward towards the footlights, for the first half of the distance in silence, and then conversing. The shorter of the two actresses was the favourite American Portia of the day; but the burst of applause which greeted their *entrée*, was evidently as much intended for the maid as the mistress, her novelty being as cordially greeted as the well-known reputation of the other.

"What a lovely woman!" was exclaimed by many voices at once.

"The stage is full of dust," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, rubbing her eyes; "I can't make out their features at all."

The major applied his opera-glass to his eye, and remained in contemplation of the fair creatures before him for several seconds. At length removing the glass from his eyes, and turning short round towards his wife, he whispered almost in her ear,

"By all that's sacred, wife, that girl in pink is Patty!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the portly lady, looking very much as if she intended to clamber upon the stage over the front of the box, the orchestra, and all other obstacles. "She dare not, Donny! She dare not for her life!"

The greatly irritated major did not exactly reply in words, "she dare do any thing," but his tremendous frown said it for him, and by the time my heroine had herself looked through the glass, the same disagreeable truth impressed itself on her mind also, and she exclaimed in a rage that was equally ill-timed and unprofitable,

"True enough, sir. And who is it that has spoilt her from first to last, and taught her in all ways to be an undutiful monster!"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was by no means accustomed to give way in public to those little irruptions of warm temper to which she was constitutionally liable; but now the well-behaved major began to fear that she would lose all command of herself, and multiply all the evils of the exposure his high-spirited daughter was bringing upon them.

"We had better come away, my dear," he said in the gentlest accents possible. "Nobody will know any thing about her if we keep our own secret."

Fortunately the house was by no means crowded; and in the box they occupied, the only persons besides themselves in it, were two lounging men, whose whole attention seemed devoted at this moment to the stage. And no great wonder that it should be so. The very striking face and figure of Patty being just then displayed in the manner to make both as striking as possible; and though face, figure, attitude, and dress might all perhaps have been classed as meretricious in their coarse attractiveness, there was, nevertheless, something of youthful brilliance in her appearance which most people would have found it difficult, at the first glance, to turn away from.

Whether either father or mother had sufficient of what may be called *decent* refinement, to feel all the painful degradation of such an appearance, may be doubtful; but both the one and the other were instantly aware, that at the moment when they were endeavouring to push their fortune among the wealthy quaker magnates of the land,

such an exhibition of their daughter must be fatal. And this was certainly the feeling which induced them both, without further consultation, to leave the theatre, that they might themselves be as little as possible identified with her.

My unfortunate heroine permitted her common sense to get the better of her anger at this critical moment, and suddenly ceasing her ejaculations, prepared herself to follow her husband's advice, and leave the box.

It was, as has been already stated, the front-seat of this box that they occupied, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby had deposited her shawl on the cushion in front of it. As she took hold of this shawl for the purpose of drawing it away, she became sensible that a hand, or some other impediment, prevented its yielding to her pull, which she then rendered rather more powerful; but in vain, the shawl yielded not, and the major, who perceived this, immediately bent forward with a hasty movement to discover who or what it was which thus delayed the exit that he so impatiently desired.

This movement of his was accompanied by one precisely similar on the part of his wife, and thus at the same instant they both perceived the black and yellow physiognomy of their noble son-in-law turned up to greet them, while a flute, which he held in the hand not occupied by the shawl, informed them, by its very intelligible hieroglyphic, why and wherefore it was that he had taken his place in the orchestra of the Chesnut-street Theatre. There was not the slightest mixture of doubt or fear in the expression of the features thus turned up towards them; on the contrary, the Don had probably never met the eyes of his parents-in-law with an aspect so entirely free from both. He seemed to think it was a moment of common triumph to them all; and after having looked at them both with a congratulating grin, he turned his head towards the stage, just as Patty was pronouncing, with a very majestical wave of the right-arm,

Your father was ever virtuous,

and kissing the tips of his fingers, waved the caressing salutation towards her, and pronounced the word "Bravo!" as if involuntarily, but with a degree of unction that drew many eyes upon him. Infinitely provoked at this very unnecessary additional annoyance, the major jerked the shawl very unceremoniously from his fingers, and muttering "Come along, for heaven's sake!" to his wife, hurried out of the box.

Not one syllable was spoken by the major between the theatre and the boarding-house, a species of moody silence which appeared to produce a very imposing effect on his wife; for though she was well-nigh bursting with impatience to speak of what had occurred, she produced no sounds more articulate than sighs and groans, till they were fairly concealed from all eyes and ears, in the retirement of their own apartment.

"How many of your boasted five hundred dollars, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, do you expect to get from your quaker friends after this?" said the major, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and freely using the refreshing friction of his silk-handkerchief upon his heated brow.

"Not a single cent of it, Major Allen Barnaby, if the broad-brims

find it out. But we must be quick, my dear, quick as thought. You will do what you like, of course; but this is what I should propose. Let us sit watching here till the Williamses return. I have heard them say that they are never late. The moment I hear them enter their room I will go to them. No! I don't think I could stand that either. The steady look of her light gray eyes always disconcerts me. I'll write, major, that's what I'll do. I will write to him."

"And pray, my dear, if I may be so bold," he replied, with something like a sneer, "what do you mean to say?"

"You shall see, major, you shall see; of course I won't send it if you should disapprove."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby said she would be quick, and she was so. In a very short space of time she put the following lines into the hands of her husband:

"My dear Sir,

"I have received a letter from a friend of mine at Washington, who is aware of the object which brought me to this country, informing me that one of those dreadful scenes of abomination, the sale by auction of negro slaves, is to take place there on the 15th. If I start by the five o'clock boat to-morrow morning, I shall be in time to witness this, and I feel certain that a description of it written on the spot will do more towards impressing my readers with the emotions I wish to inspire, than any other particular upon which I could employ my pen. You know, my dear sir, from the entire unreserve with which I have explained to you my situation, how I am circumstanced at this moment with respect to money, and will therefore fully comprehend of what great importance it will be to me that I should receive the subscription you have raised for me *to-night*. Should you, my dear sir, have failed in obtaining for me the contingent advantage we talked of in case of an extended sale of my work, I will consent, under the peculiar pressure of the moment, to dispose of my interest in it altogether, for the five hundred dollars that have been offered me. This sacrifice will be vexatious, but I feel that I ought to submit to it, rather than fail to be the eyewitness of a scene which is calculated to throw so much striking odium upon the system that my soul abhors. I await your reply to this with very anxious impatience. If it be favourable, I shall feel myself ever bound to you, and shall proceed with renovated zeal and courage in my enterprise; but if otherwise, I greatly fear I must abandon it altogether, as my excellent, but, on this point, mistaken husband, declares that his duty as aide-de-camp and private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, will render it impossible for him to indulge me by prolonging much further absence from home. I remain, dear Sir, with the most lively sense of your benevolent kindness, your faithful,

"Humble servant,

"MARTHA ALLEN BARNABY."

Major Allen Barnaby, who really was very proud of his wife, read this epistle twice over with a very approving smile, and then said,

"I should be puzzled to improve it, my dear, I promise you. But there is one doubt suggests itself, my Barnaby. What think you

would be likely to happen if this broadbrimmed Jonathan should chance to know that no such sale as thee talks of is going to take place?"

"Thee need not alarm theeself," she replied in the same tone, "I am too old a soldier to hazard the success of a stratagem by any such risk." And extending her hand to the other side of the table, at which she had been writing, she took up a newspaper, and handed it to him, pointing out the particular passage she wished him to peruse.

This was an advertisement of the sale she had mentioned in her letter, and which, by great good luck, she remembered to have read, when she certainly had little thought of turning it to such excellent account.

"Good! Capital!" exclaimed Major Allen Barnaby, with much energy. "If you do but get these five hundred dollars, my dear, I shall not care *that* (snapping his fingers) for Patty's foolish frolic. I hate this place, and all the people in it, and shall be heartily glad to get away from it, I promise you. Not but what I shall be devilishly provoked if these two fools, Tornorino and his wife, are the cause of your losing the reward of your cleverness, which you most certainly will do if your beloved John and Rachel hear of it."

"They are perfectly welcome to hear of it to-morrow at breakfast-time, Donny," returned my heroine, folding and sealing her letter. "And now ring the bell."

The major obeyed, Ariadne appeared, and the important letter was despatched.

On such occasions every moment seems an age; nevertheless, the answer arrived so speedily, that it was received with the word "already!" pronounced in rather tremulous accents by Mrs. Allen Barnaby. But no sooner had her fingers touched the envelope, than hope took the place of fear, for the packet had evidently more than one enclosure, and the moment after, hope gave way before certainty, for on opening the said packet, two bills for two hundred and fifty dollars each fell out of it, together with a short letter and a long paper within it. The letter ran thus:

"Thee art right, friend Barnaby, in wishing to see with thine own eyes the actual sale by auction of our unhappy fellow-creatures. For this cause I am ready and willing to hasten the business between us to its conclusion; wherefore I send thee five hundred dollars, together with duplicate engagements from the bookseller, by the which thee wilt perceive that an ultimate interest in thy work is secured to thee. If thee wilt sign one of these papers and send it back, the business will be settled between us for the present. When thy work shall be ready for publication thee mayest send it directed to John Williams, Philadelphia, and then I will promise thee to be watchful and faithful for thy interests, and take care that when the costs of publication, together with the advance, shall be liquidated by the profits arising therefrom, thy stipulated share of all such profits as shall accrue afterwards, shall be punctually forwarded to thy address.

"Fare thee well,

"From thy friend,

"JOHN WILLIAMS.

"*Post Scriptum.* The black servant, Ariadne, has orders to wait for the agreement to which thee art to affix thy signature."

Having read this letter through, Mrs. Allen Barnaby placed it in the hands of her husband with an expressive "hem;" and then with a sort of gentle sigh, as if things might have been better with her, she took up the two bills and placed them in a purse, which she drew from her pocket; after which she cast her eyes over the duplicate engagements, signed one of them, placed it in the hands of Ariadne, and dismissed her.

There was a good deal of genuine fun in the look with which the major contemplated his lady as the door closed, and they found themselves again alone. My heroine for the first moment or two, ventured not to utter any articulate sound in return, but pursed up her mouth, and twinkled her eyes. But as she listened to the retreating steps of Ariadne, she took courage and ventured to say,

"I told you I would be quick, Major Allen Barnaby, and I hope you think that I have kept my word?"

"My dear, you are an angel," was his satisfactory reply; adding, however, "but for all that, my Barnaby, I feel as if we were sitting upon a mine. Just fancy their hearing that your daughter was a strolling-player, and your son-in-law first-flute in the orchestra!"

"They may hear *that*, Donny, or any thing else within the reach either of truth or invention, as soon as we are beyond reach of hearing *them*, and that we shall be, my dear, before they all meet at breakfast to-morrow: till then, I think, our secret may be considered as safe."

The major agreed that this was certainly probable, and at once, without indulging any more in speculation on the subject, they both set to work upon the necessary business of the final packing up, and had very satisfactorily completed all they had to do in that way, when Don Tornorino and his lady knocked at the chamber-door.

It had been previously agreed between the angry parents that the present was no time for remonstrance or reproach, and all that was uttered of either was contained in the information that after this appearance, in public, it would be impossible for any of them to remain in the city, that every thing they could themselves do in the way of preparing for departure, had been already done, and that the Don and his wife, instead of retiring to rest, must immediately set about the same work for themselves, unless, indeed, they had made such terms with the manager of the company they had joined, as might enable them to support themselves without further assistance — in which case they certainly need not trouble themselves about preparing for removal.

Patty clapped her hands and burst into a loud laugh, but her Don stood aghast, and expressed by his countenance every species of humility and repentance, that the most severe parents could require. He knew, though his madcap wife did not, that his engagement with the manager consisted solely in having obtained permission for himself and his wife to appear—his lady on the stage, and himself in the orchestra. The result of which experiment had been that the musical part of the establishment had declared that they could not and would not play with Don Torno-

rino, for that it was a damnation bore to be told every other minute that they were playing out of time, an accusation which, whether just or unjust, they being, one and all, native free-born Americans, were not very likely to take in good part, so that, in fact, he had brought away with him nothing but his *congé*. His handsome wife, however, had had somewhat better success, having received sundry rounds of applause when she appeared in the clerk's dress; which, to say truth, became her extremely well, so much so, indeed, that the manager had announced a repetition of the piece for another night of the current week, which had been very favourably received by all the clapping and thumping part of the audience.

This convinced the Don at once that his lady was a theatrical treasure, and while she was in the act of exchanging the much-admired clerk's dress for her usual habiliments, he made his way to the presence of the manager, and stating the necessity for an immediate decision, requested to know what terms Madame Tornorino and himself might hope for. What the answer was in his own case has been already stated, but in that of his lady it was rather less decisive.

"Your wife, monseer, has no more notion of acting than a possum," said the manager; "but I expect too, that she is a considerable fine young woman, and therefore I shall have no objection to engage with her for a reasonable salary if *she* has no objection to stick to the boys' parts."

Tornorino's only reply was a request to be made acquainted with the gentleman's notions of a reasonable salary.

The amount named might with economy have sufficed to keep Patty in silk stockings and pumps; and although this, when communicated to the beauty, had appeared to her the very perfection of independence, her more experienced spouse knew better, and became quite aware of the disagreeable fact that he and his fair bride had still no resource to look to for their daily bread, but the well-guarded pocket-book of the major.

No wonder, therefore, that the gentle hint now given by that gentleman, signifying that if Patty chose to continue her public career, she must choose also to live by it, threw him into a state of agitation which for a moment robbed him of all power of protesting against this terrible sentence.

But while her terrified husband was struggling for breath, Patty was well enough disposed to answer in his stead.

"Pack up!" she exclaimed. "Capital notion that, Mr. Pap, for a first-rate actress, who is so much the fashion as to be obliged to repeat the part with only two days interval. Pack up, indeed! I shall just pack up when the rest of the ladies at the theatre do, and not one minute before, you may depend upon it."

"It is settled then, Patty," said the major, looking frowningly enough, between anger and sorrow. "No more need be said about it, so I wish you good night. We leave this place at five o'clock to-morrow morning, so I suppose there is no great chance of our meeting again."

"Then you are a fool for your pains, papa, and a bit of a brute too, I must say, not to stay and witness the success, and the fashion,

and the fame of your only child! Much you must love me to be sure, mustn't you?"

The major felt at that moment that he did love her, notwithstanding all her saucy impertinence; and feeling a little of the paternal vanity of which his fair daughter thought he ought to feel a great deal, he turned to his son-in-law and said,

"Does she mean to tell me, Tornorino, that her playing was successful?"

"Santa Maria, no!" cried the Don, suddenly recovering his voice. "Der sar, it was a capriccio of your beautiful daughter! to her I can refuse no ting—no ting in the whole world. And so I like a fool bête, let her try. But it not do, sar, it not do at all. Dey offers her so little bit money as not keep her pretty beauty alive. We go pack, we go pack, this very moment, belle Pati."

"What an abominable sneak you are, Don!" cried Patty, colouring through her theatrical rouge like scarlet. "I do despise you from the very bottom of my heart; and if I do pack up, it shall be just on purpose to leave you behind, so put that in your pipe and smoke it, you poor cowardly fellow that's afraid of being scolded by papa. You don't deserve such a wife as I am, that you don't, and if I keep my present mind, you shall never have me again. Smoke that too, Mr. Don."

"Hush, hush! Patty," said the major, "you are behaving a great deal worse than the Don, I promise you. It is lucky for you that he is come to his senses before we have left you to starve, which I give you my word and honour we should have done if he had not been more reasonable than you are. Get away with you, foolish girl, do! You may kiss me if you will and part friends, upon condition that you never take any such nonsense into your whirligig of a head again. If it was not for your mother's uncommon cleverness we should have got into a terrible scrape, I promise you, and have found ourselves just five hundred dollars the poorer for your frolic."

"Make me believe that, if you can," cried the incorrigible Patty, turning away without giving the slightest indication of intending to grant the invited kiss. "I shall just go to bed, for I am as tired as a dog, and if my sneaking Don chooses to pack up he may, but I'd see him hanged ten times over before I'd do it."

And with these tender words, very pointedly addressed to the chosen of her heart, the young beauty made her exit, brushing with an air of defiance by her mother, who on her part felt greatly too angry to speak without betraying more warmth than she thought it prudent to display, as she by no means wished to attract the attention of any of their quaker neighbours to their room at that particular moment.

Flattering himself that there was no immediate danger that he and his gentle helpmate should be thrust out from the snug shelter of the parental wing, the Don wisely abstained from any further display of deprecating eloquence, and followed his wife, bowing gracefully to "pap and mam" as he passed.

Both the major and his lady were, in every sense of the phrase, *wide awake* on the following morning at a very early hour, and while the gentlemen sallied forth to secure the services of a porter to convey their luggage to the steamboat, the lady, notwithstanding her wrath, conde-

scended to visit the apartment of her daughter to ascertain if she too, with her less guilty husband, were ready for departure. Instead of this, however, she found both the Don and his lady profoundly asleep, and even when she had removed this impediment to their activity, by shaking them both heartily, she had the mortification of hearing Patty declare, in her most contumacious tone, that whether it were early or late, she did not care a straw, and that she would have her sleep out if Old Nick himself came to shake her. It is probable that Mrs. Allen Barnaby might have tried the effect of more effective measures still had she not, at the very moment that her daughter thus expressed herself, fancied that she heard the door, enclosing the apartments of John and Rachel Williams, open. The possibility of their having heard of Patty's theatrical exhibition last night, and of their coming upon her for obtaining money under false pretences, as they now appeared under circumstances totally different from what they had represented, occurred to her with such force, that she instantly resolved to leave the house, wait for the return of her husband in the street, and make him escort her on board the steamboat before he removed their trunks, or paid any further attention to their contumacious daughter. This project could not, of course, be communicated either to the already snoring Patty, or her only half-awake husband; but as she withdrew from the bed, she said, with sufficient emphasis to attract the attention of the drowsy Don,

"We are going to leave the house directly—but if you will stay in it you must."

She then left the room, and was on the pavement of the street in pursuit of the major, before her alarmed son-in-law had fully accomplished the difficult task of waking his wife. The look-out service of my heroine did not last long, for she had scarcely closed the house-door behind her before she saw the major approaching.

"The quakers are all on the alert this morning, and I have heard the door of the Williamses open and shut," she said, as soon as he was within reach of a safe whisper, for the black lad who followed him with a truck made any louder communication dangerous. "I have got the five hundred dollars in my pocket, Donny," she added in the same cautious tone, "and *my* opinion is, that I and the dollars too, will be a great deal safer out of the house than in it."

"Egad! I am afraid so, upon my soul, if the Williamses are really stirring, for their movements are as regular as those of the clock on the staircase," returned the major, knitting his brows with a look of considerable anxiety. "A pretty business we shall have made of it, to be sure, if they have really found out this mad trick of Patty's, and choose to blow up a riot and expose us to the whole town. Not to mention the loss of the money, which of course we must give back if they choose to declare that we introduced ourselves under false colours, or we shall have the devil and all to do, with the police at our heels."

"I'll see every man, woman, and child of them, black, white, and yellow, slaves and freeborns, old and young, rich and poor, at the bottom of the sea before I'll give back a single farthing of the money," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a degree of animation which would certainly have startled the black porter had he been within hearing;

but the major had prudently ordered him to go on to the house, and wait in the hall till he came.

He, therefore, listened to this vehement reply without any feeling of displeasure or alarm, and even expressed his perfect approbation of the sentiments she expressed, adding, very gently, that he only feared her noble daring might eventually lead her into a scrape.

"Don't talk nonsense, Donny," was the prompt reply. "If I am once safely stowed on board the Lady Washington steamer I will bet my five hundred dollars to your gold snuffbox that I shall reach New York just as safely, my dear, as you reached Philadelphia. And if they were to lay hands upon me, what have they got to accuse me of, I should like to know? Have I not made over to them a legal claim to all the profits that shall accrue from my work? Have I manifested by word, act, or deed, the very slightest intention of swerving from my bargain?"

"All true, my dear. But why then do you feel it necessary to run away in such a hurry?"

"Merely to avoid the disagreeable necessity, if that gray tabby-cat, Rachel, *should* come and clutch me with her sly, velvet-like claws, and beg me civilly to return the money, because the Society of Friends don't approve acting people, of saying in reply I WON'T."

"True again, my Barnaby, you are a trump; and no one, whether king, queen, knave, or ace, need be ashamed to bow before you. You wish, then, to go on board instantly?" said the major.

"Yes," she replied, "instantly. It will look more respectable, you know, for you just to hand me on deck, and then you may be back in a moment, and see to the moving of every thing. As to those silly fools, Patty and her husband, I believe they are still in bed, for I could not make them get up; but you must not wait for them, mind. Just give Tornorino money enough to come by the next boat."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was politely handed on board without further loss of time by her observant husband, who immediately hurried back according to her instructions, and manfully assisted in removing his own and his lady's baggage from their room to the truck. As he mounted the stairs with his assistant black porter for the last load he encountered Ariadne, who was evidently moving down with a very eager step to find him. She bore in her hand a neat-looking little note, addressed to Mistress Allen Barnaby; and for an instant he was about to open it, the excellent terms on which he lived with his admirable wife fully justifying such a liberty. Yet had he done so he would most unquestionably have proved himself for ever unworthy of possessing such treasures as herself and her confidence; but happily a ray from her own spirit seemed suddenly to flash across him.

"Mrs. Allen Barnaby is gone," said he very composedly to the black help, "but I shall join her again very soon, and will take care to give her this note the moment I see her."

"But friend Rachel, and friend John too, wanted an answer immediately," said Ariadne, "massa best read it own self."

"That is never done in our country," replied the major, solemnly shaking his head, "and you may tell friend John and friend Rachel that I say so. But I will keep it for her very carefully."

And so saying, he demurely took out his pocket-book, and placed the note in one of its pockets. Ariadne, notwithstanding her freedom, could venture no further remonstrance, and returning with this answer to the apartment of the quakers, would probably have brought a second and a personal application from John Williams, had he not been still in bed. He instantly, however, began investing himself in such garments as were necessary for making his appearance, and nothing but the vigorous activity of the major prevented his having to undergo an interview which would certainly have been very far from agreeable. Most fortunately, however, upon his opening the door of Tornorino's room, in order to toss into it the dollars which his wife had desired him to leave with the offending young couple, he met the Don coming forth with his own portmanteau on his shoulder, and that of his wife's dragging after him with his disengaged hand, while Patty herself, though looking as black as a thunder-cloud, followed behind him, bringing a huge carpet-bag.

"This fellow will help you," said the major, pointing to the grinning black porter. "I *cannot* stay an instant, and you had *better* not. Follow this black fellow and his truck to the wharf."

These words, which were spoken as the major descended the stairs, sufficed to frighten Patty a little, and her husband a good deal. Not a moment was lost. The remaining trunks were partly carried, and partly kicked down stairs, the noble hands of the Don disdained not to assist in placing them on the truck, and the convoy was just under way as John Williams stepped forth from his own room-door upon the stairs. Had he not stepped back for his stick he must have overtaken it; but this delay gave time to turn the corner, and when he stepped forth into the street not a single living object was to be seen, save a very hungry-looking little cur, which at that moment was passing the steps, and which on seeing him trotted up them, looking piteously in his face.

"Poor beast! Thee art homeless!" said the kind-hearted man, stepping back into the hall, and calling to Ariadne, who was passing it, for "a plate of broken victuals for a poor dog."

He again looked up the street and down the street, for any passenger who might be able to tell him if he had met a party going to the steamboat with some luggage. But nobody was to be seen, the long and handsome street being vacant from end to end.

"And what matters it?" soliloquized the quaker, as he again retreated into the house. "I do believe that the whole set are not much better than they should be, but I would rather feed a hungry dog any day, then catch and scourge a vicious one. But my Rachel was right. There is no doubt about that."

THE RECANTATION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Young, saucy, shallow in my views—
The world before me—free to choose
My calling or profession,
I canvass'd, one by one, the list,
And thus, a tyro satirist,
Condemn'd them in succession:

The Law?—its sons cause half our ills
By plucking clients in their bills,
As sparrowhawks do sparrows;
Shrinking the mind it whets, their trade
Acts as the grindstone on the blade,
Which, while it sharpens, narrows.

What makes the Pleader twist and tear
Statutes to wrong the rightful heir,
And bring the widow sorrow?
A fee!—What makes him change his tack,
Eat his own words, and swear white's black?—
Another fee to-morrow.

A Curate?—chain'd to some dull spot,
Even at church he mourns his lot,
Repining while thanksgiving.
'Mid stupid clodpoles and their wives
The Scholar's buried while he lives,
And dies without a Living.

And what are Bishops?—hypocrites
Who preach against the world's delights
In purple and fine linen;
Who brand as crime, in humbler elves,
All vanities, while they themselves
Have palaces to sin in.

A Soldier?—What! a bravo paid
To make man-butchery a trade—
A Jack-a-dandy varlet,
Who sells his liberty—perchance
His very soul's inheritance—
For feathers, lace, and scarlet!

A Sailor?—worse! he's doom'd to trace
With treadmill drudgery the space
From foremast to the mizen;
A slave to the tyrannic main,
Till some kind bullet comes to brain
The brainless in his prison.

Physic?—a freak of times and modes,
Which yearly old mistakes explodes
For new ones still absurder:
All slay their victims—disappear,
And only leave this doctrine clear,
That "killing is no murder."

A Poet?—to describe aright,
His lofty hopes and abject plight,
The quickest tongue would lack words;
Still, like a ropemaker, he twines
From morn to even lines on lines,
And still keeps going backwards.

Older and wiser grown, my strain
Was changed, and thus did I arraign
My crude and cynic sallies:
Railer!—like most satiric scribes,
Your world-condemning diatribes,
Smack less of truth than malice.

Abuse condemns not use—all good,
Perverted or misunderstood,
May generate all badness.
Reason itself—that gift divine,
To folly may be turn'd by wine,
By long excess to madness.

From the professions thus portray'd,
As prone to stain, corrupt, degrade,
Have sprung for many ages,
All that the world with pride regards,
Our statesmen, patriots, heroes, bards,
Philanthropists, and sages.

Not from our callings do we take
Our characters:—men's actions make,
Or mar their reputations.
The good, the bad, the false, the true,
Would still be such, tho' all their crew
Should interchange vocations.

Whate'er the compass-box's hue,
Substance or form—the needle's true,
Alike in calms or surges.
E'en thus the virtuous heart, whate'er
Its owner's plight or calling—ne'er
From honour's pole diverges.

MY GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

By J. S. Knowles.

"No, Richard! I should never quit my father's roof without his blessing, were it only because he is my father. The commandment is strong, Richard! It is 'Honour thy father and thy mother!' unconditionally. It is absolute not contingent duty which it enjoins us. There may be cases where the filial obligation is weakened—perhaps dissolved—but mine is not one. God must be honoured first. Parents may be unrighteous, and may enjoin unrighteous things. There may be such cases; but mine is not such a case. My father is, you know, a pattern of piety; to cultivate in me the fear and the love of my Creator and Redeemer has been his constant, assiduous, never intermitted care. Seldom, if ever, have his own claims upon my duty been the theme of his lessons. I find now, that they were included in the grand comprehension, ONE—though I was not always aware of it—for with all my heart, and soul, and strength, I honour and love my father. Richard, while my father lives, I will never marry you against his will."

"Suppose we should never marry, then?"

"The mind that has made itself up to form such a resolution, must be prepared to abide even such a contingency."

"And you could bear it? You could be contented to see me another's, I suppose?"

The sweet girl looked up in his face, steadfastly, for a moment or two, then smiled at him mournfully, and shook her head.

"You would marry another if your father insisted upon it?"

"Never;" was her prompt, brief, and conclusive reply.

"Yet where is the difference? You might as well be another's! You would not then be less mine than you are now likely to be!"

She blushed—she cast upon him a look of deprecating reproach, then averting her eyes, remained silent.

"It is not love!" he exclaimed. "It is not love!—there is nothing of the spell in it!—the one all-absorbing thought!—the cleaving that loosens every other hold! Where duty exercises such dominion, love scarce can have a voice—and so it is. The prejudice of a father supersedes the claims of a lover—his devotion, his perseverance, in spite of repulses, thwartings, wrongs! I am loved, yet suffered to continue the victim of a passion, as withering as if it were unreturned! And what is it, but hopeless? You will not marry me without your father's blessing; he refuses to bestow it—declares you shall never obtain it! I consume with wishes which seem likely never to be realized! You know it—you suffer it—and yet you say you love me! You deceive yourself—you sport with me—you do not love me, Charlotte!"

She returned no reply, except by looking up in his face again. The tears were streaming down her cheeks—he caught her to his breast—she suffered him to hold her there—to kiss away the eloquent though

silent witnesses of her devotion. He passionately implored her pardon —it was accorded by the frank lips, which she ingenuously offered to his.

For a time there was silence: at length, gently disengaging herself from his embrace, and riveting upon him a look of tender reproach—

"Richard," she said, "why do you compel me, for the hundredth time to tell you that you have yourself alone to blame? I had been now your wife had your love been as steadfast as mine. You had once my father's consent, as soon as you had attained to your majority we were to have been married; but you went to Dublin and forgot me!"

"Never!" interposed Richard.

"You did, indeed you did," resumed the sweet girl, now weeping afresh. "What partnership, Richard, could love have with dissipation? Could you remember me, and frequent the dissolute society in which your days and nights were spent during your fatal sojourn in that city? Did I ever expect to hear it told of Richard, the master of my heart, even from my girlhood—did I ever expect to hear it told of him, that night after night he was in the habit of being inebriated—that his liberty constantly paid for the effects of his abandonment to an appetite unbecoming a rational creature, except on such occasions, as when overcome by excess, he was carried home to his lodgings, in a state of helpless, utter insensibility? Reproach not me, Richard, reproach not the father who loves his only child, and refuses to consign her to the protection of a man who has furnished him with such proofs that he has not the firmness to protect himself; and who, since his return to the home where he was once a stranger to intemperance, has too frequently betrayed his familiarity with a vice, which, once contracted, they say, is seldom or never to be shaken off."

"Thank your father for that," retorted Richard. "Baffled in my fondly-cherished hopes, what am I to do? Shall I go mad, or drown and deaden the torture, which, unmitigated, must drive me so? When your father's door is shut upon me—when I walk feverishly up and down the street at night, watching the light in the room where you sit, but which I am forbidden to enter—where you sit with the visiters of your father—some among them, perhaps, who are trying to attract your attention and excite an interest in your heart—what am I to do with a tortured breast and whirling brain, but to drown thought, and along with it insufferable agony? Would this be the case were we on the same blessed terms we stood upon before my fatal visit to Dublin?—for fatal I own it was! No: I should be sitting by your side, feasting on your sweet face, and drinking in your voice of heavenly melody—happy! happy!—blessed beyond the power of forming another wish for happiness! Would the bottle or the boon companion entice me thence? Oh, God! in the idea of saving you, your father forgets that he is perhaps destroying me; and, if you love me, you along with me. A habit that is easily conquered at the first, he is probably rendering incurable, by providing me, as he does, with a motive for continuing it! And after all, it is but one vice; for Heaven is my witness, that in my wildest moments of excess, I have never once swerved, or thought of swerving, from my fidelity; but have been to you, Charlotte, even what I would have you be to me!"

She caught his hand—she pressed it with fervid tenderness, and

leaning her cheek upon his shoulder kept it there, as she stood with her tapering waist encircled by his arm.

Her form was the perfection of the female mould—she was lovely, too, in feature. A fair, bright complexion, with a dark clear hazel eye, and luxuriant auburn hair. I have seldom looked upon her equal, never upon one that surpassed her; and, what is not of universal occurrence, her heart and mind were a match for her person.

"'Tis more than flesh and blood can bear!" he exclaimed, suddenly withdrawing from her and striking his forehead. "'Tis more than flesh and blood can bear!—to own, yet not possess!—The just heir to a hundred thousand pounds a year, cannot touch a shilling of his property!—his title to it is disputed! There lie before him, affluence, splendour, luxury; and he is in rags and starving!—Mansion, acres, coffers, all in the grasp of the law!—half his life spent, he finds himself no nearer justice than when he set out!—his chance is to die a beggar; and, give him his own, he is one of the richest men in the land! No wonder if he goes mad—yet what is the hardship of his case compared to that of mine? What yearning is equal to that which we feel for the possession of the woman that we love?—virtuous as she is lovely! We beggar ourselves for the being we adore! It happens every day, and yet the object, except the charms of person, less than worthless, perhaps! But in the case of a chaste and noble woman, and tender withal, to know that she is yours, heart and soul, and yet to have her ruthlessly withheld from you—I defy the earth, from among all the sufferings under which men groan, to find a parallel for such infliction!"

The emotion with which he uttered this, was more like that of a maniac than of a man in his proper senses.

"It is time I leave you, Richard."

"When will you meet me again?"

"Meet you!" she echoed mournfully. "Of what use is it to meet, when our interviews ever thus terminate in distraction? Would you but exercise a little self-command, how much misery would you escape—how much less would you inflict upon me? You do not love as I love, Richard! Knowing that your affections are mine, I can bear up under the present obstacles to our union. Richard, have you no trust in God?—Is not this trial of His ordering, and ought it not to be borne with more humility? If we are spared, the time must come when we shall be man and wife. It is the evening of existence with my father, Richard; let his sun go down in peace. He claims my obedience only while he lives. Once my own mistress, who shall withhold me from you? I must leave you now."

"When shall we meet again?" he inquired.

"On Thursday next," she replied, after a moment's hesitation.

"At the same time?"

"At the same time."

He caught her to his breast—held her there a minute or two—released her, and they parted.

To see, occasionally, the man, whom her father had once allowed her to consider herself as affianced to, was the sole stipulation of Charlotte, when Richard's unpardonable indiscretion turned the parental heart against him. Not clandestinely, then, did the lovers meet. The veto

of the old man was restricted to the duration of his own life. While that lasted he would do his duty. When death dismissed him from his trust, his daughter might act as she pleased. He would not crush hope utterly—he feared for his sensitive child—he trusted to time, and the further development of Richard's unfortunate propensity, to disentangle her from an engagement, from which he anticipated any thing for her but respectability and happiness.

Upon Charlotte's returning home, scarcely had she entered the parlour when she found herself in the embrace of her uncle—the captain of a merchant-vessel of about six hundred tons burden. His niece was a great favourite, and happy was she to see him—though more than one sample had he given her of a reckless obstinacy of purpose, when he chanced to fix his mind upon any particular object. He had just arrived, accompanied by a brother captain, a very young man, who, in an unusually short time, had worked his way from a foremost man to the rule of the quarterdeck.

It was this young man's choice to pass through all the gradations of a seaman. Money and connexions would have opened to him a far shorter road to command, but his ambition was to become a thorough sailor; and he was so. His appearance was exceedingly prepossessing—a countenance all alive with talent, spirit, and ingenuousness. He was beloved by every body, and especially by Charlotte's uncle. To Charlotte, his attentions, before he set sail upon his last trip, had been remarkable. They met with no encouragement, however; but any one who had happened to be in the secret, could tell, at a glance, that he had returned with the intention of renewing them.

This was sufficiently clear to Charlotte, to determine her upon retiring as soon as common politeness permitted; scarcely then was supper ended, when she pleaded indisposition, and withdrew. The young sailor presently followed her example, and the brothers were left alone.

The uncle, I need not tell you, favoured the wishes of his young friend. He instantly opened the subject to Charlotte's father, who was no way averse to it.

The *pros* and *cons* were debated. Under existing circumstances, it was agreed, that nothing could be more eligible; but constraint was out of the question.

The father would never coerce the inclinations of his child—indeed, the attempt would be fruitless.

"But you would not let her sacrifice her life to her infatuation?" impatiently exclaimed the sailor. "The girl is so altered for the worse, that had I accidentally met her in the street, I should have passed her without knowing her! She is absolutely pining her existence away! You have revoked your consent to her marriage with this civilian, whom, yet, you allow her, you say, occasionally to meet; thus nourishing a passion, which for years, at least, must be hopeless. There is want of decision here, brother Anthony; this is neither doing one thing nor another. Set your face at once and for ever, resolutely against the connexion. Tell her you have selected a husband for her, and that my friend is the man."

"John," replied the father, "if you would kill your niece, I am not disposed to kill my child."

"'Tis your own affair," said the sailor: and the brothers shook hands, and separated for the night.

A gray dawn broke into a glorious day—alternate sunshine and cloud—warm, but breezy. The uncle, the father, and Charlotte, composed the breakfast-party. The first had been up and out since six o'clock, and had just returned.

"What a day for a sail? would Charlotte take a sail? His owner's yacht was at the service of the party. A cruise round to Kinsale would be delightful, and the wind was fair."

Charlotte felt that she had somewhat hazarded her uncle's good graces, by her marked discouragement of his young friend; she was therefore disinclined to thwart him in this instance, particularly as her gratification seemed to be the object.

"She would go."

It now struck her, though, that the young captain would be likely to go too. She was, in no small degree, discomfited when he met her uncle and her, before they were halfway down to the quay.

"All right?" inquired her uncle.

"All ready!" replied the young man.

"Take his arm, Charlotte, while I step in here just to order something which I have forgotten."

In a moment she was leaning upon the arm of her admirer.

"Should Richard see her!"

She looked forebodingly to the other side of the street. There was he standing motionless, his eyes riveted upon her, and her unwelcome companion!

"What was she to do?"

She half released her arm, it was gently drawn back again. She made an effort as if she would cross the street; her escort reminded her that she was going the wrong way. She came to a dead stand, determined to do—she knew not what!"

"Hurry on!" cried her uncle, who had just overtaken them. "We must save the ebb, or we shall never get down in time."

Her other arm was instantly drawn within his: in two or three minutes they reached the quay—she was handed into a boat which was in readiness to take the party down to Cove, where the yacht was expecting them. The oars were all in motion. Rapidly they left the quay behind them—with Richard standing upon it—his arms folded upon his breast, his eyes straining after them—the image of reproach, scorn and exasperation.

Charlotte's heart sank within her, in spite of all she could do, the tears gathered in her eyes, ready every moment to gush.

"What is the matter, child?"

She replied not—she durst not trust her utterance—she *could* not speak—she felt an intolerable sense of suffocation.

"Shall we go back, Charlotte?"

"No, sir; it is now too late!"

And she no longer resisted the efforts of her feelings; but wept long and bitterly.

"Rain lays the wind," murmured the captain to himself.

That day and the following passed without any signs of the water-

party. The evening of the next, Charlotte had promised to meet her lover.

It came, but brought no Charlotte! Miserable was the state of Richard's feelings. He sent to her father's to inquire for her.

She had not yet returned—they had been expecting her in vain every moment during the last four-and-twenty hours. They could not account for her absence.

There was a tavern in George's-street, at that time, whither the young bloods of the town were in the habit of resorting, to pass their evenings. Richard had been too frequently a visiter; but for the last two days he had absented himself—now, however, he went there. He was welcomed cordially, but at the same time in a manner that convinced him he was the object of commiseration. He threw himself into a chair; now glancing at one, and then at another. One of the party, at length, accosted him.

"Richard," said he, "we see too plainly how it is. Old Jack," as Charlotte's uncle was generally called, "has out-manœuvred you. His mate has discovered all to Tomkins's butler, who was down at the ship drinking with him. That party was planned between him and his captain, in order to give the young sailor an opportunity of ingratiating himself with your mistress—nay, in the hope that she might be brought to yield to the united instances of lover and uncle, and consent to return a bride to Cork."

Richard started, and glared upon the speaker.

"It is true," the other resumed; "you may hear it from the lips of the man himself; and, to do them justice, they deserve credit for their cleverness. No opportunity for courting, like a trip on ship-board, where people must keep together in spite of themselves—morning, noon, and night. But never give way to despondency, man! If she is worthy of you, you are sure of her, though she were gone a voyage to the Indies; if she is not, better you lose her now than hereafter. I have been in love myself, and on such occasions, always made up my mind to that. Once disabused of the impression that the object was worthy, I speedily reconciled myself to the loss. Do you the like, in case the girl should jilt you. If her heart is capable of being estranged from you, it is not worth retaining. Come, Richard, cheer up, man! It is long since we have had a bowl together—your only social potation, which brings good fellows, as it were, into a knot. There is no thorough brotherhood in independent tumblers; one sips a thimbleful, another swallows a bumper—one drinks twice to another man's once! A bowl is glass for glass and equal measure."

Richard's soul was dead within him—the bowl was resuscitation. At first the cordial liquid produced no more effect upon him than water—but presently came the glow, and the glow waxed stronger and stronger, till those false spirits were at last induced, which, once they get the upper hand, no longer leave a man the use of his reason. Glass rapidly followed glass, bowl succeeded to bowl, and Richard almost in a state of collapse from perfect inebriety, was at last carried home.

Two friends, remarkable for what topers call a hard head, undertook the charge of escorting him. Just as they reached his house, a fe-

male, enveloped in a cloak and hood, was in the act of leaving it. She stopped short as they passed her, earnestly scrutinized their burden, and uttering a half-suppressed exclamation, expressive of dismay and suffering, hurried on.

It was Charlotte! The story of the plot was true: three days had her uncle kept her out in the yacht—three days had she suffered indefatigable persecution from her uncle and his friend; but what is a world of opportunity without a particle of inclination to work upon? The moment Charlotte became aware of their stratagem, one only answer did she return to reasonings and entreaties—

"Take me back to Cork!"

Perseverance tried another day—yet another; but finding that, instead of gaining ground, it was rather losing it, at length gave in. The yacht was put about, and reached her usual anchorage at nightfall. The quay was gained at ten o'clock; but late as it was, the faithful Charlotte had no sooner stepped on shore, then casting away every consideration, except that of her lover's feelings, she went to his residence—asked for him—was informed he was from home, and, departing, encountered him as I have described.

But she was not the only person by whom his disgraceful plight, had been observed. Her uncle, guessing her intentions, had followed her. His way lay up George's-street. Just as he approached the tavern, the two friends, with Richard between them, issued from it. He knew that the house was frequented by Richard, whose habits of occasional excess were well known to him.

"Could it be Richard whom they supported?"

He slackened his pace—followed them—caught sight of his niece observed her stop—perceived that she recognised her lover, and waiting till she came up, confronted her—caught hold of her hand, and bade her turn and observe what was passing behind her. Overpowered with shame, she hung her head and stood speechless.

"Come," said her uncle, "this affair becomes too serious to allow the indulgence of false delicacy! You must make up your mind whether you will marry a brute or a man. Till the end of next week you shall reflect upon it. In the mean time, no assignations!—no meetings! You must keep the house close till then. Then you shall give your hand to the one or the other! I shall speak to your father this very night!"

Charlotte retired to her chamber. The brothers remained alone for an hour in earnest conversation. The uncle prevailed.

"Well, John," said the father, "I consent. It shall be as you would have it. At the end of next week she shall marry which of the two she pleases; but I tell you beforehand that I know too well on which her choice will fall!"

"The girl is not mad, brother Anthony!" replied the uncle. "I tell you that you have done right in following my advice, and you will find it so. It is the nature of women to act contrariwise. By continuing to oppose the girl, you help her to keep her resolution. She sees nothing now but the bar to her union with this profligate young man. That engrosses all her thoughts, to the utter oblivion of consequences. Take it away, and the latter will present themselves to her

and no doubt with due effect. Whether or not, the girl must not be killed! You, who see her every day, take no notice of the effects which her present position with this man is producing upon her! I tell you what, brother Anthony, I have been only a twelvemonth away, and I scarcely knew my niece! Another twelvemonth must not be passed in the same manner, unless you are desirous that she should furnish employment for the undertaker. The only proper course is that which I have recommended, and that which you have at last consented to adopt. By making the girl mistress of her own destiny in this affair, you will cause her to reflect upon what she is about. I think she will decide rightly; for otherwise what can she see before her but misery? If she marries my young friend, all's well; if the other, better that, than that her death should lie at your door. Good-night, brother Anthony!"

For the greater portion of the stipulated time did Charlotte keep the house, never once stirring from her own room. Her new lover was a constant visiter. His presence was always announced to her, but she evinced no desire to avail herself of it. One day more, and the period given her for reflection would expire.

Tenderly did Richard love his mistress, notwithstanding his besotting and brutalizing sin. What he had told her was the simple truth. He had never been guilty of the slightest breach of fidelity towards her. When he came to himself the morning after his debauch, his first inquiry was, if Charlotte had returned?

"She had."

"When?" inquired Richard.

"Last night."

"How do you know?"

"She had called."

"Called!" echoed Richard, now greatly excited. "Called!" he repeated—"Where?"

"At the house."

"At this house? Charlotte call here! Dear generous girl! To explain the cause of her absence no doubt! To set my tortured heart at rest!—and I—when did she call?"

"Last night."

"What hour?"

"About eleven o'clock. A moment or two before you were brought home by your friends."

Richard, pallid enough before, now became still more so, while a deep shade of trouble gathered upon his brow. He seemed as if conjecturing something that filled his heart with the liveliest alarms. At length he spoke.

"Did she know me?" falteringly inquired he.

"I fear that she did. I was still standing with the door in my hand after her, when you and your friends approached. She stopped short as you passed her. I saw her clasp her hands, and then she hurried on."

"Was she accompanied?"

"No; but, after she passed on, she was met by a person who seemed to be watching her, and by whom, as soon as she came up to him, she was hurried away."

"Whom was he like?"

"He looked like Charlotte's uncle."

Richard inquired no further. You may partly guess what he thought.

Days passed without any communication between Richard and Charlotte, of whose term of probation—if I may use the phrase—only another day remained. Richard was confined to the house, lying raving mad. He had made every attempt to obtain an interview with his mistress, but in vain. The accustomed place of meeting, the accustomed hour, still saw him once or twice, but alone, and in fruitless, agonizing expectation. Determined to see her, he called at the house, but she was invariably denied to him. He wrote to her, but she never vouchsafed a reply. The tavern now became more frequented than ever. The bowl was in constant requisition. The foreign stimulus added to that of intensely excited feelings, was too much for the brain. He sank under an attack of *delirium tremens!* He lay in the critical extremity of danger. As I said, it wanted but a day to complete the period which was allotted to Charlotte for deliberation.

"Charlotte!" said a young friend to her, who happened to call upon the morning of that day, "is it true that we are so soon to give you joy? Every body says that you are going at last to be married."

"My uncle and my father have so arranged it," replied Charlotte, calmly; "and of course I have no option but to comply with their wishes."

"Well," rejoined the other, with a sigh, "I am heartily sorry for poor Richard.

"Why should you be sorry for him?" inquired Charlotte.

"How can you ask the question," rejoined her friend. "The poor fellow is truly attached to you, my brother says—fondly!—devotedly! It is a hard return for his love; though, to be sure, from his indulgence of that fatal propensity of his, he almost deserves it as a punishment."

"Deserves what?"

"That you should give your hand to another." Charlotte looked steadily in the face of her friend, who continued, "And yet, dear Charlotte—pardon me for saying so—but I did believe you had a little more of the obstinacy of our sex in you!"

"Obstinacy!—Well!—go on."

"I shall call it steadfastness—constancy, then."

"Why, that is something nearer the mark," interposed Charlotte.

"Well, then, as I was saying, I did hope that you possessed more of the constancy of our sex, than to allow an old friend to be supplanted by one who is comparatively a stranger to you."

Charlotte had been employing herself in arranging some needlework; here she laid it down, and again fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the countenance of her friend, but without speaking.

"No woman," continued the other, "could desire to be better beloved than, as my brother tells me, you have been; for he knows Richard well; and he says, he could swear that from the moment Richard and you became intimate, until now, he has never once be-

stowed a thought upon any other woman. On that account, at least, he is entitled to some consideration."

"I grant it," said Charlotte; "but something more than mere consideration for that is requisite if he depends upon me for his happiness."

"What more?"

"The same exclusive attachment on my part."

"I am sorry that he has forfeited that?" said the other, half musingly. "Many a fault should be excused for constancy in a lover. No wonder it should drive him mad to see that the door which is always open to another, is always closed upon him. Last Tuesday he knocked at it, I was told, and no sooner did it open, than it was shut in his face; and not five minutes afterwards young Captain R——, your uncle's friend and your admirer, was admitted. No wonder it should drive him mad! My brother met him at a party an hour or two afterwards, and he looked, he said, the very image of misery and desperation. They had mixed a bowl of their usual beverage, and asked him to partake of it; but without heeding them he filled a tumbler from a bottle of raw spirits that happened to be lying on the table, and swallowed the contents at a single draught."

"Madness indeed!" exclaimed Charlotte. "No consideration for me!—No compassion!—He should not want trust in me!—He cannot!"

"Cannot!" echoed her friend. "Cannot!" she reiterated, "and you upon the point of being married to another!"

"Sophy!" cried Charlotte, starting to her feet, and drawing up her fair form to its full stature, "Sophy, you talked just now about the constancy of our sex."

"I did," said Sophia, startled by the earnestness of her friend.

"Do you believe in it?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that I am worthy of belonging to that sex?"

"I do."

"And you can harbour the thought that I am going to abandon poor Richard? Never! No; though he should abandon himself yet more than he has already done! Are you a woman? Do you not know that friend after friend has turned against him, in consequenee of the fatal propensity to which he has given way? Are you, I say, a woman, and can you not divine the effect which such desertion must have produced upon me?—*To make him dearer to me, Sophy, than ever!* Abandon him! Oh, Sophy! did not you know me? For seven years have Richard and I been engaged to one another, and never, *for one moment even*, have my affections faltered!—far less swerved in their devotion to him! My uncle has made a proposition, to which my father has acceded. A fortnight has been given me for reflection. The period is almost expired. To-morrow my hand is at my own disposal! Think you I have debated the question as to whom I shall give it? Not a moment! There, where my friends see nothing but desperation, my every earthly wish and hope are founded! To-morrow I shall go with Richard to the altar!"

Sophia stared for a time almost vacantly, in the glowing countenance

of her friend. Her eyes then wandered here and there, as if she was in a state of indecision and alarm, and her colour wavered.

"What is the matter?" inquired Charlotte.

"It will be too late!" at length burst forth, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Too late! What? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?—Speak!"

"Richard, I hear, is dying!"

The blood fled from Charlotte's face; her eyes looked as if they would start from their sockets; a spasmodic movement became perceptible in her throat. She gasped—shrieked—and fell back.

It was the crisis with Richard—the momentous tug between disease and nature. The issue, life or death! For four days sleep had never once visited him. Fearful had been the activity of his brain, which conjured up, as it were, vision after vision, in uninterrupted succession, accompanied with every imaginable circumstance of horror. To combat the preternatural strength which, in such cases is generally, if not always, induced, all the customary modes of restraint were necessarily resorted to; while the conviction of the sufferer as to the reality of what he fancied he saw was so intensely earnest, as almost to infect the attendants with a touch of his delusion; so that at times they would turn towards the direction in which he looked, as if in quest of the phantoms that attracted his inflamed eyeballs, riveting them, and almost drawing them from their sockets. But a change was taking place. The exacerbations of nervous irritability had given way to something. Either life was making a feeble but successful stand; or death, the final effort.

For upwards of twelve hours lay Richard, without exhibiting the slightest signs of life—cognizable to a common observer—except that the remains of natural heat were yet traceable, and that the flesh retained that softness which indicates the absence of stagnation in the vital juices. Thoughtfully the medical attendant looked on, and thrilling was the anxiety painted in the countenances of those who watched him—yearning for answers to questions which they durst not give utterance to, and which pressed and crowded round their hearts, and would not be quieted.

But there was *one* whose eyes never wandered from the face of the patient, except when they were occasionally cast upwards in straining supplication—whose hand held his within its tender, wakeful clasp, on the watch for hope, through the movement of a joint, or the vibration of a fibre.

"He will live!" murmured the medical attendant, as if speaking to himself. "He will live!"

Every countenance but one indicated the blest transition from suspense to hope. That one never varied in its expression, wherein was depicted all the cleaving tenacity with which the soul of woman grasps the object of its devotion, under the dread of removal or loss. But *here* was now a change. The white arched neck was gradually stretched forwards—the lips parted as those of one who gasps for breath—the pale, wan cheek began to flush, though slightly—the veins of the forehead to swell, while the hand that remained disengaged was slowly, tremblingly raised, and kept suspended as in the act of enjoining

silence and attention. The coverlid rose and sank—a deep sigh, issued from the sick couch—the eyelids of the occupant quivered—opened—but still, from the vacant expression of the orbs which they disclosed, it was evident that perception, if restored, was yet but wavering and dim. Another and another sigh succeeded—an effort was made as if to turn in the bed—it was assisted—the face lay opposite to that of the watcher, but without recognising it, or the flood of interest and tenderness that kept pouring from it!

"Richard!" breathed the sweetest voice that ever gave utterance to the full throb of affection—"Richard!—dear Richard!"

It was unheeded. Again and again it essayed to recall consciousness from the paralyzing effects of its lapse, deepening in pathos at every reiteration—the lips increasing their proximity to the ear which they solicited, till at last cheek was touching cheek, and tears began to flow as if to add enforcement to the accents, whose efforts seemed as yet to be fruitless.

"Constrain your feelings, madam," said the medical attendant. "In his present condition *perhaps it is better* that he should not recognise you;" and at the same moment he attempted to raise her.

"No!" was faintly articulated—so faintly as to be scarcely audible.

"Stop!" interposed the watcher.

"What is the matter?"

"It was he! He spoke!"

"It were better you left him! Come—pray come!" said the physician, gently persisting in his effort to withdraw her.

"Merciful Heaven!—he holds me! His hand has closed upon mine!"

She had turned towards the physician while accosting him. She now turned again to the patient.

"Richard!—dear—dear Richard!" she meltingly reiterated.

Intelligence now shone in the eye of him whom she addressed, and with it, love; and though feeble was the voice of Richard, yet strong in tenderness was the accent with which he uttered, in reply, the beloved name of "Charlotte!" Here the medical man interfered.

"I must impose silence on both," said he; "but since he recognises you, and wishes you to stay, sit by him, and give him to understand that you are prohibited from speaking."

"Richard!" said Charlotte, bowing her lips to his ear, "hear me, but do not answer, otherwise the doctor will remove me. Quietude will expedite your recovery. When that is perfect, I am your wife—my father no longer opposes our union. Hush! if I have made you happy!"

She was obeyed—but the discourse which their lips were forbidden to hold, was carried on by their eyes, till, with extreme exhaustion, Richard, through the healthful reaction of nature, sank into a profound and reinvigorating sleep.

No sooner had Charlotte recovered from the swoon into which the intelligence communicated by her friend had thrown her, than, rushing into her father's presence, she related what she had heard; implored him, as he valued her life, to wave at once his opposition to her union with Richard; and having at last wrung from him his acquiescence, in-

stantly repaired to her lover's, where the scene took place which we have been just describing.

In a fortnight Richard was convalescent—in a month he became the husband of Charlotte. One year of uninterrupted happiness, the result of undeviating self-control upon the part of Richard, bore witness to the rooted nature of their attachment, and to the influence of female character in correcting and reforming the habits of a dissipated man. Another year was in progression—was half expired—without any variation, unless increase of connubial bliss could be called so, when the unexpected insolvency of a merchant to whom Richard had given credit to an enormous amount, gave such a shock to his circumstances, as to threaten him with the most harassing embarrassments, if not with inextricable involvement. Now was the hour of trial—whether the mind should find support in its own resources, or fly to foreign means for the fallacious purpose of recruiting and sustaining its energies. The contest was for a time severe. The strength of old habits was at length made manifest. "Might he not yield a little?" A strong man he, who only yields a little when the influence of an abandoned vice is allowed to resume, however partially, its former sway! YIELD NOT AT ALL! The injunction is a sufficient comment upon the danger! Alas for Richard! The tavern became again frequented. At first he timed himself—"He would stop till such an hour; but then he would go home;" and he did go home then, for a time. Not soon was the confiding wife aware of the relapse.

"His affairs," she would say to herself, "naturally prevent him from spending, as usual, the whole of his evenings at home!" But the portion of the day, devoted to domestic society, became less and less; and at last the hour of return was most frequently the hour of repose, when the brain, burning and rending from the excitation of the cup, was eager and impatient for the quiet of the pillow. "It was too clear! Richard had yielded again to the seductions of intemperance!" Still did the patient wife forbear. Reproach never escaped her, except, indeed, where she could not help it—in the effects which care began to produce upon her person and countenance.

I now come to a circumstance which is directly introductory to the main incident of my narrative, and which affords a striking illustration of the weakness and inconsistency of human nature; for can it be credited that a man, beloved as Richard knew himself to be, who had offended so much, and who had been so heartily, angelically forgiven, when he still continued to offend—is it to be credited that such a man should, without the most positive proof, believe the being to whom he owed so much, to be guilty, not only of an act of theft, but of deliberate, obstinate falsehood in persisting to deny that she had committed it?

Most unseasonable were now the hours which Richard kept. By his repeated express injunctions, Charlotte no longer waited up for him; a light was kept for him, and by the assistance of a latch-key, he constantly let himself in, sometimes at two, three, four, or even five o'clock in the morning.

One day he happened to receive in payment the sum of one hundred pounds in a single bank-note. It was too late to send to his bankers, and omitting, through hurry, to put it into his escritoire, where he had already deposited his pocket-book, previously to going out for the

evening; he thrust it loosely into his fob, and sallied forth to the usual place of rendezvous. He remained till a very late hour, and returned home in a state of extreme intoxication.

The forenoon was far advanced the following day when he came down to breakfast. His affectionate wife, who had been patiently expecting him, rose upon his entrance to meet him, holding up to him the lips from which had never fallen one angry, or reproachful, or even deprecating word. He drew back from her, scarcely gently repelling her, and desiring her to resume her seat, placed himself in a chair directly opposite to her. Apologies had long been over with him, but on such occasions he had never before greeted her without a smile and a kiss. His countenance now was sullen, and searching was the glance which he cast upon her—but he maintained a dogged, portentous silence.

"What is the matter, Richard?" artlessly inquired the forbearing wife.

"Charlotte!" said Richard, earnestly, "I know my infirmity! My difficulties are to blame! I have not behaved towards you as I ought!—but it ill becomes a wife to take advantage of her husband's weakness."

"When did I ever take advantage of your weakness, Richard? What do you mean? What am I to infer from words—the first unkind ones that you have ever addressed to me?"

"Charlotte!" resumed Richard, "I can forgive any thing but disingenuousness—evasion—I might say, deceit! I came home last night—as I confess I have lately too often done—not quite myself—unable to take care of myself. You have taken advantage of the state in which you saw me! Confess it, and it is forgiven—forgotten!"

"Forgiven!—Forgotten!—What? In the name of mercy tell me what? From the hour of our marriage until this, I have never done that, Richard, which required to be forgiven or forgotten."

"You did, last night, when I came home almost insensible, or in the morning while I was asleep."

"What did I?"

"You abstracted money from my pocket, or from some place where, in my confusion, I laid it."

Every drop of blood seemed in a moment to rush into Charlotte's face. She started to her feet, and bent her eyes wildly upon him. He steadfastly, though not without an effort, returned her gaze. She stood, thus, fixed as a statue for some moments, then, suddenly bursting into tears, sank back into her chair, simply exclaiming, "Richard!"

"Make breakfast," said Richard.

She did so, and pouring out a dish of tea, handed it to him. He stirred it, sipped half the cup, set it down, and folding his arms, leaned back, dropping his head upon his breast. Charlotte dried her tears, shook back her rich tresses, rose, and after standing a moment or two, as if in suspense, darted round to Richard, and throwing herself on her knees beside him, flung her arms about his neck.

"You are not in earnest!" she cried; "you cannot be in earnest!" And bursting into tears, afresh, lay sobbing upon his shoulder.

"Charlotte," rejoined Richard, coldly, "unconscious as I might

have been as to other matters, I am positive that I brought home with me last night, a bank-note of the amount of a hundred pounds. I know I had it about me in our room. I have searched every where for it since I got up, and it is not to be found. No one except ourselves has been in that room since I last entered it. The money is not in my possession—it must be in yours."

As he spoke she gradually raised her head from his shoulder, and turning her face to him, fixed her full, clear, hazel eyes firmly upon his. Her tears gradually ceased flowing; and when he had concluded, slowly disengaging her arms from his neck, she rose with a sigh, and after gazing upon him mournfully some two or three moments, she turned, and silently left the room.

"She will fetch it!" said Richard to himself, with a smile, and proceeded with his breakfast.

Charlotte had indeed gone with the intention of searching for the note. Her search was vain. In about a quarter of an hour she returned. Her cloak was on, and her bonnet was in her hand.

"Well, Charlotte," said Richard, without looking at her, "is it found?"

"No, Richard, it is not found," replied Charlotte, calmly. "I have been searching for it, but without effect."

"Searching for it!" echoed Richard, with a smile approaching to a sneer.

"Richard!" resumed Charlotte, calmly, but solemnly, "have you spoken from your heart in all that you have just been saying to me?"

"From my heart and soul!" returned he.

"And you believe that I took the note?"

"Yes."

"And that I have been saying what I know to be untrue, in denying that I have taken it?"

"Yes."

"You believe both these things of me?"

"Firmly!—but sit down, you have not touched drop or morsel yet!"

"I shall eat or drink no more under this roof, Richard, till from your heart and soul you shall disavow what you have now avowed! The happiness which I confided to you, I have uncomplainingly allowed you to trifle with. The trust was my own spontaneous act, and I felt it my duty to abide by the consequences! But though I could exist without receiving consideration—some would say gratitude—from you; the loss of your respect is insupportable! The wife that is not respected, has no business beneath her husband's roof! What has she to expect there? The repetition of what I have experienced from you this forenoon, Richard, for the first time—insult! Within the last half-hour you have accused me deliberately and repeatedly of theft!"

Her lips quivered and her accents faltered as she pronounced the word. She paused as if unable to proceed.

"I have accused you," interposed Richard, "of taking my money when I was in a state of intoxication."

"It is the same thing," resumed Charlotte, "and you persevere in believing that I am guilty of such an action?"

"I do!—I cannot dissemble!—I must speak the truth!"

"I honour your respect for veracity, sir," said Charlotte, "how much soever I may be a sufferer by it. But the home that witnesses the degradation of a wife, must be hers no more—at least when she has a father's roof to fly to. Richard, I am going to my father's."

She put on her bonnet.

"What! Do you abandon me?" exclaimed Richard in amazement, now looking up for the first time.

"No, Richard! You drive me from you! If I am what you say, I have forfeited your protection—if I am *not*, you have withdrawn it; I can count upon it no longer, and must seek for shelter where I may receive it without the risk of reflections."

"Of course you will account to your father for this step," said Richard, sarcastically.

"No, Richard, I have never yet complained of you, not even to yourself! I shall not begin now. You may account to my father if you please. I never shall!"

"Then I shall," said Richard. "Are you determined to leave me?"

"Do you, Richard, do you adhere to all you have said?"

"To every word!"

"Then I go to my father's," said Charlotte, tying her bonnet-strings.

"And I accompany you," said Richard, snatching up his hat.

They left the house arm in arm.

It would be tedious to follow, step by step, the progress of this strange and almost incredible quarrel. Suffice it to say that at last a separation was determined upon, and a day appointed for carrying the measure into execution.

My grandfather was, to all intents and purposes, a good man. In the first place he was a religious man; in the next, he was a charitable man—I don't mean to say that he gave alms—though he did so—I use the term in the pure expansive Christian signification. There was nothing of the bile of the self-sufficient overbearing bigot about him—of the man who makes his own interpretation of scripture the condition of salvation, consigning to eternal punishment those who claim the right of exercising their own judgment, as he does, and differ from him in their reading of the Word. I never saw so handsome an old man! His face is before me now, and it is upwards of fifty years since I saw it, a week or two before his death. I was between seven and eight years old at that time. His good heart was painted in it. It was sweet with tenderness, and commanding with intellectuality. It was a very, very young face, and my grandfather was nearly seventy, if not past it. It is a pleasure to me, now, to recollect that he was fond of me; and I was attached to him, too, with a fondness beyond my years. One of the sweetest recollections of my life is the look that my mother cast upon me once, when, reminded by my father of the rank of certain relatives of his, I told him—not irreverently—that I was prouder of my good grandfather than I was of all the rest. My mother was his only daughter, by his first marriage

—he had been married twice.—And can I refrain here from speaking of that dear mother?—that woman of fine and noble sentiment, and warm unsophisticated heart, and sterling genius! I must, for it would be impertinent. What is she to those who knew her not? I appreciate her worth, now—I knew not the thousandth part of it when she was with us! I could not then understand her fireside goodness and display of talent. She was taken from us while I was yet a boy. Children can never make enough of their parents!

But my grandfather;—my grandfather, at seventy, with the face of youthhood!—It was so bland! I have heard it said of him, and not by a few, nor those of our own connexions, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, he was one. He was a surgeon and apothecary. A blessing seemed to rest upon every thing he put his hand to. Many were the instances, in which cases that had been given up by other practitioners, as hopeless, were brought to a fortunate issue by his persevering and less costly care. The chief reward of the medical man is, after all, the relief which he affords; and it was especially so with my grandfather. At a period of life when, without blame, he might have confined himself to *particular* practice, he was the unwearying visitant of the poor man's bedside; and his purse it was believed, and not without reason, was on these occasions more frequently opened to give than to receive. Extraordinary interpositions of Providence, as they were regarded, had occurred, in his instance, during the latter period of his life. I am going to relate one.

Richard's father had been dead several years. My grandfather and he had been particularly dear friends. Richard was a boy when the decease of his father took place, immediately after which occurrence he was sent to a public school. Upon leaving school for the purpose of entering the world, Richard never once called upon his father's old friend—who, however, on one occasion, paid him an admonitory visit, which he received but little encouragement to repeat. Not without concern, though, did my grandfather learn that a separation between Richard and his amiable wife was in progress. The grounds were explained to him; he weighed them well, together with the possibility of removing them; but reflecting upon Richard's pertinacity in adhering to the charge, and setting, in opposition to that charge, the proofs which Charlotte had given him of a heart all-absorbed by affection for her husband, my grandfather came to the conclusion that the interference of any third party would be utterly ineffectual.

"No!" said my grandfather to a friend with whom he was conversing one morning on the subject, "No, it would be useless to interfere. Were Richard and I upon terms, I should be hopeless of effecting any thing, where the assertions of that exemplary woman, backed by the evidence of her whole deportment towards him, have failed; and, unwelcome to him, as I am sure my visit would be, to make the attempt would be worse than childish. The remedy is not, I am persuaded, within the reach of man—*the interference of Heaven alone can compass it.*"

The deed of separation was to be executed the day following this.

On the morning of that day my grandfather came down stairs unusually thoughtful. He generally wore a dressing-gown, but now he

was fully attired, as if he was upon the point of going out. Except the customary salutations, he did not speak a single word during breakfast, of which he partook almost mechanically, apparently absorbed in revolving something of momentous interest. The friend with whom he had been conversing the day before was announced. My grandfather rose abruptly and went out to him.

"——," said his friend, addressing my grandfather by his surname, "I cannot rest about this matter. They are all assembled—the parties and their lawyers—and in half an hour the deed will be executed, and the mischief then irremediable. For the sake of your old friend's son, go and obtain five minutes conversation with him."

"I am going," said my grandfather.

"Good Heavens! This appears providential."

"What appears providential?"

"That of yourself you should have determined upon that which I have come in order to persuade you to do; and, I confess, after what you said yesterday, with very faint hopes of success."

"My friend," said my grandfather, in a tone of very deep impressiveness, as if he was going to make some important communication. He proceeded no further however. "We shall see," he resumed! "the Almighty is all-merciful, and inscrutable are his ways. We shall see!"

They proceeded to Richard's house.

"He was most particularly engaged—could not possibly be seen."

"But he must be seen, howsoever he may be engaged," said my grandfather, authoritatively. "Tell him so, or I shall walk in and announce myself. You know who I am. Tell your master that I must and will see him—see him, sir, upon a matter of life or death!"

The tone in which my grandfather spoke was so determined, that even his friend stared at him. The servant at once submissively disappeared.

"I must be alone with him," said my grandfather. "Let me see you again about an hour hence. I shall tell you then how it has happened that I have changed my resolution, and acquaint you at the same time with the result. See him, rely upon it, I will. I seldom take a matter up in earnest but, with God's help, I go through with it."

"An hour hence?" said his friend.

"Yes," said my grandfather.

His friend departed.

At this moment the servant returned, and requested my grandfather to step up to the drawing-room, where, he said, his master would join him without delay. In about a minute he followed, and they were alone.

"I would avoid, sir," began my grandfather, "any thing which might have even the appearance of protracting an interview which I know to be, on your part, unwished for and untimely," and at the same time he gently removed from him a chair which Richard, almost impatiently, though not disrespectfully, had placed for him. "I am aware of the business which demands your attendance down stairs. My apology for interrupting that business is this—*my visit is not irrelevant to it.* Your father, sir, and I were old and dear friends—"

"Your pardon, sir," interposed Richard, "the matter you are, I

know, about to speak upon has been thoroughly debated already. It is impossible that you or any other person can throw a new light upon it."

"You are not sure of that, sir," interposed my grandfather in his turn. "Human nature is fallible, even with the wisest and best. To throw a new light upon the matter is the object that has brought me hither this momentous morning: nor am I without hopes, and rational ones too, of being able to do so—a light, sir, which will have the effect—if I can make you see it clearly—of setting at rest—happily—happily, sir—at once and for ever, the difference which you design to bring this day to an issue cruel and most deplorable."

"Pray proceed, sir," said Richard, with a smile of incredulity.

"Are you sure, sir, that you have not yourself secreted that bank-note, and forgotten where?"

"Sir," exclaimed Richard quickly, "that question has been asked and replied to, again and again. I repeat to you what I have told to fifty people—every pocket, every drawer, every fold of linen or of paper, every leaf of my books, every crevice of my bookcase—"

"Then you have a bookcase?" eagerly interrupted my grandfather.

"In our bedroom," replied Richard.

"And in your bedroom! Merciful Providence, hast thou indeed, then, vouchsafed this interposition."

Richard stared at my grandfather, who now became pale with emotion.

"Let us go to your bedroom," said the latter.

And without waiting for Richard's acquiescence, but leading the way while he spoke, as though the house was his own, he ascended the stairs without stopping, till he came to the third floor, on the landing-place of which were three doors, opening into a corresponding number of apartments.

"This is your room, sir, is it not?" said my grandfather, proceeding directly to the last of the three doors.

"It is."

"O Providence, mysterious, beneficent, omniscient!" again apostrophized my grandfather, now, from something more than the rapidity with which he had ascended the stairs, trembling from head to foot, and respiring with difficulty.

They entered the room, my grandfather still preceding; but scarcely was he within it, when, turning abruptly round to a recess which stood on the left-hand of the door, he suddenly clasped his hands and stood transfixed before a bookcase. His lips moved; but what they uttered was said to himself. His eye curiously examined the panels, the beading, the carving, the cornice—and, over and over again; his agitation becoming every moment more intense. He now looked about him as if in quest of a chair, tottered towards the nearest, and throwing himself into it, and clasping his hands, again, sat motionless and silent for a time. Richard, too, neither spoke nor moved, but looked the image of inquiry and suspense, gazing upon my grandfather, and sympathizing, in no slight degree, in the feelings by which he was moved, though without any idea as to the cause which excited them.

"Open—that—book-case, young man," at length said my grandfather, articulating even that brief sentence with difficulty.

He was obeyed, and Richard instantly began to draw out paper after paper from the different compartments.

"There is not one of these," said he, "which has not been opened and examined scores of times; but, if you desire it, I am ready to overlook them again."

"No," said my grandfather, "I have nothing to do with the papers."

"The books, then—"

"Nor the books. Let me see the drawers."

"There is nothing in them. Every thing has been taken out of them."

"Never mind," said my grandfather, "open them every one."

"There!" said Richard, "and there—and there!" as he opened drawer after drawer, till he had done.

"Have you opened them all?" inquired my grandfather.

"All!" replied Richard.

My grandfather arose, approached the bookcase, not without perturbation, and one after one pushed in the drawers, first cursorily glancing into them, but he paused when he approached the last, and there stood mute, apparently engrossed in an examination of the keenest scrutiny.

"No, sir," said he at length, "you have not opened *all* the drawers!"

"All this is exceedingly strange," exclaimed Richard. "You show me the way over my own house—you conduct me to my own bedroom—you turn at once to the very spot where my bookcase stands; and, to my certain knowledge, until to-day, you have never yet been farther than my parlour."

"Never—until last night," said my grandfather.

"Last night!" echoed Richard.

"Sit down, young man, and give me your serious attention; though I need scarcely ask it, as you will speedily grant it of your own accord."

Richard sat down; my grandfather drew a chair directly opposite to him, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon those of the young man, proceeded, after a brief and impressive pause.

"Your father and I loved one another, young man, from our boyhood. Till the day of his death there was not a hope or a care that he did not confide to me. I had been unquestionably left your guardian had he not died as unexpectedly as suddenly. In fact we were brothers more in the spirit of that relationship than many who are rendered such by the ties of blood. You may believe that I never could be indifferent to the happiness of your father's son. I was not. Some years ago I offered you the proof, but you repulsed me. I do not mention it reproachfully. Young hearts feel seldom a strong predilection in favour of old ones—but let us return to your father. He came to me last night!"

"Came to you!"

"I was dreaming, no doubt; but still it had something more about

it than the air of a dream. He told me to get up and dress myself—and I did so; and while I was putting on my clothes he sat down in a chair into which he has often thrown himself in his lifetime—for I was not a very early riser, and he was; and he would often come and make me get up to go upon one excursion or another. Well, as I said, he sat down in that chair, while I dressed; and, talking to me, told me that he was very unhappy on your account; that, in consequence of an impression which you had not the slightest ground for entertaining, you were upon the point of casting from you the most exemplary and attached of women; and that, if I would accompany him, he would point out to me the means of disabusing you of your error, and thoroughly restoring you to confidence and happiness. I did not dress myself rapidly, I well recollect; somehow or another I had a feeling that it was not your father, in the condition of his earthly existence that was before me. I felt an awe of him, and kept a watch upon him, while I did as he directed; and, when I was ready, he rose, and went out of the room door and descended the stairs, and I followed him. I followed him into this house. I followed him up the staircase which we have just ascended—I followed him into this room: before opening the door of which he looked at me and pointed to it, as if to impress its position upon my memory—and when we had entered the room he turned direct to that book-case, and beckoned me to come up close to it.

"'Here,' said your father, 'we shall find what I have brought you to see.'

"Whereupon he opened the book-case, and drew out drawer after drawer, as you have done, and every one of the drawers was empty. There were eight drawers.

"'You see there is nothing in any one of these,' said your father.'"

Here my grandfather rose, and Richard followed his example, but with a start, so thoroughly absorbed was he in listening. My grandfather approached the book-case, Richard mechanically following, and continued.

"'But here,' said your father, we shall find the solution of the difficulty—*here* where you see those two parallel, apparent cracks in the veneering, under the last drawer. My son, with an over-caution not uncommon in a drunken man, bethought him of secreting the money which, he remembered, he had about him, proceeded to do so; in the act of opening this drawer became giddy: to support himself, leaned with his hands upon the base below it; pressed with the ends of his fingers a spring of the existence of which he was ignorant; a secret drawer sprung forth, which, when he had partly recovered himself, he mistook for the common one, and accordingly closed again, having previously deposited in it the missing bank-note!'

"Saying which," continued the good old man, his countenance lighting up with confident expectation, not unmixed with a strong expression of awe, "saying which your father pressed his thumb upon this spot—"

"Powers of mercy!" exclaimed Richard, a drawer which he had never dreamed of before sprung out, revealing the bank-note crumpled up within it!

He tottered back to a chair; and my grandfather, almost as powerfully affected by this extraordinary coincidence, did the same. After a long silence,

"I recollect now," said Richard, "I recollect faintly, now, the horrible sensation of the room running round with me—of my catching at something for support, and leaning upon it for some time, in momentary expectation of dropping—but I remember nothing else. Oh, sir, what is the meaning of this? Is it Heaven? Has Heaven spoken to me through your dream? Is it the note, sir? Is it the hundred pounds?"

"It is."

"Oh, my father's friend!—my father's old, loved and honoured friend, what shall I say to you? Nothing! for nothing that I can say can atone—nay, keep the note, sir, till we go down stairs. I shall be ready to accompany you in a few minutes."

In two or three minutes they descended to the parlour, upon entering which, followed by my grandfather, Richard stopped and stood stock still. There were several persons present besides Charlotte and her father. No one broke silence for a time.

"Richard," said at length a sweet, soft voice, "Richard, by the love which I know you still bear me, by the love which I still bear you, whether you know it or not,—let this fatal business be concluded without further delay; for indeed, indeed, I cannot bear up much longer. I should have signed the deed which is to separate us for ever, and gone home—for I am ill—very ill—but I could not be the first to put my hand to that which I should be the last to wish accomplished. O, Richard, how willingly, at this moment, would I exchange, for death, the life that enables me to set my seal to that deed!"

"Villain!" ejaculated Richard, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, "you are unworthy of such a treasure. Relinquish it! Affix your own signature to the proof of your own baseness!"

He snatched up the pen, and driving it into the inkstand wrote, rapidly, or rather furiously, one brief sentence at the foot of the legal instrument, which lay upon the table—then approaching my grandfather, and snatching the note from his hand,

"Give me," cried he, "the evidence of my brutality towards this angelic woman, whose strong, unconquerable, unalienable love induced her to confide her happiness to the protection of a DRUNKARD!"

Then turning to Charlotte, and rushing up to her, he dropped on his knees before her, holding the note to her, open with one hand, while with the other he presented the deed of separation.

For a moment or two she appeared at a loss what to understand. At last a light seemed to break upon her—her breast began to heave rapidly and irregularly.

"You have found it?" she faltered out, as if she had just strength enough left to give utterance to that little sentence.

"Where I myself unconsciously deposited it!" replied Richard.

She made an effort to throw her arms about Richard's neck, but nature gave way, and she sunk upon it in a swoon.

Restoratives soon set all to rights. The best, Richard himself had administered—though so powerful was it that for a time the chances

whether it would kill or cure were even; but it cured. And Richard, too was cured. He became from that period a pattern of sobriety and conjugal devotion. The whole party were too much excited for explanations at the time. It was agreed that they should meet again at dinner. At dinner they met. My venerable, beloved progenitor had some need of self-command that day. He was pledged and pledged by every one—even by the fair mistress of the house, through his instrumentality triumphantly restored to the seat which she honoured. It was winter time. As soon as the repast was over the fire was replenished; the crackling blaze danced cheerily; bright was the room with candlestick and lustre; and towards the chimney-corner chair, *most worthily occupied*, were every eye and every ear directed, while the rest of the party listened to the relation of My Grandfather's Dream.

THE WIND.

My heart's right merry when I hear the wind
Cracking his jokes wherever he can find
A creek or crevice for his wit to pass!
Or when he sports along the frosty grass,
With laugh as musical as childhood's glee,
And full of giantfun as he can be!
Should giddy maiden trip along with grace,
Quick he provokes her to a nimble race,
Nor stops, until she gladly find a cover,
'Neath which to sit and laugh at her rude lover.
But mostly when he seeks (far lustier jokes)
A game at ninepins with the forest oaks,
Shouting victorious bursts from his big soul,
As one by one his mighty playthings roll!
And now in ocean cave he lurks,—his dark
And ancient nursery—whence, like a lark,
He loves to rise, soaring above the earth
Among the graceful clouds; who, at his mirth,
Darkening and gathering in affrighted bands,
Fly to the east or west as he commands.
Ah me! my heart now mourns a brother's woe,
For well I ken this wanderer's fiercest foe

Howls o'er the ocean his uproarious blasts,
And shivers from the ships their friendly masts!
Until no longer on rough mischief bent,
His fury o'er—his blustering humour spent,
Like weary child, still loath to leave his sport,
Deeming the granted hours far too short,
Fretfully sighing as he wafts along,
Or moaning forth a drowsy farewell song,
Till, having lull'd th' offended deep to rest,
He sinks and slumbers on her heaving breast.

Zephyr or Boreas! still my heart loves well
To greet thee, noble one, in wood or dell.
As Zephyr thou art like a generous friend,
Whose deeds with tender secrecy extend
E'en to the dying cottager's sick room,
Where the pure fragrance of the violet's bloom
Thou waftest on thy soft, invisible wings,
To make him muse on holier, happier things!
And when I saunter forth to weep alone,
That none but Heaven may hear my feeble moan,
Thou hoverest round me with thy soothing lay,
To brush with sister's kiss my tears away.
As Boreas, thou art awfully sublime,
And tameless as thy rival monarch, Time:
Whose history with iron pen is cast
In every rock that crumbles at thy blast;
Pointing to man its deeply graven pages,
Of life create for centuries of ages.
But who on earth can tell when thou wert born,
Oh mighty wind, or prophesy the morn,
When, with all things created for decay,
Thy long and glorious reign shall pass away!

VIRGINIA.

OBITUARY REMARKS ON THE LATE MR. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO, DECEASED.

Quædam ad delectationem, ne suo condimento nostra oratio, vester animus careat refectione; plurimum vero ad eorum utilitatem qui philosophiæ sacris operantur.—CASPAR BARLEIUS. *De ente Rationis.*

We are time's subjects.—SHAKSPEARE.

PHILOSOPHY has never yet settled the grounds on which man should rejoice, as he does, at the advent of a new year. Religion itself would be equally puzzled to point out the why of this wherefore; for if it may be said that men should in all things submit to Providence, and take the good and the evil with equal cheerfulness at its hands, the inference would be to ring the joy bells every day, and not to confine our *sonnerie* and our junketings, in a once-for-all fashion, to the 1st of January. If, philosophically speaking, Candide be right in thinking this world the best of all possibles, there seems small reason for rejoicing that another year of it hath slipped by unregarded, if not unenjoyed; and if, on the contrary, it is no better a world than it should be, though we may have a melancholy satisfaction in the idea that it is "nearer its end than it ever was," there will be little ground for pleasure in the thought of what next year may in the mean while bring with it. But then it may be said, with equal truth, that if the world is a bad world, we may reasonably rejoice that so much is well over, without grieving about a future which may never arrive; whereas, if we are satisfied with things as they are, we may, in spite of regrets for time past, congratulate ourselves that we are still, in Irish parlance, "alive and kicking," and prepared to make the most of what is to come. Where arguments are so nicely balanced, a satisfactory conclusion is impossible: and the moral is that we should leave every man free to laugh and to cry, as we do(?), to pray, as he pleases,—in his shirt, or without his shirt, and with his face turned to any point of the compass that jumps with his humour. Leaving, therefore, others to side with Heraclitus, or with Democritus, as their "dulcet diseases" may incline them, we shall make bold to maintain our own opinion, that the advent of a new year is a very serious affair, and, at our time of life, disposes us too much to laugh on the wrong side of the face. If, therefore, we do not protest against the bell nuisance, it is because we think the most joyous of peals a very melancholy piece of business, admirably adapted, as Zanga says, to suit "the gloomy disposition of the soul," when thus reminded of the flight of time.

Merry Christmas!—Happy new year!!—was there ever such a mockery? Who can be merry when all nature is in the sulks; when the days are short, the nights long, coals and candles dear, and the varieties of bad weather infinite? Od's Colds, catarrhs, and influenzas, rheumatisms and pleurisies, who can rejoice in such a season but the doctors?—unless it be the undertakers, who might perhaps "grin horribly a ghastly smile;" only a smile on their faces, if possible, would be the death of them. But if these things do not cure you of

Christmas grinnings, what think you of your tradesmen's bills?* Your coal bill, your wine-merchant's bill, your landlord's very civil refresher, your apothecary's lengthy "ditto repeated," and Doctor Floggum's humanities, in the shape of a half-yearly memento for board and birch brooms furnished to your four infant grammarians. If the first of January closed all the other accounts for the past year, as it does that of time, *à la bonne heure;* but few indeed are they with whom the march of sun and of money is synchronous, and who do not get rid of their last sovereign some time, more or less, before the last day of the year. Children, indeed, are excusable for their hilarity on the occasion,—they have no bills to settle, *fortunati nimium sua si bona norint;* and then there are the holidays and the Christmas pies, and coming visions of the glories of twelfth-night: but for one who has arrived at years of discretion to rejoice under the infliction, is to have very little discretion indeed for his years. Some musty old bachelors, perhaps, may have their fancy tickled, at the prospect of feeding at other people's expense, in honour of the new year; but then there are the vails for servants, not quite obsolete in domestic families,—a formidable discount on such enjoyments.

Christmas merry meetings by some are thought to have originated in the saturnalia of Rome; and a greater humbug upon suffering humanity than those saturnalia it were difficult to imagine. Such snatches of liberty (if indeed liberty it could be called) which the slave enjoyed during that festival, could have served only to render slavery more odious for the rest of the year; and as for the unlimited licence of speaking home truths to their masters, show me the slave who would have dared to avail himself of the privilege. Horace tells us the consequence:

Ocyus hinc te
Ni rapis, accedes opera agra nona Sabino.

Whence, then, the self-deception in this particular, for it must be admitted, as a matter of fact, that men do fancy they enjoy the advent of a new year amazingly? Not improbably it arises from the permanence of early habits,—from effects in the grown man surviving their infantile causes. Much also may be attributed to the excuse which Christmas offers for eating and drinking. Turkeys and chines, roast beef and plum puddings, are things *bona in se;* which means not good in the abstract, but in the concrete, Mr. Logician. With those who do not fare sumptuously every day, there is some gratification in these feastings incidental to the new year. But if men would be honest to themselves, they would refer much of their rejoicing on this occasion to an absurd superstition that sees in some imaginary barrier between the past year and the present, an efficient cause for the cessation of bad luck, and for fancying that the new year will be better than the old.

The fact is, that, in the great majority of cases, mankind are so pelted by fortune's eldest daughter, so many cards have turned up any thing

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*In this observation we have found ourselves anticipated by a writer in the Comic Almanac; a chiel who, like a seven months' child, has come before his time, to get the start of us.

but trumps for them, that they become heartily tired of the old year long before its date is out; and the augury of opening a new account with time is an error too flattering to be closely investigated. We are in all cases sufficiently given to believe lightly what we intensely desire; there are indeed some prejudices which the natural theologian might almost fancy special providences, provided for carrying mankind the easier through their appointed lot, "and this is of them." Every body knows, if he will but pause to consider the matter, that new years and old years are a simple affair of the almanack-maker,—no more. The ancient Greek year commenced with that new moon whose full came next after the summer solstice. Afterwards, each state of Greece began the year when it pleased. The Egyptian year dated from the autumnal equinox, the Jewish ecclesiastical year began in spring, but the civil year of the Hebrews coincided with the Egyptian. The Chinese (those of them whom we have left alive) reckon from the new moon after the winter solstice, and so do the Japanese. The ancient Swedes began their year on the reappearance of the sun in the horizon after the winter season of total night. Romulus commenced the year in March, and Numa in January; and the Turks carry heterodoxy so far as to start from the 16th of July (the misbelievers! may their shadow grow less). Without a further expense of learning, we think our readers may be satisfied that the arrangement is purely conventional, and that there is in reality no *bureau d'octroi* at the entrance of the new year, like those at the gates of a French town, to exclude contraband misfortunes. But what is luck itself more than a fancy-formed deity, set up to be invoked against reason, and in spite of evidence, when better auguries of returning good are difficult to come at. *Nos te facimus, Fortuna, deam;* and yet where is the man so emancipated from the dominion of words, as to cast away all use (or abuse either) of the imaginary goddess. To bear hard, therefore, on those who rejoice in new years on such speculative grounds, would be to exhibit a gross ignorance of human nature.

But if this vaticination was ever more than usually pardonable, it must be at the present moment, when we are turning our backs upon that *annus detestabilis*, the ill-starred 1842,—out and out the most wearisome, dismal, tragical and abominable year, that has for ages been added to the chronicles of suffering humanity.

Now as touching this same 1842, we beg to observe that, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* may be a very goodnatured maxim, *à l'usage* of those who owe the dead man no personal grudge; but it is a very silly, and a very mischievous maxim for the historian to work upon. The Egyptians (by whose wisdom we are such large profiters, in all things, from religious doctrines to flounced petticoats), acted on a very different principle. Admitting no dead man to the peaceable possession of his grave, on a simple payment of the rector's dues, these wise people booked up all the deceased's antecedents into a debtor and creditor account on the score of morality, spoke out all the evil they knew of him with unsparing severity, and denied him Christian burial, if the balance was against him. This, while it is divested of even the semblance of cruelty, is most profitable to humanity; for what right-minded person has not again and again burned with indignation at newspaper eulogies on de-

funct statesmen, whose misdeeds it has been the editor's business to expose during their whole previous lifetime.

What an outrage is such an affectation of generosity and candour on the patient living merit that has suffered, and is still suffering, from the dead man's actions! What an abominable encouragement to those still in the full career of their iniquities, to find their defunct yoke-fellow in evil placed in a line with the Hampdens, the Sidneys, and the Men of Ross!! If it be right to set up the statues of the benefactors of mankind, it is equally so to perpetuate the memory of scoundrels to the execration of the remotest posterity. No, let the corrupt, the false, and the fickle, the peculator, the deceiver, and the rat, who have worked their measure of ill in life, be rendered serviceable to mankind in death, by making them standing monuments of scorn to future generations; and let no mincing ballad-monger of an annalist dare to lie like an epitaph, on the silly and hypocritical plea of forgiveness to the dead. Although, good be thanked, eighteen hundred and forty-two *is* dead and gone, and though it can sin no more, we shall consider ourselves guilty of no want of charity, and as doing no more than mere necessary justice, in commenting with all freedom of speech on its numerous misdeeds.

Not, however, that we belong to that grumbling race whose creed is *ætas parentum, pejor avis.* We have no particular affection for the golden days of good Queen Bess, and are much of opinion that the merry England of the olden time was about as miserable a community as ever did not hang itself in its own garters; for which fact we appeal to the grim visages of our ancestors, which the art of painting has handed down to us:—all looking precise impersonations of the penitential psalms, and as melancholy as Moor Ditch. No, if eighteen hundred and forty-two has sins enough of its own to answer for, we freely admit that it was exempt from many which disgraced its predecessors. William the Fourth, of pious memory, did not murder his niece in the tower; and Queen Victoria (God bless her!) has not shown many symptoms of the conjugal tenderness of Henry VIII.; Lord Aberdeen is not Cesar Borgia, nor Sir Robert a second Richelieu. In eighteen hundred and forty-two's times, fanaticism lighted no Smithfield fires, but modestly contented itself with hunting its victims out of society. It indulged not in Star-chamber processes, but confined its illegal severities within the narrow boundaries of gaol-visiting justices. Nay, much as has been laid to its door on account of the manufacturing rioters, we honestly admit that these came nothing near to the folly and the atrocity of Lord George Gordon's demoniacs. Mr. Cobden may say what he pleases about the Corn Laws—and Heaven knows he can hardly say too much—but even he will admit that the Buckinghams and the Tambouf baronets of 1842 are a decided improvement on an aristocracy that did business by moonlight, on the king's highway, and instead of dexterously swindling the merchant, knocked his brains out to inherit his goods, "against the king's peace, his crown, and dignity."

Neither will we be guilty of falsehood by omission, in passing over some of the good deeds of the unhappy defunct; and we would they were more numerous, if it were only for the sake of filling out

our pages. We confess, therefore, to its generous relief afforded to the poor Hamburgers, "burnt out from over the way;" we acknowledge, also that it danced very charitably in behalf of the Poles, and may lay claim to gratitude for its Report on the health of the poor; which if it be not the parent of some little good, the most moral people of Europe must be utterly incorrigible. We laud it, too, for its wooden pavements; and its new light at Charing Cross is a set-off against its new light among the Mormonites. Some praise, moreover, is due for sweeping from the face of the earth one or two accomplished rascals, and for stripping the mask off the face of certain of their executors; but then it has left so many of the like unscathed in life and fame, that the balance is more against than for it, in that particular. After all, however (and we do not immediately recollect any other good it has done), this is but Falstaff's poor ha'penny worth of bread, set against the intolerable *sack* of wickedness which remains to be emptied at its door. Yes, one other good deed, on reflection, deserves commemoration: the summer was not quite so severe as that tempestuous season usually is; there was consequently a more than average crop of mignionette, and the grouse were plenty in the mountains, which was a source of great contentment to the manufacturers out of work, and to the payers of poor-rates. The growth of corn also was abundant; but whether that is to be considered a good or an ill, depends very much on the point of view from which the matter is regarded. Farmers complain of low prices, and swear against their oldest friends for betraying their interests at the very moment when the harvest was coming to their assistance; and the gentlemen who have failed in Mark-lane have abandoned the faith of Socrates, and no longer worship the clouds as deities. Be this however as it may, before 1842 can take credit for its fine weather, there is but too heavy a discount to be abstracted for its tempests, disasters at sea, and for the long list of lives lost in consequence, to say nothing of the *promising* Light for All Nations

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

We should be very sorry to be the attorney's clerk charged with making out an indictment against 1842, reciting *all* its misdeeds; and we would not recommend it as an easy subject for an inchoate poet to turn into rhyme; the Iliad for length would be a fool to it, and the Odyssey for adventure. Let us, however, pick out a few of its choice doings, by way of an *ex pede Herculem* sample, and just to let posterity have an idea what nations can go through and survive. Not to speak of individual calamities inflicted by this homicide year, has it not —prominent in public woe—the earthquake at Hayti to answer for? and the burning of Hamburg? and the wholesale railroad slaughter at Versailles? Then at home, had we not a second Troy lighted up in the cotton-warehouses in Liverpool, with the rekindling of the incendiary madness throughout the agricultural districts? These, and many other events of the like dismal character, may be attributed by some to 1842, rather as misfortunes than as faults; but whatever happens in time is the offspring of time; and the sins of the father we know are visited on their children.

In a certain sense, it is true, that time may be considered only as a mere looker-on at the events it brings forth, that earthquakes may come in one year as well as another, and that Vulcan has more to do with fires than Chronos. While, on the other hand, the criminal actions which cause social calamities, are the deeds of men with which time is only accidentally connected. But if there be any thing substantial in these plausibilities, and 1842 is to be acquitted on any such sophistry, what becomes of those established formularies, sad times, shocking times, wicked times, hard times, radical times, atheistical times, &c. &c. &c. ? If it be true that nothing can be done in this world without time, time must be at least an accessory to all the evil which men commit, and must bear its share of the blame: and moreover, if religion points forward to eternity for an existence without sin, may we not fairly conclude that crime lives with time, and will only perish with it.

Of all the doings with which an English year is chargeable, its sessions of Parliament may be taken as among the most pregnant; and we, for our own parts, always breathe with increased freedom, when we see the Queen returning from a prorogation. Malice has then done its worst for that year: no more taxes, no more bunglings in finance or in jurisprudence, no more impertinent interferences with trade, no more strangling attempts at national education, no more onslaughts on muffin-bells and children's hoops, no more attacks on the religious liberty of the sabbath, no more explanatory acts to make legal confusion worse confounded, no more paternal legislation to prevent every thing in the world, and to regulate every thing besides. All the senatorial designs against mankind are thenceforward averted against the hares and pheasants; and grouse are brought down instead of institutions. We know not whether among time's parliamentary misdeeds, we should enumerate the diabolical infliction of long speeches; because it is a man's own fault out of parliament, if he knows any thing about them: but then, to preserve this blessed ignorance, it would be necessary to forego society, and live in some dark hole, like a rat, to escape the endless after-dinner discussions to which they give rise. The bare fact, also, of the newspapers filling day after day their eternal columns with this drug, shows that some natural fatality exists, which compels mankind to wade through them, and to repay the expenses of reporting. Decidedly, the prorogation of parliament is a great annual easement in this particular; and, though county-meetings and after-dinner speechifications do in a minor degree reproduce the evil, yet upon the whole, these exhibitions are so eminently absurd, that they are far less tedious, as well as less frequent, than the great parliamentary nuisance.

But, as touching parliamentary grievances, there is the less necessity for arraigning 1842, inasmuch as all the world seems agreed to condemn it. If the income tax, *per se*, be taken into consideration, that deed alone places 1842 in the very first class of parliamentary delinquency. Where shall we find a man to speak a word in its favour, unless it be its *ex officio* advocates, who can do no less? Every man of property is hit till he squeals again; and as for the poor devils under 150*l.* per annum, it will cost them more to secure their exemption, than to pay the tax and have done with it. Then again there is the tariff, *quæstio vexata*

et vexans; the sum of individual opinions on that subject is that it will ruin every body and relieve nobody; it will deprive monopoly of its protections, and pull down prices without any body being the richer for it. Now this is a manifest absurdity; nor can we explain why such things should be said, if it was not that the proposers of the measure had first declared, that all things would be rendered by it cheap in the market, without the producers making a sacrifice. One thing only is clear, and that is, that every body is discontented with the measure; so that Whig, Tory, and Radical, all alike fall upon 1842, for producing the monster.

After all, however, that can be said against 1842 in its legislative capacity (including even its wonderful inquisition into parliamentary corruption and its plenary confessions of delinquency), its sins of omission are greater than its sins of commission. Bad acts of parliament may be repealed, and the worst are perhaps necessary steps to future amendments; but what can be said of a passive contemplation of approaching calamities, a wilful neglect of obvious duties? Oh! 1842, 1842! how will you ever justify these your backslidings?

This consideration, by a natural concatenation, brings us to the terrible misdeeds of 1842 in the commercial department, the bankruptcy of manufacturers, the famine among their workmen, the strikes, the riotings, the trials of delinquents, and the judges' charges, more portentous still. This is, however, a theme by far too sore to touch upon in our light pages; and, moreover, although 1842 must bear the blame, the evil is not all of its doing; much of it having been long prepared, and being inherited from its predecessors, with other drawbacks and incumbrances, by the unfortunate deceased.

Turning, for a moment, from the tragedy to the farce of life, from the crimes of 1842 to its faults, which are so much more reprehensible, this year has much to answer for in its stupendous theology, its quarrels about candlesticks and surplices, and its coquettings with the forbidden thing—popery. It has discovered that the Reformers were all in the wrong, that the scarlet clothing of the Babylonian was not so very scarlet, but only a beautiful pink; that the old man of Rome is but a misplaced Archbishop of Canterbury, and that papistry itself is perfectly innoxious, except in the person of a papist. *Per contra*, 1842 in Scotland has taken up the non-intrusionists, and set the friends of establishment there to ogling prelacy, as an asylum-harbour. Meantime her majesty's lieges are blown up and down by every wind of doctrine, till no one knows what he is to hold fast by; but places his whole faith in the eternal condemnation of his neighbour, and his whole religious works, in thwarting and mortifying all those who do not dream as he does.

We know not whether on the article of "shocking and barbarous murders" 1842 has more to answer for than its predecessors, but it was singularly active in putting into practice new ways of getting rid of a superfluous population, in the medical line. Among these, we have room only to mention its revival of the Dutch cruelties at Amboyna, its drenching people till they burst with cold water, and setting them with their feet in the like, for the purpose of curing them of—all their diseases. This, 1842 may perhaps say, is at least as merciful a means

of homicide as salt and brandy, as St. John Long's back scarifications, or as any other of the mystifications enumerated in the last *Quarterly*; but we cannot say that it is a whit more wise; and then what a thing it is to set about a monomania for suicide by means so perfectly at the disposition of all mankind.

We must, however, accept as some justification for this deed with a hard name, that if it throws cold water measureless on the lieges, the measure (if measure that can be called which is so entirely without measure), may be designed principally to neutralize the worse activity of divers politicians and theologers, whose aim is to plunge all mankind in hot water. We do not, however, observe, that the old proverb applies in this instance, and that the world

——scottato
S' è all' acqua calda, anco alla fresca fuge.

As for the legal improprieties of 1842, we have hinted already at some of the more prominent; but we are bound, in common humanity, again and again to denounce its crotchet of solitary imprisonment, and the countenance it gives to starvation, as what Bentham would have called the matter of punishment. It is pleasanter, however, to dwell on its comical doings. To laugh at its eulogies from the bench on the valuable services of pimps and procureurs, to follow it into the police-offices, and hear it hallooing and whooping after the triumphal car of an acquitted prostitute, and watching with breathless expectation the *dénouement* of the Bristol hoax.

But perhaps the most hopeless aspect of 1842 is that which shows him as an author. It should seem that the *cacoëthes scribendi* was stronger upon him than on any of his predecessors; and that the multitude of his literary sins was a terrible aggravation of their individual atrocity. The worst of the matter is that such sins are purely voluntary; for where was the necessity of such a deluge of nonsense and humbug? To enter upon individual cases were needless, and therefore cruel. Let those who have published several successful books, under the direction of 1842, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; for if such there be, the cause for their boasting is not great. It will assuredly not be for the originality of their lucubrations, for Mercury has superseded Apollo in the inspiration of the inditers of good matter. One justification of 1842, can be offered on the score of literary offences, and that is the execution he has done on his own misbegotten offspring: cutting them off, one after the other, as fast as they appeared; eating them up after the most approved fashion of his great ancestor Chronos; and (what's more) with infinitely greater alacrity. Six months have sufficed for bolting his most promising romances; and six weeks was too long a tenure for his ordinary staple. One other symptom of repentance may be noted in his repudiation of the Jack Sheppard school, which he has made over to our natural enemies the French, who have not left a crime that disgraces humanity unsung or unsaid, and whose stomachs bear without nausea, horrors that no other nation on the earth could withstand. Something too, perhaps, might be said for 1842 as a literary character, on the score of the new copyright bill, if it were not that the amendment comes a day after the fair, having provided a legal right just at the time when the finest poem is like the violet, "sweet but not perma-

nent," and when no printed prose has the slightest chance of retaining a durable value, except it be a perpetual almanack.

As a dramatist, 1842 stands pretty much on a line with its immediate predecessors. His legitimate revivals in which Shakspeare rides triumphant, on the shoulders of the scene-painter (meritorious as they are), still rank higher, principally because they are perpetrated in more daring defiance of experience. The bankruptcy of foregone efforts in a similar direction are magnanimously disregarded; and the *vestigia nulla retrorsum* of that cavern of despair, the treasury of a national theatre, frightens not even those who cast their own money, instead of other people's, Curtius-like, into the gulf.

But our paper is out, before we are well warmed on our subject; and if, like the devil, we could stretch it with our teeth, Cartwright himself would fail to supply the necessary instruments of extension, before it reached the point where all could be contained. To conclude, however, in something like better humour, we must credit 1842 for its successes in the East. By the redemption of our prisoners from Affghanistan, we shall in one instance, at least, quote a fair Sale; which will be rare news for the Manchester manufacturers,—to say nothing of the great moral lesson we have taught the rascally enemy who fell in the several actions. But it is the Chinese peace which is the true feather in the cap of 1842. It is not, there, all praise, and no pudding 21,000,000 of dollars, may be so many dolours to the enemy; but to us they are a tangible good, provided a sixpence-worth ever find its way into our pockets. Cheap T, however, it is to be hoped will not prove itself x, an unknown quantity; and though it will be well if the Chinese fireworkers send us over lots of good crackers, it must not the less be hoped that the same may not be said of the manufacturers of Nankin saucers and cotton goods.

The opium question, we are told, is left untouched by the treaty, and the sacred right of smuggling is yet to be dealt with. In the mean time, if the emperor's officers succeed in excluding the drug, as it exists in nature, there will be no difficulty of passing it in a state of intense activity, in the shape of the novels of A, B, and C, the sermons of D, E, F, and G, the comedies of H, I, K, and the proceedings of the British Association—all which may be had for waste paper and introduced as the wrappers round any articles of legitimate import with which we may favour our new friends. In the mean time let us look forward with hope for the arrival in England of those two famous mandarins, Sing-small and Chin-long, as ambassadors for placing their country within the lines of civilization, and establishing with us the relations of national amity—that is to say, protocols and tariffs. With such glorious prospects in store for our readers, we take our leave of 1842, and in bellman's language ejaculate, "A happy new year to you all my good masters and mistresses, and a speedy repeal of the income tax."

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THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," "COLLEGE LIFE," &c.

No. I.

"Well done thou faithful one," he hopes to hear,
Who wipes away the weeping widow's tear.
DR. BURROWES.

CHAP. I.

WHEN I do get a holiday, which is not very often, I like to make a whole holiday of it. I do not like your half-holidays—work in the morning and play in the afternoon. I cannot find time, or inclination either, to do one half that I wish to do on these said half-holidays. They seem like days cut in two, and both halves spoilt. I cannot work in the morning for thinking of how much play I can concentrate into the evening, nor play in the evening for regretting how very little I accomplished in the morning. *Diem perdidi*, I am apt to exclaim in the words of a much wiser man than myself. If I am to have a lark, I like to go the whole bird. Half a lark is but a poor meal, and only fit for one of two apprentices, who are to be "*treated* as *one* of the family."

I recollect when I was at school, in the suburbs of the great metropolis, confined within high and with-broken-glass-defended walls, we were promised a half-holiday if one of our *old fellows*, as we used to call those who had left school, should gain an exhibition, for which he was trying, either at Oxford or Cambridge, I forget which. The news came that he had been successful, and we claimed the fulfilment of the promise. Our claim was allowed, and a day fixed for the fruition of our *demi-vacance*.

We of the fifth and sixth forms were allowed to go out of bounds on such occasions, provided we were in gates before nine o'clock at night. The penalty for transgressing this proviso was a long imposition—task some would call it—but we thought the former word more correct, and are in the habit of using it still.

Now the subject of our debates, for two or three days previous to the half-holiday, was by what means and in what manner we should make the most of the short time that would elapse between twelve and nine o'clock.

These debates interfered sadly with construes, exercises, and repetitions; and although very strong arguments were used by the most eloquent of our speakers, the debate had not terminated when the day arrived; so we came to a division, literally, at once. We doffed the hated livery of the school, and put on our home clothes. We reached the gates in a body, and there the division took place. Like a correct logical *medium*, we were distributed.

The fishermen went off for the Seven Ponds at Hampstead, or Hornsey Sluice-house. The fencers sought Angelo's rooms in hopes of seeing the life-guardsman play. Some who delighted in encouraging "that truly British sport," boxing, proceeded to take lessons of Mr. Jackson. Others, wishing to become crack-shots, went to the Red

House at Battersea, to profit by the skill there exhibited at the pigeon trap. Not a few made up a boat's crew, and rowed up to Richmond. The spooneys and those who were *minus* the *sine quâ non*, money, went to call on their friends and relations, in hopes of a tip and an invite to dinner.

On one point we were unanimous—not to return to school without having had what was significantly but vulgarly named a good tuck-out—that is as much as we could eat and drink, and a little more.

When our companions had left us, my friend Wilkins and I looked at each other as much as to say, "Well, what shall *we* do?" Neither of us could answer the question—we were both undecided, and five minutes of our valuable time was already gone—wasted—thrown away.

"*Fugit irrevocabilis hora*," said Wilkins, "what *shall* we do?"

Now we were both of us as fond of fencing, fishing, boxing, shooting, and rowing, as any of those who had started to indulge in those sports; but we were equally fond of all of them, and could not select one to be indulged in on this occasion, to the neglect of the rest.

"*I præ, sequar*," said I, "lead the way—I will follow. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—something will turn up."

"*Forty-boys*," growled Wilkins, "she may, but not *two* who have not courage enough to lay out a half-holiday."

"Cease your punning," said I, "and come along. Let us go to Lord's Cricket Ground and see a match."

"Capital," said Wilkins. "Come along. I wonder Jack Tuft-hunter did not think of that, for he is always talking about Lords."

It so happened that St. John's Wood was at the other extremity of London, and we neither of us had the least notion of its whereabouts, or of the miles to be passed over before we reached it. We inquired our way, and walked leisurely along, fancying half an hour would bring us to the spot. When we got to the Holborn end of Oxford-street, we renewed our inquiries as to the road, and were told that "if we went about a mile straight on, and then turned up Portland-place into the New-road, and went along that about a mile and a half towards Paddington, and asked the people there, that they would direct us the other two miles."

We stood aghast. Wilkins looked at his watch. One hour and a half of our half-holiday were gone. It was foolish to turn back now we were half-way, so we set out at a sort of half-trot. Neither of us suggested a jarvey—and omnibuses were then unknown—for we meant to save all our money for the *tuck*.

Just as Paddington church clock struck three, we arrived at the entrance of the ground.

"Now," said Wilkins, "now to see what cricket really is."

"No play to-day, gentlemen; rolling the ground for the great match to-morrow," said the gatekeeper.

"Bowled out," said I.

"Regularly stumped," shouted Wilkins; "but let us take to our stumps again, or we shall waste the half-holiday."

"But where shall we go? What shall we do?" I inquired.

Wilkins shook his head negatively, but just as his shake was over, the loud tones of St. Paul's great bell came booming over London.

"I say, did you ever go to the top of St. Paul's or the Monument?" asked my friend.

"Never," said I.

"Let us go now then—we shall be able to boast of being a cut above the other fellows."

We galloped back into the New-road, and raced a Paddington stage to the top of Goswell-street, and in a state of perspiration and fatigue arrived at the northern gate of the cathedral just as its bell tolled four o'clock. Service had commenced, and the church could not be shown.

"Never mind," said Wilkins, "let us go up the Monument—it's a half-holiday—so we will only go half as high as we intended."

A few minutes sharp walking brought us to the Monument. The keeper, who was feeding a smoke-dried canary at the entrance, in reply to our request to be "shown up," said, between his chirpings to the bird,

"'Taint in no ways allowable to permit no more suicides *here*—if you're tired of life, try Lunnun Bridge. *We*'re shut up."

He deigned to inform us, after sundry winks and grimaces, that a person had, a few days before, destroyed himself by springing over the rails, and that the city authorities had ordered the Monument to be closed to prevent a repetition of the horrid deed.

What was to be done?—we did not know. Wilkins had just informed me that it was half-past four by his watch, as a cad cried out, "Woolwich! Greenwich! Going down?"

"Did you ever see Woolwich Arsenal or Greenwich Hospital?"

"Never," said I. "Let us set off at once, here is a Woolwich coach—we will see the Arsenal first, and take the Hospital in our way back."

"But the *tuck*, you know—how much?" said Wilkins.

On being told it was only one shilling each, we did not hesitate, but mounted the roof, and as the coaches ran opposition even in those distant days, we galloped down in about an hour and a half. In fact, it was exactly six o'clock when we reached the gates of the Arsenal, for we saw the workmen come out, and the place closed for the night?

"Boat, your honours!—skulls or oars?"

"Oars," said I. "In with you, Wilkins—strip, and *we* will pull."

"But the *tuck*," began Wilkins, who was a great feeder. "How much to Greenwich?"

"Sixpence each," said the waterman.

We embarked—to use a grand phrase for getting into a wherry—and pulled away most manfully. We did not make so much way as I expected we should, seeing we were really good pullers, and just as we heard a clock somewhere on shore strike seven, I told the waterman as much. My surprise was over when I found that we had been pulling against the tide and a strong head-wind. In half an hour more we landed at the Hospital stairs, and were told that we could not see the interior at that late hour, but might spend half an hour in the park

before the gates closed. This we did, and enjoyed it very much, until the Observatory clock struck eight, and warned us that we had no time to lose.

As we ran towards the gate, through which we escaped just in time, we agreed to go back by the stage, have our tuck in London, and get into school in good time. Our plans, however, were defeated. The last coach had just started. We set out at the top of our speed to overtake it, and probably might have done so had not Wilkins, in turning a corner, upset a potboy who was carrying out the supper-beer to the streets in the neighbourhood. Wilkins, the potboy, and at least ten pewter-pots and their contents were rolling in the gutter together.

Of course a crowd collected round us, and more of course they all took the potboy's part against the two young gentlemen. The landlord ended the harangue that we were making to the crowd by dragging us both by our coat-collars into his bar, and demanding payment for ten quarts of porter, and something for the boy's bruises.

We offered to give our addresses and to pay another day—but it was of no use. We must pay at once, or be shut up all night. The latter was an alternative to which we *could not* submit. We mustered all our money, which was sixpence short of the demand, for we had but five shillings each when we started. The landlord, however, took five shillings for the porter, and gave the boy the remaining two shillings —at least he put it into the till and told him he would keep it for him. The crowd laughed, but whether at us or the potboy I could not make out.

Half-past eight, and we were seven miles from home, without a penny in our pockets; we were very hungry too, for we had eaten nothing since twelve o'clock, and very tired, for we had walked and rowed a great many miles. We were sure to be too late, and get an imposition, as I told poor Wilkins, who was wet and cold from his roll in the gutter. To my surprise he burst out into a loud laugh, and said,

"Capital excuse—I've hit it. I'll get you off. When old Quizby asks us why we stopped out after gates, we will tell him we could not help it, as we were *called to the bar.*"

I confess I was in a rage at so bad a pun, and at such a moment. I kicked him very hard, and started off towards London. He followed, and we got on very well until we made a wrong turning somewhere or other, and got completely lost in such a locality as I had no idea existed so near London—it was more like the dirtiest parts of Bristol. After wandering about for some time, a man agreed to show us the way to London Bridge. We thought him a goodnatured fellow, and thanked him when we got to the end of Tooley-street.

"Thank ye! indeed—is that all you mean to pay me with for coming so far?"

We confessed our poverty with many regrets, and turned to leave him, saying, good-night.

"Good-night," said he, as he snatched our nice, new beaver-hats off our heads, and vanished.

It was of no use to follow or cry stop thief, so we tied our handkerchiefs over our heads, and ran on until we were fairly exhausted. As

we leant against a shop-window, a clock struck eleven. A watchman came up, and after trying to see our features by the aid of an oil-lamp and the candle of his horn-lantern, took us up for being without hats, and carried us before the night-constable.

We told our story—or rather I did, for poor Wilkins was fairly beaten "by circumstances over which he had no control." I was so much amused when all our misfortunes came before my mind's eye, that I believe I threw a great deal of fun into my narrative, which pleased my hearers so much, that they offered me a draught out of the measure which stood on the table. I was dying with thirst, but before I put the pewter to my lips, I reminded the constable that I had no money.

"Young gentleman," said he, "I am *sure* you're a gentleman—drink."

I did—I finished the porter to Wilkins's great disgust, who grumbled out his last bad pun for the night,

"You are better off than I am—for though you have got no *tin*, you've had the *pewter*."

"Young gentlemen," said the constable, "you are too late to get into school to-night. I believe your story to be true. You shall have a supper, and sleep here before the fire till the morning. To-morrow I will go with you to your master, and explain the reason of your being out all night. You can then repay me what I spend for you—if you are able to do so—if not, it don't much matter."

We accepted the kind offer, and made a most excellent meal on boiled beef and porter. We slept soundly on a bench, and early in the morning reached school. The master believed our tale—rewarded the constable handsomely for his kindness, and forgave us because we had lost our half-holiday.

I need hardly say, that we were laughed at by our companions; but that we did not mind. We had seen a great deal more than they had, and gained, as we thought, some valuable knowledge of the world.

Now although this happened many years since, and the adage goes that "experience makes even fools wise," I cannot say that I have benefited by the lesson which my adventures on that half-holiday ought to have taught me. If I have a leisure day I have so many ways in which I wish to employ it, that I vacillate between this way and that way until the day is too far spent to adopt either.

If I am in London for a week I make up my mind to see every body and every thing worth seeing, and to lay in a stock of all sorts of necessaries and luxuries difficult to be procured in the country. What is the result? I call on a friend on Monday morning, and allow him to chalk out the week for me, to the neglect of other friends. I find myself eating white-bait with him at Lovegrove's, or staring on the sea at Broadstairs, when I ought to be dining off a quiet chop with some old lady at the west-end. On Saturday, as I get into the train, I find I have seen nothing that I meant to see, and bought nothing that I ought to have bought—except a basket of fish for my worthy and excellent squire—but then I *dine with him*, and am nearly related to the Otter family, if I may judge by my fondness for fish.

The same vacillation occurs if I have a week to spare for a country

trip. I look at the weathercock, and fancy N. says "go down to North Wales, to Llangerinioc, and see your old friend Jones," but S. whispers softly "try Sussex, and see Smith." W. puts Devon or Dorset into my head, and E. rudely hints "you promised to go into Essex." What am I to do? I cannot oblige them all, and the chances are that I go nowhere, but waste the week at home in forming plans for the next holiday that may offer.

About two years ago I found myself in this dilemma. I had plenty of invitations, but knew not which to accept. "Do as we do, pa, when we quarrel about who is to be *fox*," said my eldest son, "cast lots for it."

I took his advice. I wrote the names of my inviters on little bits of card, shook them up in a hat, and extracted one of them. I found written thereon Jonathan Sternpost, Esq., Mount Whistling, Somerset, and on my road to his residence I found myself in less than one hour after fate or fortune had put an end to my vacillation.

Chap. II.

Jonathan Sternpost and I had been very intimate in our earlier days. Our acquaintance commenced at school by fighting one of the severest battles in which two boys were ever engaged. We fought until we could neither of us fight any longer, so we put off the deciding of the battle until the next day, but without any satisfactory result. Neither would give in. On the third and last day of our engagement I received an unfortunate blow just under my left ear, which deprived me of all sensation, and I could not "come to time." Sternpost was declared conqueror, and put to bed, where he was laid up for a week, while I, having recovered what little sense I was possessed of, was playing about the school-grounds in less than ten minutes after my knock down. We were great friends ever after—for each was afraid to offend the other.

During our college career we lost sight of one another, except for a few weeks in the long vacation; for he went to Cambridge—I to Oxford. After we had taken our degrees we were as thick as ever, and, as he used to call it, "did a bit of continent" together—that is, we went to France, Belgium, and Germany in couples, soon after the peace was established.

I had often spent a few days with him at Mount Whistling in our schoolboy days, but my professional duties had prevented my visiting him since he became whole and sole proprietor and lord of that lovely and extensive manor. On his annual visit to me I had promised to go down and see him "in return" for some years, and I was really glad when, by fortune's decision, I found myself on the road to his house.

Many years had elapsed since I had travelled that road, and every thing was as new to me as if I had never seen it before. The day, too, on which I travelled was one of those splendid days which sometimes kindly visit our island in the month of October. The leaves were just resuming their autumnal tint, casting off their greenness as if they jollily cried out, "motley's your only wear," before they, in their old age, fell into "the sere and yellow leaf," and were "done *brown*" ere

they toppled from their parent boughs. The sun shone in cloudless splendour, the harvest was all gathered in, and the rustics were busily engaged in housing the product of their orchards. The frequent bang, bang! from stubble, turnip-field, and covert, showed that the sportsman was not idle.

I was full of spirits, for I had *earned* my holiday, and was going to visit an old and valued friend. I talked with every body, laughed at every thing that was said, for nothing grave could be said on so bright a day, and found myself whistling a second to every little bird that warbled forth his thanks to the glad sun for shining on him with so bright a beam.

There *was*, too, something to me very exhilarating in rattling along a macadamized road in a well-appointed four-horse coach. All that is over—past—gone. Railroads—but this is a melancholy subject, so I will drop it. *Pace* is every thing now, and yet we used to be told that "it was the *pace* that killed;" but that was only horses I suppose.

"What time can it be done in?" is the only question now asked. So it is that we have railroad treaties of peace—bang goes a cannon, down goes the enemy's flag. "Five towns, two islands, four millions ready money? Yes." Peace is ratified. Courtships, too, are now done by steam.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Pippin to Miss Crab."

"How do you do? Single, eh? Have *me*?"

All is settled. The next morning Miss Crab is ingrafted on Mr. Pippin. But I am digressing.

Well, when I arrived at the corner of the road where I was to quit the coach, my friend met me in his carriage. His eyes beamed with pleasure when he saw me, and his jovial face shone as resplendently as if it had challenged the setting sun to show tints with it. After a prolonged shaking of hands, and due inquirings after each other's families, we sent the carriage on, and resolved to

Climb the hill together,

as we had done in our boyhood. We were but little changed, for we were both in manhood's prime; but the place was greatly changed, and, strange to say, improved by the change, which I had deemed impossible, so lovely had I thought it before. By judiciously cutting down there, and planting here—opening a prospect in one place, and shutting out some less deserving object in another—pulling down a cottage on this side of the road, and building a new one on that, Jonathan had indeed shown that in what I had pronounced perfection there was something more perfect. I could have stood for hours gazing about me had not my wish to gaze been checked by a hint that the John Dory would be over-done if I tarried much longer.

I hurried on, and passing through a plantation of noble beech-trees, filled with pheasants as tame as barn-door fowls—for a gun was never permitted to be fired at or near to them—I came within view of the house. I was amazed, and thought I had taken a wrong turn and was going to the wrong house. Was this the long, the straight-fronted, dull-looking, old English mansion I had been used to visit? No. It was a handsome building in the Elizabethan style, looking like a place

of other days, but cheerful, bright, and sunny. What had been a wilderness of shrubs, which shut out the view alike *of* the house and *from* the house was gone, and in its place a neatly-mown lawn, sprinkled here and there with trees and evergreens, adorning and not obscuring the prospect.

"How do you like the alteration?" said Sternpost. "I wrote to you all about it. Does the reality come up to my description?"

I blushed and stammered out something, for I then recollected that he had, as I thought, bored me to death by detailing, in every letter he wrote to me, the trouble to which he was put in getting Memel timber, ashler, model chimney-pots, gable-ends, Gothic spoutings, and all sorts of requisites necessary for turning an ugly old building into something fit to be looked at and inhabited. I had been used to throw the uninteresting twaddle into the fire, and all my recollections of his alterations and improvements departed with the flames that consumed the description of them.

He of course went off on his favourite topic, and ere he had got out of the cellars to the basement story in his story, I was obliged to hint at the possible annihilation of the John Dory if such explanations were not deferred until the following morning.

"My dear fellow—I—only just let me—"

"No," said I, "not now—to-morrow or next day—for I am going to stay a week, and there is an angel with two little cherubs at her side, who *must* be Mrs. Sternpost (I almost repented of calling any body with so odd a name as Sternpost an angel—it sounded so oddly), so come and introduce me."

My hint was taken, and in a few seconds my hand was also taken and shaken heartily by an exceedingly pretty lady-like person, to whom I was introduced as the wife of my friend. She really shook me by the hand as if she meant to say, "My husband's friend is welcome." It was not a mere extended finger and a dropping courtesy she gave me, which might imply, "what a bore—an old schoolfellow—but I must be civil—he won't stay long," but a real friendly stop-as-long-as-you-like shake. Had it not been, I should have taken up my beaver and departed, for there is nothing in this short life which I hold in such utter detestation as an uncordial welcome, and a half-shake of the hand. The extended finger of pretended friendship is much more loathsome to me than the extended finger of scorn. The latter you can throw from you as a noisome, venemous reptile; the former you must take, though your blood curdles at the touch. Faugh! I think I feel it now.

The dinner was excellently cooked, the Dory, or *doré*, if my reader is fastidious, was in high perfection, nor did it eat the less deliciously that the parson of the parish, the only guest save my unworthy self, partook of it. A leg of mutton followed, and was displaced by a couple of fat and well-kept wild ducks.

"The dinner was plain enough," some gourmand will say, and justly, but my friend Jonathan knew my taste, bad as that taste may be, and kindly gratified it. I am not particular in my solids so that they be the best of their kind, and well served. In fluids I own I am somewhat choice, and though I absorb but little, that little must be of the choicest kind. Jonathan's champagne, burgundy, and

pure Lafitte, were unobjectionable, and the little tankard of Campbelltown toddy that finished the evening was just strong enough to ensure good digestion by tempering the coolness of the claret without heating the system, or spoiling the matutinal meal.

On the following morning I rose with the sun, and ran through the plantations to the bottom of the hill. There flowed a bright, clear stream, bounding and leaping over its rocky bed at every turn, as if in haste to unite its waters with the waves of the mighty Severn. I plunged in, had a delightful swim, and regained the house just as my friend, who had been round his farm—for he was his own bailiff—was sitting down to breakfast with his family.

The meal over, the letter-bag inspected, and the newspaper skimmed over to get the cream of the news, I told Sternpost I was ready to be victimized and dragged through every room in the house to see all his alterations, and to visit every new farm-building, cottage, and plantation on the estate. He smiled with delight, and then put on that very important and peculiar look which every man who is his own architect thinks it necessary to put on when he is about to point out the results of his wonderful talents in transmuting uncomfortables into comfortables—inconveniences into conveniences.

I will not weary my readers by describing to them all I saw in the house and about the grounds in a five-hours' ramble, but beg of them to accompany me to the top of the hill behind the mansion through a grove of magnificent beech-trees.

The sun was shining brightly, and the cool shade afforded by the trees was so agreeable after our ramble over stubbles and fallow-fields, that we sauntered along rather than walked. My friend led the way, and talked of olden times, of "the days when we were young," until he made me forget that I was toiling up a high hill to see a fine view. When, however, we gained the summit, and left the covert for an extensive terrace of green sward, such a prospect burst upon our view that I ceased to listen that I might gaze.

Below us, at the base of the hill, flowed the Severn, hastening on its course into the Bristol channel. To the right lay the city of Gloucester, with the towers of its fine cathedral and the noble canal by means of which large and well-loaded merchant-vessels reach its wharfs. Across the Severn we could see the romantic little town of Chepstow, and the ruins of its ancient castle; the winding tortuous Wye, hurrying into the Severn below the lofty rocks of the Windcliff. Beyond lay Monmouth, and in the background of the glorious picture were the Welsh mountains, covered with early snow, and amongst which the Sugar-loaf stood conspicuous. The filling up of this outline of so glorious a picture I must leave to the imagination of my readers.

"How is it," I inquired, "that I have no recollection of having seen this beautiful view on my previous visits to Mount Whistling?"

"It was not then to be seen," replied Sternpost. "What is now a turf-covered terrace was a part of the wood which we have just left. By cutting down some half-hundred trees, and clearing away the underwood of hazels and maples, which grew in this spot more luxuriantly than elsewhere, I have succeeded in gaining a prospect of that which was before shut out from the view of man, unless he was willing to do

what I had often done, climb to the top of the tallest beech that stood here."

"It must have grieved you," I continued, "to lay the axe to the root of the fine old trees that stood here for ages."

"It did grieve me deeply," said Sternpost, "for I love an old tree as much as I love an old church. But I do not regret the removal of those that stood here, now that I have gained this lovely view in exchange for them. Here we pass much of our time in the summer months; and if you will walk along the terrace I will show you our summer dining-room."

I followed him for about a hundred yards, and found just within the covert, but commanding the entire prospect, a rustic arbour. It was built of the rugged and bark-covered branches of the oak, lined with mosses of varied hues, and roofed with reeds. Its shape was octagonal, and on seven of its sides were benches of polished pollard oak surrounding a table, the top of which was curiously inlaid with specimens of every description of wood which grew on the estate.

"This," said my friend, "is my summer dining-room, and behind it, but quite out of sight, is my kitchen and my cellar. Here I have had many happy parties, for none but my *friends* are invited here—my *acquaintances* dine below at the house. The table, as you see, will accommodate but seven, and from its shape prevents that going off in couples, which spoils a general conversation."

He touched a bell as he concluded, and in a few seconds his butler appeared, bearing a tray covered with the requisites for a luncheon.

I was so much surprised—the whole affair seemed so much like the effect of magic—that I could hardly believe the viands before me to be real. I expected to see them vanish again as I had seen many a splendid entertainment on the stage vanish from the hungry eyes of the clown and pantaloon at the magic touch of the wand of harlequin. I, however, did eat a real sandwich, and drink a glass of real Rudesheimer as I sat enjoying the prospect before us.

We had not sat long before the sound of the bell reached us. It's tones were not loud, but deep and melodious, consonant with the scene around us. I looked inquiringly at my friend.

"That bell," said he, "reminds me that I have yet something to show you which I think will please you even more than this view and its adjuncts. So, if you have refreshed your body, let us proceed a little further, and I will supply you with a little food for the mind."

We went to the end of the terrace, and turning a little to the right through a part of the same wood in which the arbour stood, came out upon a sort of wild common. The upper part of it was thickly planted with fir-trees of every species, and many kinds of evergreens. In the midst of these stood one of the neatest Gothic buildings I have ever seen. It formed three sides of a square. In the centre was a house rather higher than the surrounding buildings, and on one side of it was a chapel, from the lantern of which the bell we had heard in the arbour was still booming over the woods. On the other was a hall. The two sides of the square consisted of six small cottages—three on either side. The space between them was laid out in flower-gardens, well stocked, and kept with exceeding care. Two small lodges stood

one on each side of the entrance gateway, over which was inscribed, in the old black-letter character,

The Widows' Almshouse.

Just as we reached this gateway, the bell ceased to toll, and from each of the cottages came forth an elderly lady, dressed in a dark-gray silk gown, and wearing a black veil. She passed along the centre path towards the chapel. As I stood gazing on them and wondering what the vision meant, my friend laid his hand upon my arm, and drew me from the gate.

"We must not intrude upon them now," said he, "for they are going to afternoon prayers. The chaplain is already waiting for them as the bell ceases to toll when he enters his desk."

"But what building is it?" I inquired; "and who are those very respectable-looking old ladies who inhabit it?"

"The building is, as you saw, the Widows' Almshouse, and the ladies are the widows; but you must be contented with this information for the present; repress your curiosity for a while. After dinner we shall be alone, and you shall hear all the particulars you are evidently anxious to learn. To-morrow you shall see the interior of the building, and be introduced to the widows. I must now go and look after my fruit-gatherers, and ride round the farm. You can accompany me or not as you please."

Of course I did accompany him, as I like farming, and wished to while away the time until the dinner-hour arrived, when my curiosity was to be gratified.

Chap. III.

"My father, old Admiral Sternpost, as he was always called even when a young man," commenced my friend, after his lady had retired, and a cool bottle of Lafitte had been placed on the table, "was so constantly at sea, that he thought my mother required a companion besides my little self, her only child. He accordingly looked about the world for some one who would drive away the melancholy, which he fondly thought she must feel during his absences afloat, by conversational powers, cheerful and pleasing manners, and what he valued very highly, musical abilities.

An advertisement in a London paper produced a host of applicants of all ages, sizes, and colours—for not one of the candidates forgot to describe the colour of her complexion, eyes, and hair; though upon the subject of their ages they left, as he said, a wide berth for conjecture. Amongst them was one from a lady, who described herself as the widow of an officer of rank, who had died young in the service of his country, and left her to the tender mercies of the world without a shilling to purchase one of them.

There was a something in the plain, straightforward wording of this letter which pleased my father. He threw all the rest into the fire, got into his carriage with my mother, and was driven to the address—a village about four miles on the other side of Bristol. Ten minutes

talk ensued, and Mrs. Wrightly—such was the lady's name—was seated in the carriage, and on her road to Mount Whistling. Her luggage, though not very bulky, was left to be forwarded by the first waggon.

I was a mere boy at the time. I was, in fact, only eight years of age; yet I can recollect very well when my parents returned from a journey from which I thought I was very improperly excluded, bringing with them a tall, pale lady, dressed in mourning. I remember my father's putting my little red fist into her slender hand, and telling me that if I did not love her and behave well to her while he was away, I should have a taste of the cat as soon as he came ashore.

I looked hard at her as he introduced me in this odd fashion, and saw from the kindly glance she threw upon me, from the sweet smile which beamed from her sorrowful-looking blue eyes, and felt from the slight pressure of her taper fingers, that I should love her and escape the cat.

I was not deceived in my anticipations, young as I was. She was a most amiable person, and next to my dear mother, I loved her better than any one in the world. Yet she did not spoil me: on the contrary, she saved me from being spoiled by furnishing me with occupation for every hour in the day, which after all is the real way of keeping children out of mischief, and making them happy. She would write with me, draw with me, play to me and with me. She could make old toys seem new ones, and after our lessons were over, shared in a game of romps, as though she loved romping as much as I did.

My mother, too, who had been always nervous, low-spirited, and irritable while my father was away, and was constantly talking of battles in which her husband was to be killed or horribly mutilated, became an altered person, under the kindly influence of her friend, as she truly called Mrs. Wrightly.

On my father's return from sea, both my mother and myself gave so glowing a description of the merits and excellencies of the widow, that in the fulness of heart he seized her round the waist, and imprinted a loud smack on her pale lips, and made her feel rather uncomfortable, and my mother the least in the world jealous. He blushed, however, and apologized, and to hide his blushes tossed me about in his arms, until I had wellnigh been capsized, as he said, and laid on my beam-ends. Then—I never saw him look so foolish in my life—he talked as rapidly as he could, while he drew out his pocket-book, and crumpling up a bank-note for one hundred pounds, placed it in the widow's hands, and begged her to lay it out in any way she thought best. It was hardly possible to make out what he meant to say, but I am sure I heard him suggest clean canvass and new rigging.

Mrs. Wrightly, however, positively declined accepting the note. She was, she said, amply remunerated for all her services by the comforts of a home, and the attentions of so kind a friend as my mother, and by my endearments. She was, moreover, amply provided with funds for all her wants by the pension which my father, through his interest with the powers that were then, had procured for her.

The admiral smoothed the note on his palm, made one more effort to induce her to accept it in dumb show; and when he saw that the effect was useless, thrust it into his pocket, rubbed his eyes with the

point of his little-finger, and left the room whistling some sea-going ballad very much out of tune. My mother was fidgeting about, and using her pocket-handkerchief. I thought she was crying. I am sure Mrs. Wrightly was—so I had nothing to do but to cry too—and a very happy cry we had, and when it was over we laughed and shook hands, and cried again—yet we were very happy.

Well, my father's duty called him away again. He left us hale and hearty. How did he return? A poor, sickly invalid, deprived of his right-arm, and severely wounded in the right side. A splinter had struck him in the heat of an action. He refused to go below until the battle was over, although his arm hung useless at his side, and his side was sending forth streams of blood, which lay in pools on the deck where he stood. Amputation was resorted to immediately, and his life was saved—but the shock to the system was so great, that the surgeon told his sorrowing crew that he would never be fit to lead them into battle again.

For eighteen long tedious months did he lie on the couch of sickness ere his hardy frame and iron constitution yielded to the attacks of death. During all those months, and long after my mother's strength failed her, the widow tended him with a sister's care. She supplied to me a mother's place when my mother's grief and ill-health forbade her exerting herself. On her was left the weighty cares of the household, and she bore the weight nobly, discharged the duties well. Every body loved her, and she deserved their love.

You remember seeing her here shortly after my coming to college, and not many months after my father's death. You must remember her, for hers was a face not easily forgotten."

I recollected her well, and told my friend so. He seemed pleased at the fact of my remembering his second mother, and went on thus:

"I recollect, the night of my father's death as well as if it occurred but yesterday I was at home for the holidays; indeed, you may recollect that I was absent from school nearly a whole quarter. I had retired to lie down for a few hours, for I had been sitting up to relieve the widow and the hired nurse who were wearied out by want of sleep. I had scarcely laid myself down and fallen into a feverish doze, when I was summoned to the sick room. A sudden change had come over the invalid. He had discharged much blood from the lungs, and was greatly exhausted. As soon as I reached his bedside he made signs to me, for he could not speak, and the blood was still oozing from his lips, to open a drawer of the table which stood in the middle of the room.

I did so, and found at the top of a mass of papers one folded up as a letter, and directed to Mrs. Wrightly. I took it to my father. He smiled to see that I had interpreted his meaning, and beckoning to the widow placed the paper in her hand. He then joined her hand to my mother's, kissed them both, and giving me a slight pressure of the hand which was disengaged, expired with a gentle sigh.

I lost a kind father, and the country a faithful and a zealous servant.

After his remains had been consigned to the vault where his ancestors for many generations had been placed before him, I felt no little curio-

sity to learn the contents of the letter which had been given to Mrs. Wrightly, just before his falling asleep in death. I mentioned my wish to my mother, but she was too much grieved to sympathize with me on any such subject. I had made up my mind to request the widow to show me the letter, when she anticipated me by placing it in my hands. I knew that my father was wealthy, for all these estates were valuable and unencumbered, but I was not aware that he was so rich as he was. He had served early and constantly, and had shared many valuable prizes. His habits, though free and generous in the extreme, were not extravagant, consequently the money placed out to interest by his agents had accumulated greatly. I was not surprised to find, when I ascertained these facts from the solicitor who had been sent for a few days before his death, that he had in the letter which I had delivered to him from the table-drawer, assigned over to his kind nurse the sum of 20,000*l.* in the four per cents.

I congratulated her very sincerely on being placed, by her own deserts, in independent circumstances. I shall not readily forget her answer. The tears streamed from her eyes as she sobbed out,

"I accept my kind benefactor's gift, but not from mercenary motives, as you will one day know. I have suffered in my poverty and widowhood more than you can imagine. I shall employ these means which your father's bounty has bestowed upon me in alleviating, as far as they will go towards it, the griefs of others who may be situated as I was once. I have one favour to ask of you, my friend and pupil."

"It is granted," I replied.

"It is that you will give me an acre or two of land on the common above the breech grove. I wish to build an asylum there for poor widows."

"I did as she wished. The almshouse is built, as you saw this morning, and six hearts are made happy and joyful through the bounty of a sister sufferer."

"It is very odd," said I, "that in all your letters you never mentioned the name of Mrs. Wrightly when you wrote to me, or talked of her while you were with me."

"You have surely heard me speak loudly in the praise of a Mrs. Lauderley?—she *was* Mrs. Wrightly. She is now the wife of the chaplain of the almshouse. To-morrow you shall visit them. I should have invited them here to-day, but I wished to make you acquainted with their histories before I introduced you to them. We must now find our way to the drawing-room, and to-morrow morning you shall, if you are not tired of the subject, know more of my friends ere you visit them and their little society, which I assure you is any thing but a gloomy one."

I could only say that I should be most happy to listen to his promised histories.

A FAREWELL TO DECEMBER.

Old December!
Art thou gone?—then fare thee well!
Many a good do I remember
Of thee, that I fain would tell,—
Many a dream beyond all trouble—
Many a feast where beer did bubble—
Many a jolly beauty toasted—
Many a mighty turkey roasted—
Laughing, quaffing, blusterous weather,
(Winds and rain, a song together),—
Friendship glowing,—wine a-flowing,
Wit, beyond the proser's knowing.
Ah, December!
I remember
Thee and thine, perhaps too well.

Let the trim teetotaller talk
Of his May and April walk,
All amongst the insipid flowers,
Dawdling with the vacant hours;
I,—amidst the blazing night,
Have seen vast and deep delight,—
Pleasure, such as left its traces
On a thousand brightening faces,—
Brightening at the touch of truth,
(Like Age remembering its own youth),
For, be *sure*,—that noble Wine
Is Truth; and, doubly thus, divine.

Wine!—It opes the heart's red sluices,
Letting forth those generous juices,
Which so fertilize our clay,
That the night transcends the day.
Virtues then spring up like flowers;
Joy comes gladdening all the hours;
Justice takes an aspect bland;
Friendship puts forth its kind hand:
Every thing both great and good
Is then confess'd, and understood.
No more fear beside the flask;
No dull spite in wisdom's mask:
No mean, simmering, simpering blushes:—
The great Soul all-radiant rushes
Forth, at once, on the social ground,
And laugheth as the glass runs round.

For these reasons, old December!
(For these reasons, and some more
Which I do not now remember),
I'll still love thee, as of yore.
When I knew no woes nor pains,
And the blood ran racing through my veins,
Stinging every nerve with pleasure,
I could tread the merriest measure,
Dancing till I met the day;
And could drain my cup alway;
And could whisper—soft and low—
Under the mystic misletoe.
So it was;—and so, old friend,
When this year shall near its end,
If gray Age and Fate permit,
I will face thee in thy wit—
In thy wit and wine array'd.
What care I how many a maid
Laugheth in thy frosty train,
I will dare their worst, again.
Let who will forsake the wine,
At *my* right-hand it shall shine
Like a blessing,—as, in truth,
'Tis to age as well as youth.

Now, farewell! and for *my* sake,
Bid thy fellow Months be kind.
And not a merry spirit take,
Nor one of true or gentle mind.
In requital,—friends, remember!
We will all assemble round,
When next the winter strews the ground,
And drink a health to old December!

B. C. *January* 1, 1843.

EPIGRAM.

Says Dan to John, a-standing by,
"What means that chimney, there, so high?"
Says John to Dan, "'Twas built, in course,
For casting Mr. Wyatt's horse."—
"For what?" cries Dan, a Yorkshire elf,
"I thought a horse could cast himself!"

Great Western Terminus, Paddington,
Dec. 1, 1842.

EXTRACTS FROM MY INDIAN DIARY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

No. I.

A Highland fireside—Doctor M'Phee—Old whisky and old stories—The author makes a lame apology for again intruding himself on the public—The author returns thanks to his readers for past favours, and brings forward substantial reasons for so doing—Dharwar—Want of female society—Difference between a sportsman and a "*sporting character*"—A piece of advice to the rising generation—Varieties of game found in the Southern Mahratta country—Description of the antelope—Their habits—Affection for their young—Antelope shooting—Hunting cheetahs—*Huru shikaries*—Their method of snaring antelope—Stalking and driving—Riding down an antelope—Remarks on antelope shooting—Adventure with a panther—Providential escape of the author's brother.

On a stormy autumnal evening, about the beginning of last month, I was seated in my favourite snuggery, enjoying the luxury of a roaring wood-fire, and cheering my old heart with a reeking tumbler of a certain inspiring beverage, designated in our household "the laird's bit dribble o' drink," but more generally known among the vulgar, by the name of whisky-toddy. The rain pattered furiously against the windows, and the autumnal blast sweeping down a bleak Highland glen, moaned dismally around the house. But the blaze of sparkling pine logs, bickered gaily against the polished oak-panels of the room, lighting up the grim trophies of the chase with which my sanctum is decorated, and the war of elements without, only tended to make the glow of warmth and comfort which prevailed within-doors doubly acceptable. My old woman, ensconced in her leathern arm-chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, was deeply absorbed in the mysteries of a pair of fancy woollen-hose which she was knitting for my "sabbath day's wear;" my favourite sky terrier, "*Shalager*," lay coiled up at my feet; while a shaggy old deer-hound, named "*Oscar*," stretched at full length before the blazing wood-fire, and "urging in his dreams the mimic chase," monopolized the remainder of the hearthrug.

My venerable better-half had begun to nod over her work, and had already dropped several stitches—an infallible sign that she was fast verging towards a state of unconsciousness—and my eyelids were beginning to close from very sympathy, when the door was thrown open, and in bounced my old friend Dr. M'Phee, booted and spurred, and dripping like a river-god.

"Good e'en to you, laird," he exclaimed, uttering that hearty chuckling laugh so peculiarly his own, and rousing me from my revery with a goodhumoured slap on the shoulder. "And the same to you, my dear madam," raising the old lady's hand to his lips, and bowing over it with the air of a courtier; while she laying aside her work, and rising from her seat, dropped her best minuet courtesy.

"I've come to ask a night's lodging from you, madam," he continued, as he unwound a huge shawl from about his neck, and proceeded to

divest himself of his homespun gray riding-coat, *trot-cosie*, and other protections against the inclemency of the weather, classed by the worthy doctor under the general denomination of "*haps*." "And I'm thinkin' I've just come in time to keep my friend the laird's een open, for I see the good fire, and the good drink, ha'e made him amaist ready for his bed, honest man. I'm thinkin', laird, ye'r getting a wee thing frail like mysel'. Hoich! hoich! ho! I ha'e been at the Strathoolish market sellin' a wheen stots, and came o'er the muir thinkin' to win hame the night; but it came on such judgment-like weather, that Smiler (that's my beast, laird; I ca'd him after the poor old naig I lost in Indé) would hardly set his face til't; so I thought it would be a sin, and a temptin' o' Providence, to pass an ould friend's house in sic a night, and just turned in to ask the goodwife for a bed, and a drap o' drink, and to ha'e a crack about auld times. Hoich! hoich! ho! The mist on the hill was that thick, it was like, amaist, to choke me; and there's some o't stickin' in my thraple yet! Rax me the bottle, laird, till I syne it down wi' a drap speerits, and tak' a bit *calker* yoursel' to open your een, for ye look awfu' drowsy like."

The doctor having tossed off his *calker*, and divested himself of his numerous *haps*, and having been strictly cross-questioned by my hospitable dame, regarding the certainty of his having dined, and been duly pressed to sit *off the door*, and *into the fire*, at length succeeded in dislodging the old deer-hound, and establishing himself in his place. Fresh logs were thrown upon the hearth, the jug of hot water was replenished; and by the time the first tumbler of punch had been discussed, the goodwife was fast asleep in her arm-chair, and the doctor and I engaged with the eagerness of two schoolboys in fighting o'er the sylvan battles of our youth.

Some difference of opinion having arisen regarding the particulars of a tiger-hunt, in which the doctor and I had been mutually engaged, I bethought myself of referring to an old sporting diary which I had kept during my residence in India, but which for many years had lain neglected, and almost forgotten, in one of the goodwife's lumber-closets.

After some difficulty we succeeded in hunting out the musty volume, and the sporting adventures, therein recorded, conjured up so many glowing recollections of our youth, that the bottle was drained, and several of the "sma' hours" had flown by unheeded, before the doctor and I bethought ourselves of retiring to bed. The goodwife asserts that we experienced considerable difficulty in finding our way upstairs; but this I believe to be a calumny invented by her as an excuse for delivering a lecture on the impropriety of keeping late hours, and showing a bad example to her well-regulated household.

The old diary has, since then, afforded us several evenings' amusement, and each time it has been produced, the doctor has become more and more urgent with me to publish extracts from it, adducing, as a reason for so doing, that it would be far more "wise-like" to publish my own adventures, and extracts from my own notes on natural history, than to be setting him up like a merry-andrew, as I did in "The Forest Ranger," to cut capers for the amusement of the public "wi' thae twa wild chaps Mansfield and Maister Charles," not to men-

tion my attributing to them some of my own "daft-like tricks"—an artifice which he considered unworthy of a "respectable chronicler."

I, for some time, excused myself on the plea, that by so doing I would lay myself open to the charge of egotism. But the doctor was not to be shaken, and having succeeded in enlisting my old woman on his side, the odds rose so fearfully against me, that I have at last been constrained to yield the point, and once more to present myself before the liberal public, to whom I am already indebted for many and substantial favours.

And talking of substantial favours, gentle reader, I shrewdly suspect that my worthy dame has not been altogether moved by disinterested motives in urging me to resume the goose-quill, inasmuch as the sad coloured silk gown in which she rustles to church every Sunday, and which she assures ner gossips "would amaist stand it's lane," had its origin in the profits arising from the sale of a certain book entitled the "Old Forest Ranger." Perhaps the recollection of a handsome suit of Lincoln green, decorated with resplendent brass buttons, which I don on high days and holidays, to keep the sad-coloured silk gown in countenance, may also have had some weight in inducing me to yield to the goodwife's entreaties.

However this may be, fair and gentle reader, I acknowledge myself deeply indebted to thee for past favours, and in the hope that thou wilt still continue to smile upon the Old Forest Ranger, I shall, without further apology, open the aforesaid musty volume, and proceed to lay some extracts before thee.

The first part of my journal is devoted to an account of the voyage to India,—landing at Madras—my feelings of boyish wonder, on finding myself for the first time in a strange land,—crude remarks on men and *manners*, &c. All of which we may safely pass over.

Suffice it to say that on the 10th June, A.D.—but no matter for the year—my old woman has a strange dislike to recording dates, the ——— regiment, in which I was then junior lieutenant of the light company, embarked for India, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Madras on the 17th September. We were marched up to Bungalore, in the Mysore country, 108 miles from Madras; and a few months after our arrival there I was fortunate enough to obtain leave of absence to visit my brother, who had gone out to India two years before me in the Company's Bombay civil service, and was then stationed at Dharwar, in the Southern Mahratta country, 180 miles N.W. from Bungalore. Here my sporting career commenced, and here, therefore, I shall commence the extracts from my diary.

Dharwar being situated more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoys a cool and healthy climate. The thermometer seldom ranges higher than 80°, and the nights are frequently cold enough to render one and even two blankets desirable.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood is admirably adapted for sporting, being beautifully diversified with low jungle, open plains, and *tanks;* and there is no lack of game; but beyond this it has nothing to recommend it as an agreeable station. A regiment of native infantry, the collector of the district, four ladies, and a few young civilians, constitute the entire society; and three ladies out of the four are ny thing but young, pretty, or agreeable.

To any one, therefore, but an inveterate sportsman, Dharwar must prove a dull station; and even to him the want of female society is a great disadvantage.

Although I have not been here above a month, I already feel this to be the case. No one can enjoy the wild excitement of an Indian hunter's life more than I do; but this, instead of weaning me from the more refined pleasures of civilized society, only tends to heighten my enjoyment when I return to it. Verily it is not good for man to be alone; he is by nature a savage, and it is only the refining influence of female society that saves him from utter barbarism.

In other respects the society of Dharwar is as agreeable as one can expect exclusively male society to be. The civilians, in particular, are an exceedingly gentlemanlike, and well-informed set of young men; and are, in general, first-rate sportsmen, without any of the slang and bluster of "*sporting characters.*" They neither keep fighting-cocks, dress like "*swell dragsmen,*" nor talk like stable-boys. They utterly eschew the use of "*modern Greek,*"* and make use of the most commonplace English in preference to those pretty playful slang expressions now so much in vogue; and which, when judiciously interlarded with a few gentlemanlike blasphemies, impart so much force and brilliancy to the conversation of the "*bang-up sporting character;*" half the "heroes of the ring" are unknown to them even by name; and I doubt much whether one among them could answer the simple question, "Who wears the Champion's belt? what is the exact weight of the famous dog Billy? or whether 'the Gaslight Man' or 'the Game Chicken' came off victorious in the last 'mill?'"

And yet I have never met with harder riders, better rifle-shots, or stancher men to back you in the hour of danger, than these same quiet civilians.

I mention this for the sake of the young gentlemen of the rising generation, on whose minds I wish to impress the fact, that neither the use of *slang* expressions, the society of *slang* companions, a sporting style of dress, nor the study of sporting publications, are necessary to constitute a good sportsman.

Instead of devoting their spare time to such acquirements, I would strongly urge upon them the propriety of studying drawing, comparative anatomy, and natural history, in all its branches, from the geological formation of a mountain to the organization of an insect, or the reproduction of a plant.

Without some such knowledge, the pursuits of an Indian sportsman lose half their charm, that of being able to study with advantage the great book of Nature, and become the occupation of a savage who slays that he may eat, or worse still, they degenerate into the mere blood-thirsty instinct of a beast of prey. Whereas to a man of cultivated mind, they not only afford a healthy and exciting amusement; but, if pursued in a proper spirit, present constant opportunities of improving his own mind, and gleaning information which may prove of service both to himself and others.

A press of business, which keeps the young civilians close at work, has hitherto prevented our making out a long talked of expedition to

* Rogue's Latin, pickpocket's English, or slang.

the Great Canara Forest, where that rare animal, the Indian bison is found.

But, in the mean time, I find plenty of occupation during the cool hours of morning and evening, in procuring venison from the neighbouring jungles, or shooting antelope, which abound on the black plain within a few miles of the cantonment. The heat of the day is devoted to reading, studying natural history, preparing specimens, or making drawings of any rare animal I may have met with in my morning's ramble, and in the evening we all dine together on the produce of the day's sport, each of the young civilians taking it in turn to act the host and furnish the liquids.

The Southern Mahratta country, in which Dharwar is situated, presents a fine field for the naturalist as well as the sportsman, affording almost every variety of game found in India.

Of beasts of prey, the tiger, and two varieties of the panther are numerous.

The cheetah, or hunting-leopard (*Felis Venatica*), is rather more rare, and a variety of the tiger-cat is found occasionally.

The Indian bear (*Ursus Labiatus*) is common in all hilly districts.

Wild hogs abound in the jungles, but are daily becoming more scarce in the open country.

Hyenas, wolves, wild dogs, jackals, and foxes, compose a list of vermin that occasionally afford an hour's sport in the absence of nobler game.

Wild elephants are found in the Canara forest, along the western frontier of the district; and within twenty miles of Dharwar, we find the stately bison (*Bos Gaurus*), that noble stag, the samber, or Rusa deer (*Cervus Aristotelis*), vulgarly called the elk, on account of its enormous size; the beautiful spotted deer, or cheetle (*Cervus Axis*); the rib-faced deer, or muntjack (*Cervus Muntjack*); and the dwarf musk-deer (*Moschus Minina?*) hardly so large as a hare.

The neilghau (*Damalis Risia*) frequents the *bauble* jungles to the eastward.

Low coverts upon rising grounds are the favourite haunts of the four-horned antelope (*Antilope Chickara*).

The little graceful gazelle is found, in great numbers, scattered over the barren land, between the great forest jungle and the extensive plains of black alluvial soil, commonly called cotton-ground, where the common antelope (*Antilope Cervicapra*), and bustard, afford constant and beautiful practice for the rifle.

Of small game there is also a great variety; but, except for the sake of our mess-table, we do not trouble them much.

The painted snipe (*Scolopax Capensis*), the common snipe, and a great variety of the duck tribe, are very numerous. Hares, peafowl, junglefowl, spurfowl, painted and gray partridge, *florican*, a small species of bustard (*Otis Aurita*), sand grouse (*Tetras arenarius*), and five varieties of quail, complete the list.

The Latin names of the above animals and birds, are those assigned to them in Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom."

Dharwar, May. — For the last week I have devoted my time almost exclusively to antelope-shooting on the Black Plain, where the

apparently endless level extends on all sides to the horizon, like a dark sea, studded with little hillocks, that resemble islands. Morning and evening I ride out here, armed with my rifle, spear, and telescope, and wander over the cotton-ground, where the antelope feed, watching their habits, and daily discovering some new and interesting feature in their character.

The Indian antelope (*Antilope Cervicapra*) is somewhat larger than the roebuck, an adult male standing nearly three feet at the shoulder, and weighing about ninety pounds. The old bucks are dark coffee-brown, or nearly black above, and white beneath, with a white spot round the eye, head long, nose rather square and blunt, with an incipient muzzle, or naked space between the nostrils. Horns from eighteen to twenty-two inches long, dark brown, annulated with from twelve to twenty-two rings, and beautifully twisted in a spiral form. Female harmless, pale fulvous above, white beneath, with a white line, running along the side. Very young males are of the same colour as the female, but become gradually darker with age, till at five or six years old, they have acquired the darkest hue, and are then called black bucks. They are gregarious, and go in herds of from ten to twenty; each herd being under the command of an old black buck.

This is their rutting season, during which period desperate engagements take place between the males; they fight with great obstinacy, lowering their heads and tilting at each other so furiously, that their long spiral horns frequently snap in the encounter. When a stray doe gets accidentally, or perhaps intentionally, into a herd of young males —who, driven away by the old black bucks, form themselves into a club of bachelors—a series of single combats ensues, which are maintained for hours, till the strongest, or most chivalrous of the fraternity, shows a decided superiority over all the others.

The little timid doe, who has stood aloof, anxiously watching the progress of the fight—like Helen, the cause of many woes—now, quietly walks off with the victor.

Valiant alike, in love and war, the conqueror with swelling throat, tail curled proudly over his back, and head erect, sidles up to his hard-won prize, uttering a low bellow of delight. The skittish doe repels his advances, tosses her pretty head, and starts off in a succession of graceful bounds, clearing the air like a meteor.

On, with the speed of light, dashes the excited buck, stretching himself across the plain in a long striding gallop, the rapid stroke of which is more than the eye can follow, and at length overtakes the bounding doe, in a race where his muscular powers are taxed to the utmost.

When the doe is wearied out, and can no longer avoid the male—who even has recourse to blows to bring her to subjection—she yields herself, and remains in company with the buck for several days, generally in some secluded spot, where no intruder is likely to interrupt their honeymoon.

I have observed, and watched for several successive days, a pair in this retirement, and have seen the poor buck, at length, driven from his partner, by some more powerful rival, whom the doe follows, always becoming the willing prey of the conqueror.

The beaten buck generally leads the life of a hermit for the rest of

the season, but sometimes returns to the society of his bachelor friends.

It often happens that the old black buck of a herd, is led astray by one of his own skittish does, and does not return till another male has usurped his place, and established himself in the good graces of the ladies of his harem. If both bucks happen to be renowned warriors a desperate combat ensues, which is seldom decided without a broken horn, at least. But if the intruder be a young male, he walks off at once, like a wise dog, who leaves the room as soon as he sees preparations making for throwing him out of window.

Antelope exhibit great affection for their young, exposing themselves, in their defence, to dangers which they most dread. I met with a remarkable instance of this while trying to approach within shot of a black buck, in company with a doe and fawn. The fawn followed the doe, when she made off at my approach; but its weakness not allowing it to keep pace with the old ones, they both halted, and forced it by blows to crouch in a furrow. As often as it attempted to rise, they returned, and pushed it down again, remaining by it, although I had by this time approached within shot, as long as the fawn continued to show itself. This display of parental affection quite disarmed me, and I left the poor things unmolested.

To give my readers an idea of the various methods of killing and taking antelope, I shall transcribe the account of a few days' sport, selected from my journal.

Kardagee, March 1st.—Here I am again, in the land of the antelope, working the long rifle daily, and keeping myself and followers plentifully supplied with venison—I killed three this morning, missing but one shot. The first dropped dead, hit in the shoulder; the second, a black buck with twenty-one inch horns, distant one hundred and ninety yards, fell after running at full speed, about a quarter of a mile, although the ball, weighing nearly an ounce and a half, had passed through his body close to the heart: the third, a fine buck with twenty inch horns, was feeding with his hind-quarters towards me, when I fired; he raised his head just as I covered him with the sight, and receiving the ball in the back of the neck, dropped dead, without moving a limb.

March 2d.—To-day I only killed one antelope, which I brought down at a long range; he got up again, although shot through the loins, and led me a gallop that made old "Vulcan's" tail shake before I speared him.

Gudduk, April 26th.—Shot badly this morning, and missed several fair shots, which I ought to have hit; the antelope, in this part of the country, being by no means shy. On my way home, I tried the speed of a young buck, and found that "Merlin," although a fast horse, could not touch him over a dead plain. I was pulling up after going about a mile, when chance put the buck in my power. In jumping a ravine, he fell and broke his fore-leg. I observed his lameness, and a gallop across a few fields blew him so completely, that I ran into and speared him.

Sudugee, November 19th.—Nothing has been done to-day, except taking out the Kolapoor Rajah's hunting cheetahs. They had three runs each at bucks without killing, which I was not sorry for, as this, like

falconing and coursing, is a sport by no means to my taste. All I wished to see was the extraordinary degree of speed exerted by the leopard in chase; and this was displayed to-day in perfection. The rapidity of his stroke, and the length of his bounds, are almost incredible; giving a rate of going, for a few seconds, too rapid for the eye to follow. In judging of the speed exerted, there is only this to guide you—an antelope, one of the swiftest animals in nature, going his best pace, and straining every nerve to escape; and the bounding leopard, flying through the air with a velocity that gains upon his prey as if it were only going at a gentle canter. The reason of their not killing to-day, was being slipped at too great a distance, the antelope being very shy. Neither of the leopards could or would keep up his prodigious velocity for more than three hundred yards; and failing to strike the buck within this distance, he became sulky, lay down, and remained growling, till the keeper, coming up with his cart, blindfolded and secured him, after having appeased his wrath with a lump of raw meat. This style of hunting is a beautiful sight to see once; but, in my opinion, is a sport better calculated to please an effeminate Rajah than a European sportsman.

Nowlgoond, May 13th.—The antelope here are extremely shy, owing chiefly to their having been much persecuted of late by a tribe of *Huru shikaries* (deer-hunters), encamped in the neighbourhood.

These people—a wandering caste of natives, who earn a livelihood by snaring game—not only destroy great numbers of antelope, but render the animals so wild by constantly driving them towards their snares, that they start off the moment a man appears in sight. Their method of taking them is as follows:

Having selected a convenient spot frequented by antelope, they erect two oblique lines of small bamboos driven into the ground, beginning at about three hundred yards apart, and bringing them gradually together in the form of a funnel, till they are within forty or fifty yards of each other. Along the oblique lines of upright posts, they extend cords, to which are suspended feathers and white pieces of antelope skins that flutter in the wind, and across the narrow passage, between the two lines, are fastened loops and snares of various kinds. This being prepared, the whole tribe, men, women, and children turn out, and surrounding a herd of antelope, drive them quietly towards the wide part of the enclosure. Here they rush upon the antelope with tremendous yells, and the poor animals terrified by the noise behind them, and scared from turning to the right or left by the fluttering of the feathers and pieces of white skin, rush blindly forward, and in trying to escape through the narrow passage, are entangled in the snare and taken.

Another method of taking antelope is by means of a tame buck, who having a number of wire nooses fastened about his head and horns, is turned out in the plain where a herd of wild antelope are feeding. No sooner does he approach the herd, than the old buck steps forth and gives battle to the intruder; his long spiral horns become entangled in the nooses attached to the head of his antagonist, and the *shikarie*, who has been lying in ambush, runs up and secures him before he has time to disengage himself.

For the last week I have toiled across the heavy black plain for

many hours every morning without once getting within shot of an antelope. Yesterday I tried an expedient commonly resorted to by native hunters, of approaching my game under cover of a light moveable frame of bamboo, clothed with branches; but in this I failed, either from my own want of skill, or from the antelope having become acquainted with this artifice. To-day I tried the experiment of using a stalking bullock, and with better success. It enabled me to get within one hundred yards of a large herd, headed by an old black buck, which I knocked over with the second barrel whilst going at speed, after having missed a fair standing shot with the first.

May 22d.—To-day the stalking bullock failed me, and being in want of venison, I tried the experiment of driving the antelope. Having remarked the course which they generally took when disturbed, I posted myself in a ravine as nearly as I could guess in their line, and sent my man a circuit of a couple of miles, on horseback, to drive them towards me. He played his part admirably: the antelope crossed the ravine within twenty yards of me, and I dropped two of them, right and left.

May 23d.—I crossed the river this morning in search of new ground; for the antelope near our encampment now know my green coat so well, that it no sooner appears upon the plain, than every one makes off, as if a *cheetah* had been slipped at them. I shot one buck out of a herd of young males less shy than the others.

I fired at a long range of two hundred yards, and broke his foreleg near the shoulder; but he went away upon the remaining three at a rate which "Challenger's" best pace could not equal. By the time I was mounted, the buck had a long start, skimming like a bird over the treacherous cotton-ground covered with holes. I was pressing little "Challenger" to do his utmost, when he sank to the knees in a deep fissure, and rolled over with a tremendous crash, going several times head over heels before the impetus of his speed was exhausted. We both got up rather stunned, and I found myself lying twenty yards from my horse, with my hunting-cap driven into the earth, leaving a beautiful cast of its figure. The buck was out of sight, but I knew where he was making for; and, it being quite contrary to my principles to leave a poor wounded animal to die a lingering death, I *laid in* again till a glimpse of a distant herd assured me that my quarry was among them—for I had observed that a wounded antelope when pressed, always tries to join a herd—I could soon distinguish him by his lameness, and singling him out, I rattled him for about a mile over broken ground, when he became blown, and I speared him. He was a middle-sized buck, with horns of thirteen inches.

May 25th.—My brother's horse, "Merlin," performed a feat to-day, which I believe has never yet been accomplished by any horse in India —that of running down a full-grown buck antelope.

We were returning in a sulky mood after a long walk over the plain, having shot badly, and missed where we ought to have killed to a certainty. A fine buck had been leading us a long round without allowing us to get within range, and we had mounted with the intention of riding back to the tents. My brother's horse was in one of his fidgety moods, fretting and bucking like a goat, till at last he lost patience, and seeing the buck that had baffled us trotting along with a very supercilious air,

he gave "Merlin" his head, and laid into him out of pure devilry. The horse was always a speedy thing, and being now in racing condition, he pressed the buck so hard, that, after going a couple of miles, my brother conceived the idea of trying to ride him down, and began to run cunning, gaining all he could at every swerve the antelope made.

But I must describe the remainder of this remarkable chase in his own words.

"After the first two miles, I gained upon him rapidly. The antelope went less collected, his gallop lost its springy bound, and he began to turn short, his flanks heaving like a pair of bellows.

"I now felt that if I did not blow my horse I must kill him. Merlin was still fresh, and although his tail shook a little, he felt strong under me, and his stroke was nearly as quick as ever.

"Two to one against the buck! His tongue 'is out, and his tail wagging.'

"I took a hard pull at my horse's head, drove in the spurs, and pressing the antelope to do his best for a few yards further, I fairly burst him, and down he went with the spear through his heart.

"I confess I feel proud of my little horse, for having done what is generally considered impossible, and may never be done again; and it would require a long price now to tempt me to part with him. I must have blood for my fast work, and would rather ride a well-bred horse on three legs, than a brute without a heart that you may spur to death in a close-contested run, without getting an additional yard out of him.

"It is in the field that the indomitable courage of the true Arab shows itself; and when you find what the blood of your horse enables him to do, you learn to appreciate that undying spirit which marks the difference between the breeds of India and the Desert.

"R—— and I examined the buck carefully, and could discover nothing the matter with him, except a slight scar on one knee. He was a fine old buck, in high condition, with twenty-inch horns, and his having been ridden down by a single horse is one of those unaccountable things, which seldom happen twice in a lifetime."

From these extracts it will be seen that antelope-shooting, although looked upon as a second-rate sport in India, requires some skill and patience in the sportsman, and is by no means deficient in excitement, particularly when riding must be resorted to, to secure your game. The nature of the animal, as well as that of its haunts, and the long ranges at which you are obliged to shoot, render it particularly well adapted for displaying the beauties of the *grooved barrel* to advantage.

The long, clear, standing shots at antelope on a plain, are the most perfect that can be imagined. The unbroken level, leaving the outline of your mark so clearly defined against the sky—the means you possess of ascertaining the exact range of your shots—the repeated opportunities of retrieving misses—the ever-varying circumstances under which you fire—and the facility afforded by the nature of the ground for riding down and spearing a wounded animal,—all tend to render this a most enticing sport, for an enthusiast in rifle-shooting, like myself; and yet, with all these advantages, it falls far short, in my estimation, of the exciting sport of deer-stalking in the jungles.

But we have had quite enough of rifle-shooting for one chapter, and must reserve a description of this noble sport for some future opportunity.

Dharwar, May 15.—My brother and I were amusing ourselves during the heat of the day, by playing a rubber of billiards with the officers in the fort, when a breathless native rushed in, and announced a tiger, marked down within a mile of Dharwar.

The news spread like wildfire, and the cantonment presented the appearance of a disturbed nest of hornets. The proximity of the enemy induced every owner of a gun to turn out—military men and civilians, sportsmen and no sportsmen, all were under arms in a few minutes—rifles and smooth guns, blunderbusses, old muskets, and even horse-pistols were put in requisition; and one man, a hare-brained Irishman, who possessed no more deadly weapon, came forth, armed for the fray, with the butt-end of a billiard-cue.

We were soon at the ground, and having disposed ourselves upon trees and rocks, and other eminences, the beating commenced.

After a great deal of shouting, yelling, beating *tomtoms*, and other approved methods of rousing a tiger in the absence of an elephant or fireworks, something was observed to move in the *nullah* where the animal was said to be lying. The thickness of the tangled brushwood, and the darkness of the ravine prevented our distinguishing what it was, till a lash of its long tail in turning round the corner of a den, where it had taken refuge, proved it to be not a royal tiger, but a panther. There he was safe enough, although within five yards of twenty guns, for he clung to the shelter of the cave, and his growling alone marked his position.

It was in vain that the excited beaters pelted and shouted, and overwhelmed him with abuse, calling him "the son of an unchaste mother,"—"spitting on his beard,"—"defiling his father's grave," and daring him for an "unclean Caffer," to come forth and "eat bullets;" he was proof against foul language, and could not be induced to quit his stronghold.

Our patience was wellnigh exhausted, and the more pacific members of the party were for abandoning the enterprise, and leaving the sulky brute alone; others proposed sending off for fireworks; almost every one had a different plan to propose, when my brother, ever foremost in danger, cut the matter short, by springing from the tree on which he was seated, and announcing his determination of descending into the ravine and shooting the panther in his den. We, of course, remonstrated loudly against so foolhardy an attempt, and made use of every argument we could think of, to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain.

Before I could descend a tree, at some distance, and reach the spot, he had snatched a sword from one of the beaters, to clear his way through the tangled brushwood, and disappeared in the gloomy ravine.

I could distinctly hear the low, savage growl of the panther, and a certain impatient switching of the tail, which I too well knew denoted an inclination to charge. I was debating with myself, whether I should best serve my brother by following him into the ravine, or by remaining above, to cover him with my fire in the event of the animal springing

upon him, when a terrific roar rang in my ears—a shot was discharged in the bed of the ravine, and, through a cloud of smoke, the panther sprang out, so close to me as almost to knock me down,—while in the act of staggering backwards, I discharged both barrels of my rifle, but without effect.

By the time the panther had cleared the bushes, he was so directly in the line of our horses and horsekeepers, that no one could fire without running a great risk of hitting them—he was therefore allowed to go upwards of a hundred yards before a shot was discharged.

Then came a tremendous volley, and a shower of bullets knocked up the dust on every side of him; but the panther appeared untouched, and was bounding along with undiminished speed, when a single shot was discharged from behind me, and he rolled over, tearing up the earth with his teeth and claws.

How shall I describe my joy and gratitude, when, on turning round to ask who had fired the first successful shot, I confronted my beloved brother, whom I had given up for lost, standing like one risen from the dead, and grasping his discharged rifle, while a smile of triumph played round his pale but firm lips.

There was no time for words. A look, a warm pressure of the hand, assured me that all was well, and we rushed forward to despatch the wounded panther. The ball had passed through his loins, completely paralyzing his hind-quarters, so that although he still presented a formidable appearance, and made frantic efforts to reach us, he was no longer dangerous. He was accordingly quickly despatched, receiving his last blow from *the knight of the billiard-cue!!*

We had now time to hear my brother's account of his escape, and providential indeed it was. On descending into the ravine, he immediately discovered the panther's cave, the entrance to which was raised several feet above the ground, so as to be almost on a level with his head. He could hear the brute growling; but his eyes, dazzled by the glare of light above, had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to distinguish objects, when the panther, uttering a roar, sprang out in his face. He instinctively threw himself backwards to avoid the stroke of his paw, discharging one barrel of his rifle as he fell. The panther flew over him like a flash of lightning, and dashed up the opposite bank. And my brother, immediately recovering himself, scrambled out of the ravine just in time to administer the fatal shot before the brute was out of reach.

So much for good nerve, presence of mind, and coolness in the hour of danger.

It was with grateful hearts, and after having returned fervent thanks to the Almighty, that we retired that night to rest.

EPIGRAM

ON THE CHINESE TREATY.

Our wars are ended—foreign battles cease,—
Great Britain owns an universal peace;
And Queen Victoria triumphs over all,
Still "*Mistress of herself though China fall!*

T. H.

THE ADVERTISEMENT LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

The advertisement has long since become an independent department of literature, subject to its own canons of criticism, having its own laws of composition, and conducted by a class of writers, who though they *may* (we do not assert that they *do*) acknowledge their inferiority to the great historians, poets, or novelists of the day, would nevertheless consider themselves deeply injured were we to hesitate to admit them into the corporation of the "*gens de lettres.*"

A needy varlet, with his coat out of the elbows, accosted Garrick once upon a time, and to enforce his suit for relief reminded the great player that they had formerly acted together on the boards of old Drury. Garrick's memory was at fault, and he begged to know upon what occasion he had had that honour.

"Don't you recollect," answered the poor devil, "when you played *Hamlet*, I used to play the cock!"

In the same manner one of our professional advertisement-writers may be supposed to address such an author as Sir Edward Bulwer,

"When you wrote the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' it was I that puffed it in the ——— journal."

The advertisement-writer, however, claims kindred with genius of all sorts, and considers himself entitled to a share in the glory of all undertakings under the sun, from the Thames Tunnel to the manufacture of a razor-strop. In fact he is to the artist, or the shopkeeper, what Homer was to Achilles, Tasso to Godfrey, Camoens to Gama, or Milton to Cromwell. Without him, what would his strops avail a Mechi, his XX a Guinness, his pills a Cockle, his Chesterfields a Doudney, his locks a Chubb, or his envelopes a Stocken?

——— He knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can waft their name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

The advertisement literature of the day is therefore always worthy of some notice and record. Once a year, at least, it is well to glance at it, remark such changes as it may have undergone, and illustrate its actual state by a few random examples. Looking back over the registers of the past year, we observe in the first place a decline of poetry in the announcements of our merchants and traders. Few London shops appear at present to keep poets. Warren himself rarely treats us to an ode, and this scarcity of verse is the more surprising when we consider the enormous quantity of the commodity produced by the booksellers, the authors of most of which could not more appropriately employ their poetic powers than in singing the praises of spermaceti candles, or jet blacking.

Over-production is indeed nowhere more conspicuous than in the manufacture of rhymes. We trust the opening of the trade with China may afford a vent for this as well as other branches of our native industry, as it certainly will, if the people of the celestial empire stand as much in need of *fustian* as of broadcloth. We could spare "the central flowery land" a legion of bards, and where could that flowery fraternity—out of work at home—with even the doors of No. 20, Strand, closed against them,—more appropriately seek a Mecænas and a meal?

But if the spirit of song is dead in our trading circles,—if there has been in our shops a *counter*-revolution against the lady muses—we have the satisfaction of perceiving that no decline in prose composition is visible as yet in the same department. We are not going to quote George Robins; it is sufficiently gratifying to remark that the powers of this *capital* writer continue unimpaired, and that he still remains the undisputed head of his own department, and the greatest composer of an auction-bill in this or any other country. A few specimens of advertising genius in a lower degree will, however, be not amiss. We shall take them at random from a few newspapers that happen to lie on the table.

How promptly has the author of the following availed himself of the recent triumphs of the British arms in the East:

"THE CHINESE BAND MARCH, as performed on the glorious ratification of peace with Great Britain, concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger, with a splendid Lithographic frontispiece, containing a distant View of Nankin."

The anticipation here is a fine stroke of art, the peace in question not having been ratified up to the last advices from China. It reminds one of the brilliant hit made by Demades in Timon.

Dem.—Hear, my human Jupiter, the decree I have written concerning thee before the Areopagistes: "*Whereas Timon, a champion and wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympic games.*"

Tim.—But I ne'er saw the Olympic games.

Dem.—What of that? That makes no matter, *thou shalt see them hereafter.**

The tea-dealers, of course, consider China as their own property. Their organs are particularly eloquent just now. One has the following burst:

"The trade with Canton being now quite open, the public, who suffered so much by the late speculations, have *a right* to reap the full benefit of the present depression. *They shall reap it!*"

This is Demosthenic.

Another is rather Ciceronian, and expatiates more copiously on the same theme:

"The glorious news from the East is every where hailed with delight and gratitude. In consequence of the highly important announcement of peace with China, we take the earliest opportunity of making known to the public—that we have commenced selling all descriptions of tea much cheaper."

Our next specimen is no less than a discovery of a new species of liberty, for which the chartists and Miss Mary Anne Walker will, of course, be duly grateful:

"Morisonian Prizes for the three best Essays on *the Medical Liberty of the Subject.* For particulars apply to the *Medical Dissenter* office, &c.!"

We have long had political liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, commercial liberty, and now *medical liberty* is added to the number, so that there is reason to fear that liberty will become—a drug!

* Timon, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce. For the Shaksperian Society.

It appears we have a new charter to fight for, and a new "mountain nymph" to woo; we may free ourselves from magistrates and priests, we may shake off the yoke of corn lords or cotton lords, but slaves we shall be still, if we do not likewise emancipate ourselves from the doctors. One advantage in this last struggle is that *physical* force will be unobjectionable, as it is always fair to combat an enemy with his own weapons. We shall disarm the surgeons and slay them with their own lancets, and the best way to dispose of the druggists will be to drug them. "The medical liberty of the subject" will be a toast henceforward at public dinners; and a new toast was clearly wanting, for the public is heartily tired of "the people," "the wooden walls of England," and so forth.

The advertisements of the tailors and the upholstery warehouses during the past years have been more remarkable for their substantial philanthropy than the mere ornaments of style. The very spirit of Howard breathes in the announcement of the house that offers to transport "furniture and bedding, carriage-free, *regardless of distance*, to any part of the country." You may quarter yourself in the remotest fishing village in the Orkneys; it is all the same to this enterprising establishment, whose benevolence annihilates space, and would shake you down a feather-bed on the summit of Snowdon, before the ink was dry on your order. Probably in the word country they include the entire British empire, in which case their feeling and their furniture would cheerfully accompany you to the very island of Hong Kong, should you wish to visit that new settlement, and leave your card for Commissioner Lin.

The upholders, however, are not entirely forgetful of the graces of composition. We observe that the climax is a figure which they use with the best effect. Mark, how the epithets rise one above the other, in the following scale of prices. "Persons about to marry" are informed that

A 4 roomed house is furnished *completely* for 25*l.*
A 6 roomed house *elegantly* for 79*l.* ! !
A 10 roomed house *luxuriously* for 178*l.* ! ! !
A 12 roomed ditto SUPERBLY for 335*l.* ! ! ! !

The tailors also know how to combine classical taste with Christian charity.

"The Pancho Overcoat" is recommended as "the most classic garment introduced *since the Augustan era.*"

The modesty of the "*since*" will be observed. The "Pancho Overcoat" does not pretend to be *more classic* than the Roman toga.

Another tailoring proclamation manifests no desire but to save the public the income-tax. We suspect the government of having some hand in the advertisements of this class. What right has any man to grumble at paying the tax-gatherer, when he can compensate himself in five minutes, by purchasing a Chesterfield at a certain house in Lombard-street?

But commend us to the Dublin knights of the thimble for an attractive manifesto. A house of the immortal name of Guinness dazzles us with the offer of "a superfine coat made to order for 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*!" This promises to efface the glory of the XX.

The same Irish journal contains the following capital *double entendre*, for which we give the ingenious writer a great deal of credit:

"As Housekeeper, or would act as *Cook* and Housekeeper, a steady active Woman *of the Established Church*, who perfectly understands her business *in both capacities;* she is a good practical cook; understands soups, made dishes, confectionary in all its branches, breakfast-bread, marketing, and keeping *accounts;* also the fashionable mode of sending up dinner; has long and satisfactory discharges; can be highly recommended by the lady she has just left, in consequence of *a change in the establishment*, with whom she has lived nearly three years."

It has long been known that all good cooks in Ireland are of the Established Church, but the art here consists in making it doubtful whether the advertiser is more renowned for her soups than her sanctity. She "perfectly understands her business *in both capacities*," one capacity being culinary and the other religious. When we come to "a *good practical* cook," it occurred to us that it was possibly a mistake for "a good practical *Christian*." Her understanding of "accounts" obviously includes the long account to be settled with Heaven's chancery; and the "change in the establishment" alluded to, may be the influx of Puseyite doctrines, which, having some leaning to popery, no stanch Irish protestant cook could tolerate for a moment.

Amongst the beauties of pious advertisements we must also notice the two following, which, however, are not Irish:

"Gospel Stories for Children. An attempt to render the chief events of the life of our Saviour *intelligent* and profitable to young persons."

The charm of this is merely in the grammar. The next is to be admired for the profusion with which pious images are heaped together to fascinate good people, who may happen to be in want of a governess:

"A Lady of the Church of England, moving in the best religious society, *in a quiet cathedral town*, is desirous of superintending the education of two little girls under twelve years of age."

"Moving in the best religious society" is a phrase, we suspect, borrowed from society of another character; it marvellously resembles "moving in the fashionable world;" and probably the two societies are agreeably blended in the "quiet little cathedral town," which is exquisitely touching. What orthodox mother of two little girls under twelve would not exult in the prospect of having them educated in a "quiet cathedral town?" that is to say, a town blessed with a dean and chapter, and rejoicing in a troop of canons. All cathedral towns, however, are not particularly quiet. We may conclude that our governess does not reside at Canterbury, for example.

The "governess" advertisements continue as rich in beauties as ever. The following is exquisite:

"A Clergyman's Wife, who has two little girls of her own, and three pupils, wishes to receive from one to three more, who will *share her maternal care and be treated as parlour-boarders.*"

"Maternal care," and "parlour-boarders!"— the association of these two ideas is so indissolubly established in the public mind, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Squeers were introduced to our acquaintance! Suppose a mother were reported to treat her little daughters "as par-

lour-boarders," should we not strongly suspect her of being somewhat of a Brownrigg?

The determined effort that more than one "party" is now making in England to put down silver, has not been sufficiently attended to. We clearly do not live in a silver age, or, if we do, it is in a German silver age. The advertiser of German silver and Albata plate assure us that there is nothing so unsilvery as silver. "*Silver superseded*" meets our eye in capital letters wherever we turn. Real silver is denounced as spurious, and the counterfeit proclaimed to be the only genuine article. Thus write the panegyrists of the "Albata Plate:"

"SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals called nickel and German silver, supplanted by the introduction of a new and perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE, possessing *all the richness of silver* in appearance—with *all its durability and hardness* —with *its perfect sweetness in use*—undergoing as it does a chemical process, by which all that is nauseous in mixed metals is entirely extracted, resisting all acids, may be cleaned as silver, and is manufactured into every article for the table and sideboard."

But a writer in an adverse interest, goes further still:

"THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The celebrity of the rich and silvery appearance and extreme durability of the material made exclusively by ourselves, has induced many attempts to foist upon the public the notoriously deleterious German silver, under the guises of "Albata Plate," "Berlin Silver," &c. &c., against which we especially warn them. Aided by an eminent chemist, we have succeeded in purifying our material so that acids do not affect it; it is now so well known and appreciated that it is *universally superseding silver in all its uses*. *The genuine metal*, which is *more durable than silver*, can only be had at our warehouses."

Silver is exploded by common consent. The only question for the public is, whether the Albata plate, or the "perfect substitute," is the true thing. Our own opinion is, that people must be hard to please, if they are not satisfied with a "perfect substitute," particularly when they are informed on the authority of "an eminent chemist" that it is "the genuine metal," and "more durable than silver" itself. The government will, of course, insist upon being paid by the Chinese in German silver; we trust we are not about to be deluged with such a humbug as the real silver, which is good for nothing but the base uses to which Sir Thomas More tells us it is applied by the Utopians. The tradesman must have a great deal of brass who persists in recommending silver for forks and spoons, now that it is "universally" admitted that the old-fashioned precious metal is but a sorry *imitation* of the genuine German or Albata.

This reaction against silver will, no doubt, influence our forms of expression in many respects. Thus supposing an address to the Thames to be called for, we should commence thus:

Hail, German-silver Thames!

In a note, however, we should admonish the reader not to suppose that we meant the Rhine or the Danube.

An ode to the moon would begin somewhat after this fashion:

More bright than an Albata spoon,
Uprose the glorious moon!

or haply thus:

As through the vale I roamed with my *amata*,
The moon shone forth one blaze of pure Albata.

We are glad to get rid of the jingling phrase of "silver salver," but we must guard against the admission of one quite as bad—"sterlin' Berlin."

Orators must no longer be complimented on their silver accents. We shall talk in future of a German silver voice, meaning not a guttural articulation, but the most mellifluous of sounds.

"What a charming writer Mr. C—— is! Periods of German silver!"

"How harmoniously Mr. D—— declaims! His tones are perfectly Albata!"

We have many speakers and writers who deserve such compliments in the utmost strictness. Indeed, silver promises to be soon as completely "superseded" in our poetry and prose as in our plate. We are beginning to adopt the "perfect substitute" for the sounds of Milton and of Barrow; and there is particularly a rage for the German article.

Gold has not yet been attacked; but who can tell what may happen in the wondrous days we live in? Let Mammon look to himself; the silver column of his empire is shaken, and the next blow may be at the pillar of gold. There may soon be nothing golden left us but—mediocrity! We have been startled by the following announcement:

"CHEMIA ANTIQUA.—The philosophical experimentalist or other Pupil, paying an entrance fee of Two Hundred Guineas, may be inducted, by *a Professor of long experience and research*, in both the Ancient and Modern Chemical School, to the verification and profitable application of the Hermetic Science, successfully pursued by the adepto-chemical philosophers of the middle ages as a *source of progressive enrichment to the fortunate operator* in this mystical branch of Metallurgic Chemistry."

By this it appears that alchemy is still at work, and how do we know but that something as much superior to gold as the Albata plate is to silver, may come out of the crucible? To "gild refined gold" may become a common practice, instead of being the poetical type of idle superfluity. We may live to see gold treated as the "yellow dirt" that the divines (who, nevertheless, like to dabble in it) tell us that it is. There will be a new meaning for the phrase "beaten gold," when it is beaten out of the field altogether. Possibly we may live to see the streets paved with it, and the wooden octagons forgotten like the works of M'Adam. As "medical liberty" will be about the same time universally established, we shall not require even so much gold as would gild a pill. Yet at this we cannot help repining, the gilding of the pill is a process so necessary in this life of troubles, and the occasions requiring that judicious operation in moral pharmacy are of such daily recurrence. We shall carefully hoard up a little gold for this most important use; and indeed our alchemist seems desirous to do something of the same kind, for we observe that he proposes to accept a fee of two hundred guineas with each pupil who desires to recommence the *opus magnum* under his learned auspices. This fee does not appear at all exorbitant for an introduction to "a source of progressive enrichment to the fortunate operator;" but we would suggest a payment of the sum in German or Albata silver.

THE DEFAULTER.

"An Owre True Tale."

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. I.

——— Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hamlet.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little, sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

"Heaven knows," said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

"You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is?"

"To be sure. Look at the fireplace; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again."

"Yes, I have been watching him and kept count," interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official; "he has poked the fire nineteen times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again."

"I got him to change me a sovereign," said the dark Mr. Grimble, "and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty-one shillings for it. But look here at his entries," and he pointed to an open ledger on the desk, "he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red!"

The three clerks took a look a-piece at the book, and then a still longer look at each other. None of them spoke: but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flagelet, another frowning, as with a distracting headach, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.

"What can it be?" said Mr. Phipps.

"Let's ask him," suggested Mr. Trent.

"Better not," said Grimble, "you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day."

"What was it about?" inquired the junior.

"Why he has been married above a dozen years without having any children, and it was the usual thing with us, when he came of a

morning, to ask after the little Prymes,—but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up?"

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

"In the Secretary's private room. But hush! here he comes."

The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed and excited, and vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief. Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little, stout, bald, florid gentleman repaired to his own place. The *Morning Post*, damp and still unfolded, was lying on his desk: he took it up, dried it at the fire, and began to read—but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the *Post*—but quickly relinquished it—quite unable to fix his attention on the type—an incompetence perfectly astounding to the other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

"By Jove," whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grimble, whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, "he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger."

Mr. Grimble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had begun to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as hastily took it off again—thrust the *Morning Post* into the crown, and restored the beaver to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eye of Phipps—a suspicion that he was watched seemed to come across him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account-book—but with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a revery, only rousing now and then to take huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenlywaking up, he pulled out his watch—pored at it—held it up to his ear—replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off—if Mr. Grimble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke—but his laugh was forced, and his voice had the quavering huskiness of internal agitation.

"Ha! ha!—rather shaky—too much wine last night—eh, Mr. Grimble?"

The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly imitated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of intelligence, and resumed their labours: but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting-paper, in at least a score of places, the word EMBEZZLEMENT.

Chap. II.

"And do you really mean to say, Mr. Author, that so respectable a bald man had actually appropriated the public money?"

Heaven forbid, madam. My health is far too infirm, and my modesty much too delicate to allow me to undertake, offhand, the work of twelve men; and who sometimes are not strong enough, the whole team, to draw a correct inference. As yet, Mr. Pryme only labours under suspicion, and a very hard labour it is to be sentenced to before conviction. But permit me to ask, do you really associate baldness with respectability?

"Of course, sir. All bald men are respectable."

It is indeed a very general impression—so much so, that were I a criminal, and anxious to propitiate a Judge and Jury at my trial, I would have my head shaved beforehand as clean as a monk's. And yet it is a strange prepossession, that we should connect guilt with a fell of hair, and innocence with a bare sconce! Why, madam, why should we conceive a bald man to be less delinquent than another?

"I suppose, sir, because he has less for a *catch-pole* to lay hold of?"

Thank you, ma'am! The best reason I have heard for a prejudice in all my life!

Chap. III.

The little bald, florid man, in the mean time, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions—worrying the fire, trying on his hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and winking perpetually—now scurrying through folios—then drumming the devil's tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, had slashed half-a-dozen of them to pieces—when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary's room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grimble, who silently exhibited to them the shaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, where a pause of profound cogitation ensued; the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots—Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen—while Mr. Grimble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles, which exuded from the burning coals, with the point of the poker.

"It is very extraordinary!" at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

"Very," chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grimble silently turned his back on the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, "that whatever he might think, he would say nothing"—in case of any thing happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next, in point of seniority, for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

"You don't think he is going off, do you?" inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grimble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through—hemm'd—but said nothing.

"I mean off his head."

"Oh—I thought you meant off to America."

It was now Mr. Phipps's turn to look intently at Mr. Grimble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a Lavater.

"Why you surely don't mean to say—"

"I do."

"What that he has—"

"Yes."

"Is it possible!"

Mr. Grimble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-e-ew!

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

"Why then, Grimble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes."

Mr. Grimble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary's private room.

"Well, I should never have thought it!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps. "He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the Junior laughed again). I don't think he gambled, or had any connexion with the turf? To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley—or perhaps in the Discounting line."

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grimble responded with a negative shake of the head, or a doubtful shrug of the shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic "God knows!"

"But have you any proof of it?" asked Mr. Phipps.

"None whatever—not a particle. Only what I may call a strong—a *very* strong presentiment."

And as if to illustrate its strength, Mr. Grimble struck a blow with the poker that smashed a large Staffordshire coal into shivers.

"Then there may be nothing wrong after all!" suggested the good-natured Mr. Phipps. "And really Mr. Pryme has always seemed so respectable, so regular, and so correct in business—"

"So did Fauntleroy, and the rest of them;" muttered Mr.

Grimble, "or they would never have been trusted. However, it's a comfort to think that he has no children, and that the capital punishment for such offences has been abolished."

"I can hardly believe it!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps.

"My dear fellow," said the young clerk, "there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman."

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, and with his elbows on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appreciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him various services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations—in the station-house—at Bow-street—in Newgate—at the bar of the Old Baily—in a hulk—in a convict-ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved—and finally toiling in life-long labour in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Phipps himself became quite unhinged: his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathizing with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

Oh! that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return! But the hope was futile: the door opened—the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered—went to his own desk, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal, without perceiving that the book was upside down.

"Was there ever," thought Phipps, "such an infatuation! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet lingers about the fatal spot."

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known—to say to him, "Go!—Fly! ere it be too late! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent."

But, alas! the eyes of Grimble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern figure of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

Chap. IV.

"Gracious Goodness!" exclaims Female Sensibility, "and will the dear fresh-coloured bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay!"

My dear Miss—a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed—arraigned, convicted, and sentenced, Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed—hulked and

shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck, or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant!

"Dear me, how dreadful! And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of genteel habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage."

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives and do honour to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintance, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favour to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rushlight, in making shirts at three-halfpence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets and seams, but body and soul together: and perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated except those beyond the grave—

"What! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster!"

No, Miss—but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker of genteel habits and refined notions; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

"Oh, the abominable villain! And did he ruin himself as well as the poor lady?"

Totally.

"And was transported?"

Quite.

"What to Botany?"

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where he is condemned to live in a commodious Cottage Residence, with pleasure-ground and kitchen-garden annexed—capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds!

"Shameful! Scandalous!—why it's no punishment at all."

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants—English, Scotch, and Irish—who for no crime but poverty, are compelled to leave their native country—the homes and hearths of their childhood—the graves of their kindred—the land of their fathers, and to settle—if settling it may be called—in the houseless woods and wildernesses of a foreign clime.

"Oh, shocking! shocking! But if I was the government the wicked fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why shouldn't they be punished with passage money and grants

of land as well as the poor innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts?"

Ah! why, indeed, Miss—except—

"Except what, sir?"

Why, that Embezzlers and Swindlers, *by all accounts*, are such very bad *Settlers.*

Chap. V.

But Mr. Pryme?—

That little bald, florid, fidgety personage was still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsyturvy account-book—sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers—

Mr. Grimble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income-tax on a slip of office-paper—

Mr. Trent was dreaming over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness, at the Old Bailey—

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestined capture of the infatuated Cashier—when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by one of his involuntary motions, had upset his leaden inkstand—in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler—in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal—and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature already overwrought sufficed to discompose the last atom of its equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood and trembled as if shot—then snatching his hat, and clapping it "skow-wow anyhow," on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

"I say, Grimble," exclaimed the Junior Clerk—"it's a true bill!"

But Mr. Grimble was already outside the door, and, running down the stone-stairs into the hall, seized on the first office-messenger that offered.

"Here—Warren!—quick!—Run after Mr. Pryme—don't let him out of your sight—but watch where he goes to—and let me know."

Chap. VI.

Now according to the practice of the regular drama, which professes to represent the greater stage of the world, whenever a robber, murderer, or traitor has escaped, it is a rule for the theatrical policemen, constables, runners, guards, alguazils, sbirri, or gendarmes, to assemble and agree to *act in concert*—that is to say, by singing in chorus that the villain has bolted, and musically exhorting each other to "follow, follow, fol-de-rol-de-rol-O!" without a moment's delay. An arrangement perhaps very conducive to dramatic convenience and stage effect,

but certainly quite inconsistent with the usages of real life or the dictates of common or uncommon sense.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent, however, were not theatrical, so instead of joining in a trio or a catch, they first held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the Secretary, to whom they described the singular behaviour of Mr. Pryme.

"Very singular, indeed, said the Secretary. I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No—yes—no. And Mrs. Pryme? Yes—no—yes. In short, he did not seem to know what he was saying."

"Or doing," put in Mr. Trent. "He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe."

"With other acts," added Mr. Grimble, "the reverse of official."

"Tell him at once," whispered Mr. Trent.

"In short, sir," said Mr. Grimble, with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, "I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say, that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed."

"Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it."

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

"Short-necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know," continued the Secretary. "Poor fellow!"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say," repeated Mr. Grimble, "that I mean he has absconded."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets—"but no—it's impossible!" and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

"It's a true bill, sir," said the first, "he has bolted sure enough."

The other only shook his head.

"It's incredible!" said the Secretary. "Why, he was as steady as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work! Mr. Grimble, have you inspected his books?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, sir?"

"At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect any defalcation."

"Humph! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud?"

"None whatever, sir," replied Mr. Phipps.

"Except his absconding," added Mr. Grimble.

"Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act."

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severally pleased, displeased, and indifferent at the result of their audience.

"We may wait for him," grumbled Mr. Grimble, "till ten o'clock on doomsday."

At this moment the door reopened, and the Secretary put out his head.

"Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms!"

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confided to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the reappearance of the cashier.

Chap. VII.

"Well, Warren?"

"Well, Mr. Grimble, sir?"

The three clerks on returning to their office, had found the messenger at the door, and took him with them into the room.

"Well, I followed up Mr. Pryme, sir, and the first thing he did were to hail a cab."

"And where did he drive to?"

"To nowheres at all—coz why, afore the cab could pull round, off the stand, away he goes—that's Mr. Pryme—walking at the rate of five miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kep up with, straight home to his own house, number 9, where instid of double knocking at the door, he ring'd to be let in at the hairy bell.

"Very odd!" remarked Mr. Grimble.

"Well, he staid in the house a goodish while—as long as it might take him, like, to collect his porterble property and vallybles—when all at once out he comes, like a man with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he'd wore it up at the back like a curricle one."

"A clerical one—go on."

"Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without busting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowheres at all in the race, and in consekence pulled up."

"And which way did he run?"

"Why then, he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge."

"Ah, to get on board a steamer," said Mr. Grimble.

"Or into the river," suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr. Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

"You're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir," said the Messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk.

"There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becos he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants."

"The poor, wretched, misguided creature!"

"Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir—right over the senter harch? And what's wus, not leaving a rap behind him except his widder and five small little children, and the youngest on em's a suckin babby."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, "that Mr. Pryme is not a family man."

Chap. VIII.

Poor Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter. The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking-glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favourite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavour of the green-leaf—it turned the milk, and neutralized the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite out of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headach, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the meanwhile for the first strange time he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world. The company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him—by diverting his attention from the one dreadful thought and the one horrible image, that do what he would, kept rising up before him—sometimes like a shadow on the wall, sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantelpiece—and anon in the chiaro-oscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book which happened to be the second volume of "Lamb's Letters," and stumbled on the following ominous passage:

"*Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expatiated as he hath done.*"

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropt the book in horror, and falling on his knees with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him—even by stroke of sudden death to save him—from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid, but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants,—a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and maintenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, and whom by some mysterious but imperative

obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin's grand picture of the Deluge, and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and, alas! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly around it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born!

Chap. IX.

"And did Mr. Pryme really drown himself?"

My dear Felicia, if Female Curiosity had always access, as you have, to an author's sanctorum,—if she could stand or sit, as you can, at his elbow whilst composing his romances of real or unreal life,—if she might ask, as you do, at the beginning or in the middle of the plot, what is to be its *dénouement*—

"Well, sir, what then?"

Why, then, Messieurs Colburn, Saunders and Otley, Bull, Churton, and Newby—not forgetting A. K. Newman—might retire for good to their country boxes at Ponder's End, Leatherhead, and Balaam Hill, for there would be no more novels in three volumes. Nay, the authors themselves, serious and comic, both or neither, might retreat for ever into the Literary Almshouses, if there are any such places—for there would be no more articles of sixteen pages—and "to be continued"—in the magazines. All would be over with us, as with the Bourbons, could Female Curiosity thus foresee, as Talleyrand said, "Le commencement de la fin!"

"Well, but—if your story as you say is 'an owre true tale,' then Mr. Pryme must have been a real man—an actual living human being—and it is positive cruelty to keep one in suspense about his fate!"

Dearest!—the tale is undoubtedly true, and there was such a personage as Mr. Pryme—

"*Was!* Why then he did embezzle the money, and he did throw himself off Westminster Bridge? But had he really an illegitimate family? And did Mr. Phipps actually marry the widow according to his dream?"

Patience!—and you shall hear.

Chap. X.

The morrow came, and the Hour—but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office-fire—poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room

with his golden repeater in his hand—he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks. Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

"Not here yet?"

"Nor won't be," muttered Mr. Grimble.

"What odds will you lay about it?" whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

"The office-clock is rather fast," stammered out Mr. Phipps.

"No—it is exact by my time," said the Secretary, and he held out his watch for inspection.

"He was always punctual to a minute," observed Mr. Grimble.

"Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war—"

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches-pocket. Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk—Mr. Phipps stood stock-still, with his eyes and mouth wide open—while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said Mr. Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, "I am afraid that my—my—my ridiculous behaviour yesterday has caused you some—some—uneasiness—on my account."

No answer.

"The truth is—I was excessively anxious and nervous—and agitated—very agitated indeed!"

"Very," from Mr. Trent.

The little florid man coloured up till his round, shiny bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.

"The truth is—after so many disappointments—I did not like to mention the thing—the affair—till it was quite certain—till it was all over—for fear—for fear of being quizzed. The truth is—the truth is—"

"Take time," Mr. Pryme, said the Secretary.

"Why, then, sir—the truth is—after fifteen years—I'm a Father—a happy Father, sir—a fine chopping boy, gentlemen—and Mrs. P. is as charming—that's to say, as well—as can be expected!"

A VERY SO-SO CHARACTER.

"I TAKE it for granted," said Mrs. Wiggins, inquiring as to the character of a certain humble companion, "that she is temperate, conversible, and willing to make herself agreeable?"

"Quite," replied Mrs. Figgins. "Indeed, I never knew a young person *so so*ber, *so so*ciable, and *so so*licitous to please."

"ALL SORTS OF LITTLE ATTENTIONS."

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

MANAGER *(at rehearsal)*.—Now, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention.

WEWITZER.—So I do, sir, as little as I can.

JOE MILLER.

MAN is a *streaky* animal—fat vices and lean virtues.

One of our very leanest takes the shape of an anxiety to humour people's whims, and feed their vanity, and gratify that spirit of exaction which, when it once begins, never knows where to stop, by paying them all sorts of little attentions.

It may be said that social life is made up of them; that the exercise of the affections, the sympathies, the courtesies, is but the continual rendering of all sorts of little attentions. True; and animal life is but so many puffs of breath, as ocean is but so many drops of water, and the national debt so many half-farthings.

To set up as professor of the charities and affections by practising only the little attentions, is like paying off the debt a small coin or two at a time.

We are not to include in the catalogue of those who exact the little attentions, persons who are borne down by age and its infirmities. Here they are essential, and to be rendered with alacrity. The weak man feels the tide of life ebbing away, he begins almost to count the drops, and he requires hour by hour some token of kindness, some manifestation of sympathy, some proof that he is yet lingering among his kind, and not already the worm's perquisite ere the coffin comes. His potations of brandy have subsided into thin weak draughts, and he wants a relish to them. He has need of some good soul to remind him feelingly that it is time to take his gruel. The thought for him thus shown sweetens the tasteless cup. Small attentions are all that he is now capable of receiving. The hand that would aid his tottering steps must be very gentle—a strong service would overthrow what it intended to sustain.

But the not less common infirmities of disposition and temper are very different matters. We speak of persons who, with all their brisk, vigorous and conscious faculties upon them, imperatively demand that the faculties of others shall be perpetually racked to provide petty pleasures for them. Whosoever would possess the privilege of their friendship, their goodwill, their acquaintance, must be content to pay tribute; but that is not the worst of it—they must be content to be always at hand, and ready to pay, every minute, a small instalment of the full daily amount. The tribute is as nothing, compared with the mode of paying it.

There is no compounding with them by offering a huge service down, at a great personal sacrifice, in lieu of the little attentions. They are too independent to incur a large obligation. They simply require of you what seems to cost you nothing—all sorts of little attentions. In vain would you cut off a pound of your flesh to oblige them; they

merely desire to have it, just the "fiftieth part of one poor scruple" at a time—and you insult them by proposing to strip your breast, all at once, of a full pound avoirdupois.

The most restless, arbitrary and irritating of all duns are, proverbially, those whose accounts are despicably small. If the sum be hardly worth asking for, be sure that the creditor is terribly active and cruelly in earnest. The man who owes a good five thousand pounds is respectfully asked for it perhaps once in the year; but the forlorn wight who is indebted in the lawful sum of five shillings, is worried for it before he is up, and after he has gone to bed; as he goes out, and as he comes home; he is hunted from the first floor to the garret, and from the garret to the attic window of the next house: until, perchance, the persecuted debtor is driven to the desperate expedient of borrowing the five shillings,—and spending it at the public-house to comfort himself.

So with the debts of affection, of charity, and of courtesy which we all owe one to another. Those who have the heaviest claims upon us are slowest to assert them. If we owe to one a good round turn he does not go on persecuting us till we have accomplished it; the man whose friendship would be poorly requited by the sacrifice of our right hand, never once asks us to cut it off. But those to whom we are indebted only in the most trifling amounts, are duns the most indefatigable. The beggarly account must not be a minute overdue. Morality certainly requires a new Society for the Relief of Small Debtors.

Why did the amiable Fanny A., after an eternal constancy of six months, discard her devoted adorer, "the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best" of dragoon captains? No, not the discreetest, either. He was discarded because, although he had travelled a good hundred miles for the sole purpose of escorting her to a ball, he never once thought of getting her an ice until three minutes after she had secretly felt a desire for one; and she might have remained uniced (except about the heart) for three minutes longer, had she not resolutely demanded strawberry or cream, by remarking with great moral courage,

"It's rather warm!"

Why did the sensible, open-hearted Mr. B. forget to insert his nephew's name in his will, but because his nephew, lighting an Havannah and tossing the cigar-case on the table upon the help-yourself principle, omitted the verbal invitation, "Won't you try one?" Because too, when he arrived late at night in town, he went direct to an inn, instead of knocking the family out of their beds to inquire after their health, of which he had heard the day before. And because, when he had presided over the cod-fish at dinner, to the satisfaction of the guests, he left not an atom of the sound for his aunt, and not a vestige of the liver for his uncle.

Why does the pretty, frank-minded Mrs. C. complain (in all the confidential circles of society) of being wedded to a rough-mannered, harsh, unaffectionate man? Because her husband is seldom in readiness to hold her pet pup for five minutes while she rummages for her scents? Because he never pays her the compliment of asking her to accompany him to some place, whither, he knows, for some approved reason, she will decline going. Because, when he is totally ignorant of the merits, whether as respects make or material, of the new bonnet, he positively refuses, from that simple cause, to give any opinion. And because, when she has twice remarked, "How very fine the morning

is," he still sits reading on as though he did not hear her; until she rises with hurt feelings, and an offended yet forgiving air, saying,

"Well, I did think you would have asked me to take an airing!"

He then drops his book, and tells her that if he had only known she wished it, he would have proposed it with pleasure.

"But it is not now too late?"

Oh, yes it is.

"She could have no enjoyment in the gayest drive, the pleasantest walk, if it were not his choice, his proposal."

But he does not propose—there is nothing affectionate, nothing *attentive*, in his disposition.

Why does the philosopher D. rail at all womankind, as born fools who have no passion but for finery, and no ear but for fops? Simply because, while he was discoursing one night in a gay assembly upon the doctrine of Abstract Ideas, the lovely lady who sat next to him, permitted those sparkling sinners, her eyes, to rest for a few seconds admiringly on her new bracelet, and then gave up her little ears for several minutes to the fine manly voice of a handsome young singer pleading at the piano for her soul's pity, with

Love in her eyes sits playing.

And why did the great poet E., after having condescended to take up his abode for eight long months at Milk-and-Honey Hall, indulge himself by writing a libel upon its hospitable owner? Because, by some extraordinary omission, when he was at last taking his departure, he was not entreated to prolong his visit.

"It was not that I wanted to stop, or would have stopped," he explains; "but you know one expects these little attentions."

Why does Lady F. sneer at her friend the baronet as an underbred person, a creature with none but the lowest ideas, and one who borrows his cook from the Freemasons'-tavern? Because on a certain occasion he omitted to lead her ladyship down to dinner, and having first asked Lady G. what *she* thought of the new ballet, insolently addressed, in the second place, the same silly question to her! The man, as she protests, is incapable of paying proper attentions.

And why does good Mrs. H. treat poor J., her husband's particular intimate, with such marked coldness, endeavouring to exclude him from the family-board where he has ever been welcomed, and denouncing him as a monster without a heart, who would heave no sigh if they were all in their graves to-morrow? Because, as she declares, he chose, at that dreadful period when they all had the scarletina, to be out of town, sent no letter, came again on their recovery, and patted the children on the head, but without making a single inquiry into the particulars of their alarming illness, and even turning away, as she was beginning to expatiate upon the subject to a perfect stranger, to listen to some stupid details about the last tragedy, or the new tariff.

Why is K., the infallible prophet, so confident in his prediction that such-and-such a theatre will go to ruin, and how is it that he dilates with pleasure upon the certainty of its failure? It is because he did not succeed in securing a private box for his family, gratis, on a particular evening. He likes little attentions.

What is the secret of L.'s present opinion of M.'s genius—of its palpable decline—of the pitiable wreck of his mind, as manifested in his last new romance, which the rest of the world considers to be his masterpiece. The critic did not receive a presentation copy of the work until it had been published three weeks, and then he found that a rival's name had been complimentarily quoted at the head of one of the chapters, with no mention of his own.

"I have read every line that man has written," is his complaint, "I have spent many happy nights and days feasting upon the compositions he has sent me, but I observe he rarely pays me any little attentions in return!"

Why, moreover, does the plain-faced, plain-mannered merchant N., keep his veteran clerk, poor old O., at such constant drudgery, on such niggardly pay, while the youngsters around him get sly presents, good-humoured pinches of the ear, and hints of pensions to come? Because, long years since, on first entering into his service, O. happened to take the plain man at his word. Squeezing himself respectfully into a corner to let the merchant pass, offering at the same time to take his wet umbrella and to hang up his hat, the little attentions of the clerk were rebuked.

"Never mind me," said the plain man, "don't waste time in compliment."

And from that moment O. stuck to business. He never dropped his busy pen to put a stray pair of gloves of his master's into the right-hand pocket of the great-coat, or to set out a dripping umbrella that it might be in readiness at four. He never jumped from his high stool to open the counting-house door for the plain merchant, nor sprang after him to the step of his gig to hand the brown-paper parcel, running back to the inner room to see whether the clear-sighted man had not left his spectacles. He never deserted his duty for an instant to peep needlessly at his master's fire on a raw day, or to snuff his candles on a dark one, or to hang his damp gaiters on the fender, or to shut the door when he had the rheumatism, or to move a packet of goods which was *not* in his way, or to volunteer the information that his watch was a minute too fast by St. Paul's. He fulfilled the injunctions of the plain man, and never paid him any little attentions. He only paid attention to the plain man's business.

But poor O. made a great mistake when he took his master at his word. The plain, proud merchant N. did not at all relish the omission of the flattering personalities. Secretly, he never begrudged the time lost to business in the act of lifting the hat, and making a respectful bow, and squeezing into a corner to make way for the hereditary lord of many ledgers. The great passion of his heart was a love of the little attentions. He never understood an act of high devotion, and he was the better able, not indeed to comprehend, but to feel the convenience, of the low servilities.

The plain man never liked any body the better, but every body the worse, for assenting to his own proposition, and recognising his plainness. He would allow nobody to treat him with profound deference and respect, without a protest against the vanity of such customs, and the ruinous waste of time spent in empty compliments; but he never

forgave any one who hesitated to fly in the teeth of his injunctions, and pay court to him against his will. He demanded, first, that you should give him credit for sincerity, and then he required that you should act as if he were insincere. All sorts of little attentions he must have—together with a reputation for despising them.

And wherefore do P., Q., and R., play in some shape or other the same small game. Generally because the little, in every sense, best suits their natures. It is because they mistrust themselves that they would mislead others; because they doubt the strength of their more permanent claims to respect, and feel that they must snatch at any tokens of estimation, any triumphs of self-importance, which occasion may offer. Like beggars, they must not be choosers, but take what they can get. Theirs is the excitement which the actor craves; the time must bring with it its own zest. It is not the applause of the general public, still less that of posterity, least of all perhaps that which their own matured and self-satisfying judgment would most approve—it is not this that they take the trouble to seek—but simply the applause of the scanty audience around them, the false, fleeting tribute of a few barren spectators. They never feel sure, scarcely can they believe, that their position and character are recognised, unless they can elicit these audible and visible signs of their influence. Seldom are men so little as when they live only for little attentions.

But what are those who pay the tribute? Insignificant enough; yet the slave is sometimes more respectable than the tyrant.

There are among them tolerably harmless fellows. These are the Mr. Fiddle-faddles of this world. They always make what are called excellent husbands, pattern Benedicks; that is, they call their wives "My dear," and fly to help them on with their shawls. When the lady merely glances across the room, they whisper "can I get you any thing, love?" and they create in her ten thousand whims, by tenderly imagining as many interesting wants for her. They are always planning some little surprises, to please, as they say, but in reality to spoil her; and as often as she has a headach from over-indulgence, they are heart-broken.

Then there are the bachelor Fiddle-faddles, who pass their evenings at the elbows of singing ladies, turning the music page over just at the right time; who are always ready to set the candles right for any one who is looking over engravings; and who never saw a cup of coffee in their lives that they did not wish to offer it to somebody.

"Say what you will," their maxim runs, "people like these little attentions."

They are generally happy in the good fortune of having procured a sixpenny view of Dorchester, to give to somebody who has lately been there; and they have always ready for use a rather unhackneyed passage from Moore to copy into the album of some charming woman who happened curiously enough to say she admired him. Of course they are so attentive as to remember that little miss had a shocking cough, and they are lucky enough to have a new and improved lozenge, which they beg to be permitted to administer; and when it has almost choked the child, mamma cries,

"How very attentive!"

They have a penknife in the waistcoat-pocket, which is promptly

drawn forth, and very much at the service of the gentleman who is writing; and probably they have some such abomination as a cigar-holder to proffer, most obligingly, to the astounded and disdainful smoker. Not that they are always so discriminating as to proffer their service where there is an apparent chance of its being acceptable; for in the absence of the right article, rather than not pay any attentions at all, they would offer the cigar-holder to the gentleman who needs a penknife. Most likely they carry a silver pen, which, when they have prevailed upon some victim to use it, splashes the paper all over, or cuts its way to the next sheet.

One of the many varieties of human kind addicted to the practice of the small-attentions, comes in the likeness of a young lady (turned twenty-one), who, having had no "offer" hitherto, thinks it time to acquire a reputation for being extremely agreeable and obliging, with the character of one who would make the best wife in the world." What pains she will take to please every body around her! What an amiable, polite, smiling slavery is hers! What multitudes of pretty trifles which you don't want will she make you a present of! What hourly inconvenience will she occasion you, by setting your writing-table in order, and stowing away your books, and arranging with success your familiar disarrangements. Beseech her not to trouble herself—she will work twice as hard, and do double damage. Employ whom you will upon any little errand about the house, and she will snatch the commission out of their hands. She *must* be *so* obliging. Let us pray that this will not, in regular process, lapse into downright sycophancy and toadyism;—for the sake of the ill-fated young gentleman of nineteen, who, innocently admiring the unwearied amiability, offers her one or two little attentions in return; which, being regarded upon her part as an explicit declaration, involve upon his the immediate forfeiture of his hand. The little attentions here indicated are, with all the dangers attending them, so well understood, as to require no description.

But all this is mere idleness and comparatively innocent folly. It is sometimes a little intrusive and presumptuous, but while we laugh we can pardon. It at least indicates a desire to please; and gives promise, perhaps, that the professor of small attentions would really do somebody a positive kindness now and then, if he knew how to set about it. It is less hurtful to others than to himself, whose energies both of heart and mind it saps, with a fearful and a sure rapidity; until whatever is redeeming in his busy concern about insignificancies—the wish to diffuse pleasure—becomes a mere silly habit without a motive; the mechanical trick loses its grace, the emptiness of the over-acted courtesy is seen; and the truth comes out, that life has been absurdly trifled away, in vain and restless impotence, as though it were but wreaths of vapour.

"The worst remains behind." It is when this idle habit of offering to all sorts of people "all sorts of little attentions," degenerates into that, to which it at least indirectly leads, the practice of the deliberate and conscious Parasite: that "fawning parasite" whose image, although seen in miniature daily without a shudder, impresses itself upon the imagination as the most supple, crawling, and repulsive of all shapes known to it. Exhaust the catalogue of crimes recognised by the law—track the fiery and desolating course of the vilest passions, and then

judge them, without the slightest extenuation on the score of tempted human weakness, by the havoc they have made, the ruin they have effected—and still there is one crime, one propensity remaining, that looks blackest and most loathsome of all.

The "fawning parasite" is a picture, which, in consummate and ineffable meanness, in the degradation that has nothing of the redeeming in it even by association, places human nature at the worst. We know, by that sign, the most servile and sickening form that unmanliness can take. We know that the last stage of the despicable, the utmost bitterness of honest disdain, has been attained, when we behold in that abject thing our own likeness. We can wander no further from the uprightness and the sincerity which are the two wings of the world, wafting it heavenward. We have found the lowest level when we have found out that.

A sign of the intolerable repulsiveness of this character is seen in the fact that it has never yet been fully drawn. Fearful glimpses of it we have had, but it has not been any where worked out as all wickedness beside has been. Men can bear to paint and contemplate the other vices to which they are liable; but the depravity here is too horribly mean and unsightly—they have thrown a veil over it by common consent. Villany of all degrees is tolerated upon the stage, and viewed with curiosity; the spectacle raises various feelings of sympathy or disgust, but it is beheld patiently, and seen to an end. The delineation of the Parasite, at full length, would be hooted off the boards—it could not be endured for half an hour.

Let nothing we have herein said relating to those many "little attentions" which, insincerely offered, although not traceable to a deliberate and detestable deceit—which, if prompted only by a spirit of officiousness or vanity, still lead on indirectly to this dark and ruinous abyss—let nothing "herein contained" be misconstrued into a contempt for those trivial causes from which great events proverbially spring. When Cæsar muffled up his face, death looking out of it, as he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, the action seemed trivial; and yet how grand it is, and with what dignity it invests the fall of the conqueror. When Nelson, while the engagement was yet raging, rejected the proffered wafer, and waited, though in hot haste, for wax to seal the letter, the point of distinction appears small, but how great the foresight, and how incalculable the consequences associable with it. So in a hundred memorable instances. Assuredly there are "little attentions" which are of great importance.

A REFLECTION

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Those Evening Bells—those Evening Bells!"
How sweet they used to be, and dear!
When full of all that Hope foretels,
Their voice proclaim'd the new-born Year!

But, ah! much sadder now I feel,
To hear that old melodious chime,
Recalling only how a *Peel*
Has tax'd *the comings-in of Time!*

T. H.

GRANADA.

BY THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

What shore is that, whose spicy gale
Comes sweetly o'er the waves to me,
Whose many a mount, and sunny dale,
With green and orange gird the sea,
Whose swarthy sons and night-eyed daughters
Come gliding round our bark of war
In boats that birdlike wing the waters,
And tinkle music faint and far?
All grave and strange the people seem,
But glad the clime of their abiding;
And bright and glowing as a dream,
After a day of happy tiding.

And when our armed decks they pace
How dulcet sounds the foreign tongue
Of these dark women, and what grace
In inky veil is o'er them flung!

It is the clime of southern Spain,
Granada's hills the sun is gilding,
With many a river, wood, and plain,
And town and tower of paynim building.

It is the scene of song and story,
The very realm of dim romance,
Of spell, adventure, love, and glory,
Of javelin and broken lance.

And children of the blended races
Are these—of orient Araby
And proud Castile—speaks in their faces
The mingled blood all glowingly.

Then haste thee, come my little friend,
My own adopted, let's ashore,
On steeds of Barbary we'll wend
By every scene of olden lore.

Far over this enchanted land
On fleetest foot we'll lightly scour,
And drink from dark-eyed maiden's hand
At convent eld, or Moorish bower.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, HIS COURT AND TIMES.*

In the first and second volumes of this work, the author traced, with infinite care, and by the aid of an unprecedented command of materials and resources, the early character and career of Frederick, from infancy to the vigour of manhood. The reader has accompanied him (with all the excitement of a high-souled romance, yet all the deepened feeling which truth alone can engender) through the trials and perils of early youth, into the gay circle of pleasure-loving associates, and seen him, like our fifth Henry, when summoned to the throne of his father, renouncing the gaieties in which he had before delighted, and devoting himself, body and soul, to the arduous duties of his high vocation. His predecessors, in his great office, had bequeathed to him a legacy of deep wrongs to be deeply resented; and he more than fulfilled their anticipations, by tearing from the offending power that flourishing province which may justly be called the fairest jewel in the crown of Prussia. In this case, vengeance was justice; and, till Frederick had accomplished it, he left the minor interests of the state to the more than questionable condition in which he found them. But no sooner did Peace enable the conqueror of Silesia to sheath the sword, than we find him applying all the energies of his extraordinary mind to the improvement of the condition of his subjects, and to the encouragement of arts, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, and all those branches of industry upon which the prosperity of States is founded.

Jealous of the increasing importance given to the Prussian monarchy by its new ruler, the great powers of the continent leagued together with the intention of dividing its principal provinces among them; and Frederick was again called upon to quit his peaceful pursuits, and to place himself at the head of his armies, which, after, all was the true scene of this monarch's greatness.

The Seven Years' War commenced, and with the history of that extraordinary contest opens the present portion of this work. It occupies the whole of the third volume; but the author has not confined himself to military details, but has been careful to preserve all those personal incidents and traits which tend to throw light on the motives, character, and sentiments of the warrior-king during this the most trying period of his life. With him it was a struggle not merely for royalty, but for existence—a war waged with the fixed determination not to survive captivity, and not to surrender a single foot of territory. Undaunted by the overwhelming superiority of the force which he had to oppose, though often reduced by his reverses to the brink of despair, he contrived, by fortitude, perseverance, energy, decision, and promptness, to bring this war to a triumphant termination. It was undertaken not for conquest, but to resist aggression: in this object the royal hero

* Frederick the Great, his Court and Times. Edited (with an Introduction), by Thomas Campbell, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.

was completely successful; and, if he gained no material advantage, no accession of territory and of power, by a war and by victories till then unparalleled in Europe, he surrounded himself at least with a halo of military glory and with a moral force which proved a safeguard against further attacks.

The fourth and concluding volume exhibits Frederick's unwearied efforts, during the latter half of his long reign, to promote the welfare and prosperity of his country, and his rigid attention to every department of the administration. It relates the public transactions in which he was engaged during the same period; the share which he took in the first partition of Poland, which, if it cannot be justified, is in some degree to be excused; his generous interference in behalf of Bavaria, when at the age of sixty-eight he hesitated not to take the field once more, to rescue that State from the grasp of her greedy neighbour; and his solicitude, even in the last year of his life, to raise, in a confederation of German princes, an effective barrier against the ambitious designs of Austria.

But by far the larger portion of this volume relates to Frederick himself; and for this reason it will, no doubt, have far greater attraction for the general reader. It exhibits his particular opinions on the highest and most important topics of moral and intellectual consideration: on religion, on his views concerning which so much misconception has generally prevailed; on education; and on the literature of his country. It exhibits his conduct towards his officers and his soldiers; towards his relatives, his friends, and his servants; towards the highest and the meanest of his subjects; and, in the numerous anecdotes of his affection, his kindliness, his affability, his humanity, nay, his very eccentricities, it furnishes a ready explanation of the secret of that universal enthusiasm for his person which perhaps no monarch ever excited in an equal degree. Perfection is not the lot of human nature; and Frederick had his failings; nor has it been attempted to conceal or to palliate them in these pages—or the picture would not have possessed that interest and moral value which it now does beyond most others of its kind that are extant. But the truth is, that the sternness of the sovereign and of the hero was so tempered by the "milk of human kindness" that Frederick needs no apologist.

It may be thought by some that the writer has dwelt rather too long on the king's increasing infirmities, and on that illness which terminated his glorious life. But the last days, the last moments, of a great man —and Frederick was GREAT in every sense of the word—are peculiarly interesting. His solicitude for the welfare of his people, and his anxiety to fulfil the duties which he imposed upon himself till his latest breath, are more than touching;—they present a picture of the true "beauteous and sublime of human life."

In conclusion, we must say that the work is more pregnant with social, moral, and political interest than almost any other of its class that can be named, and that it cannot fail to take a permanent place in our historical literature, accordingly; while, as mere desultory reading, there is nothing of recent date that can compete with it.

COLLEGE LIFE.*

THE portion of this work which appeared in our own pages could not have failed to give the reader a desire to know more of it, even if the name of "Peter Priggins" did not secure for it a universal interest among the lovers of humour, character, and drollery. Not that it bears much resemblance to the lucubrations of that worthy, except in its inexhaustible fund of character, anecdote, incident, and action, and in the fact of its being devoted chiefly to "College Life," the social records of which this clever and original writer seems determined shall no longer remain a sealed book. And he is quite right; for though his fearless exposures (especially those in his first work) must excite no little alarm and scandal in the minds of those stately "authorities" to whom they will (we are bound to believe) be as new as they will to nine-tenths of the world besides, it is difficult to suppose they can fail to bring about a reform of those abuses which argument and remonstrance might have failed to reach. In fact, when our comic and satirical writers discover (in virtue of being bred up among them) that the solemn cloisters of Oxford and of Cambridge are no less fertile in scenes of low vice than the back slums of St. Giles's, the Heads of Houses will doubtless think it time that *they* should make the discovery, too. In the interim, the readers of "College Life" will find it an infinitely superior book to its predecessor, "Peter Priggins," in all points of view, but especially in that of its scenes and characters being for the most part taken from higher grades of the "life" which it professes to depict. The fun of "Peter Priggins," though it contained "no offence i'the world," was of too boisterous and rollicking a character to find much favour in female eyes; whereas, in the present work there is not merely an absence of those features which it was deemed necessary, for the sake of *keeping*, to hand over to the pencil of the "College Scout and Bedmaker,"—but most of the relations (which are in the present case assigned to the worthy Mr. Fortescue Frumpleigh, M.A., as the result of his observations and annotations on "College Life" during a year's service of the office of senior proctor) have a sustained interest, and a strength and substance of material, that enable them to take their place as regular works of fiction; while the broad humour of their general tone and style will command for them the same class of readers whose favour gave so extensive and immediate a popularity to their predecessors from the less polite pen of Mr. Peter Priggins.

The tales which form the staple of these volumes are at once lightened, varied, and held together by a subsidiary narrative which is perhaps the most humorous and entertaining portion of the work;—probably because it is that portion which the author has written with the most gusto, and the least restraint upon his fancy and inclination. Among the regular narratives, by far the best is that which occupies the largest space—more than a third of the whole work. It is called "The Drama of Real Life," and fully answers to its title, both in its strong and sterling *reality*, and in the *dramatic* skill with which its chief scenes are

* College Life; or, the Proctor's Note-book. By J. Hewlett, M.A., Author of "Peter Priggins." 3 vols.

constructed. The humorous portions of the tale are, as might be expected, by far the most effective, and we cannot help thinking that several of them are at least equal to the average of those left us by that great humorist who first introduced this his worthy pupil and protégé to the world: for though nothing can be more his own than the style of "Peter Priggins," it can scarcely be doubted that it is founded on that of Theodore Hook. The scenes between Voluble, Octavus Thrillington, and Hamlet Luckless, on their coming up late at night, after "the long,"—the latter a modest freshman, and the other two, regular larking, knowing, practical-joking undergraduates,—those in which Thrillington shows the college "lions" to his simple friend—the subsequent ones at Thrillington Manor, particularly that including the E. E. L. A. O. yeomanry of the county—show an observation of life, and a dramatic grasp of character and situation, which point strongly towards the stage; and it is evident the writer himself feels a lurking inclination towards that direction for his talents, for his third volume opens with a regular drama (incidental to the story) which is so good of its kind, that it will probably find its way to the London stage as soon as these volumes become generally known.

The first regular story in the third volume, is one which will excite peculiar interest, on account of its being evidently a true sketch of the career of a poor scholar's successful "struggle for fame." The parties depicted may be guessed at by the following passage: "If you can gain access some day during the sittings of Parliament to the House of Lords, do so. Stand behind the bar, or in the gallery, and cast your eyes on the benches to the right of the throne; they are the seats appropriated to the Bishops, as lords spiritual and temporal. You may observe a tall, pale, prelate, with a benevolent countenance, and an eye beaming with talent; that tall pale man *was* James Pauperly, the poor exhibitioner of —— Hall, Oxford. Now he is James, by divine permission Lord Bishop of ——. The noble lord who has just crossed the house and is shaking hands with him is Baron ——; *he* was Ploddington of Ch. Ch.—he sits as a retired judge."

These volumes will increase rather than diminish the popularity so rapidly earned by their clever author—now for the first time publicly known as Mr. J. Hewlett, M. A., late of Worcester College, Oxford.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.*

Numerous as have been the works we have read since the perusal of "The Gipsies of Spain," the powerful impression made by that singular work, has suffered but little. We still retain almost as vividly as at first, the striking pictures of human life under a new aspect, which the author there presented to us, and can readily recall to mind the various picturesque groups and characteristic portraits which they contained. And long will it be before the traces of the dusky Zincali and their

* The Bible in Spain; or, the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonment of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By George Borrow, Author of "The Gipsies of Spain." 3 vols.

dark doings, their strange habits, and curious speech, as they exist in Mr. Borrow's faithful pages, fade from our remembrance. It was therefore with an anticipation of much gratification we saw the announcement of a new production from the same source. Nor have we in the slightest degree been deceived. The reader unacquainted with the originality of the author might expect from a work bearing the title of "The Bible in Spain," nothing more than the commonplace journal of a sectarian.

We have read Missionary adventures and descriptions in no small number, and although impressed with the piety of the writer, we seldom failed to be equally so with their want of general information, their contracted views, and narrow prejudices; but the person whom the British and Foreign Bible Society wisely selected to advance their objects in the Peninsula, was a man of a totally different stamp; his intellect, of no common order originally, had been greatly improved by the most familiar communication, by means of travel, with people of various countries, and in addition to extraordinary powers as a linguist, he added accomplishments likely to give him great influence among the class to whom his mission was directed. He was a perfect horseman—could scientifically shoe his own steed, when blacksmiths were scarce; and when farriers were not to be had, doctor him as well as any member of the veterinary college, and could bring the most intractable animal to obedience by the employment of that curious process practised in a part of Ireland by people called "Whisperers." These are not exactly evangelical gifts it must be allowed; but amongst the lower classes of Spain, an apostle of six feet two, excelling in matters the excellence of which they could both judge and appreciate, was sure of finding an attentive audience. And so it proved, for whether among the gipsies in the dark forests, or the scum of the metropolis collected in its jails, Mr. Borrow was certain of being listened to with respect. We regret that we cannot follow him throughout his adventurous career to awaken the populace of the most bigoted and ignorant country in Christendom to a proper perception of the light of the gospel; we can however most safely say that the scenes and characters among which he moved are as amusing as the best pages of Le Sage.

Although persecuted with the fiercest intolerance by all that is contemptible in the priesthood of Spain, he bears honourable testimony of the worth of several of its members whom he beheld under more favourable circumstances. He is certainly no admirer of the pope—witness the very amusing manner in which he occasionally addresses him, but with an absence of prejudice that does him great honour. He seems ever ready to bear witness to any thing estimable that came under his observation belonging to the Roman Catholic religion. We cordially recommend the reader to these entertaining volumes, fully convinced that he will be particularly gratified in making the acquaintance of the admirable Maria Diaz and her excellent husband—of the no less devoted Joanna Correa—of the cracked treasure-seeker, Benedict Mol—of the eccentric Antonio, the Greek—or his less creditable namesake, the wandering gipsy—or the braggadocio Balthazar of the nationals of Madrid—or fifty more equally curious and interesting personages in their several ways, whose society he will there enjoy. We hope he has not exhausted his reminiscences of travel. We should be glad to echo Baron Taylor—one of the numerous originals to whom he has introduced us—who, as the author

states, "whenever he descries me, whether in the street or the desert, the brilliant ball, or amongst Bedouin baimas, at Novogorod, or Stambul, he flings up his arms and exclaims, 'O ciel! I have again the felicity of seeing my cherished and most respectable Borrow!'"

A YACHT VOYAGE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.*

These light and agreeable volumes narrate, in the form of a journal, the events and observations made by their writer, Lady Grosvenor during a yacht voyage in the Mediterranean, and its incidental land journeys, commenced in the autumn of 1840, and continued through nearly the whole of the subsequent year. A voyage and journeys of this nature, performed with all the appliances and facilities which wealth and station command, was not likely to be diversified by many "hair-breadth 'scapes," either "by flood or field," and the present volumes do not disappoint the reasonable reader's expectations in these particulars. But a year so passed, by such a company (consisting of Lord and Lady Grosvenor, and four of their children, attended only by a maid and a male servant), could not fail to furnish matter full of interest and entertainment, and the records of which, as here prepared and given to the world, will be found to reflect much of that interest and entertainment, without that serious cost of personal *désagrémens* which must ever attend such an undertaking, even in the most favourable circumstances.

As the travellers staid but a very brief period in the various countries and scenes they visited, we have, of course, no elaborate accounts even of the most note-worthy places and objects. But we have that which, for all purposes but those of dry information and study is much better—the easy and off-hand remarks and personal impressions of an intelligent and cultivated woman, put down probably in the very words in which they were expressed during her daily conversation with her family or in her letters to friends at home. At all events good sense, good feeling, and absence of all affectation mark them throughout, and render the volumes as pleasing as they will be found useful and valuable to future travellers over the same inviting and interesting ground. The chief places visited are, Lisbon and its environs; Cadiz; thence by steamer up the Guadalquivir to Seville; returning to Cadiz for the purpose of visiting the Moorish city of Tangier; from Tangier to Gibraltar, and thence through Malaga to Granada, and all the wonders and beauties of the Alhambra. The next place of peculiar interest visited by our travellers was that which has recently so absorbed public attention and curiosity—the city of Barcelona, whence they took yacht again to Naples, visiting Majorca by the way. During the remainder of the spring the party visited the principal cities of Sicily and the south of Italy, and then took their departure for Greece. About a fortnight sufficed for a mere passing glance at some of the beauties of Attica and the islands, and on the 16thof May they found themselves in the Bosphorus. The remainder of the first volume and the opening of

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* Narrative of a Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean during the years 1840-1. 2 vols.

the second, are devoted to the impressions received from the "sights" of Constantinople. Here the party remained till June 20th, when they again started for Smyrna, and subsequently made a more lengthened stay in Greece, a period of the narrative which affords a large fund of entertainment, plainly but most pleasingly conveyed. Malta is subsequently visited, Sicily revisited, and our travellers reached England on the 10th of November, 1841, having been absent rather more than a year, almost every day of which may be said to have been passed in travel.

The journal is written throughout in an easy and lady-like style, and the remarks and observations are always characterized by good taste, good temper, and good feeling. The volumes are illustrated by a large number of very pretty lithographic views; and the publication is altogether a pleasing addition to the light literature of the day.

As a specimen of Lady Grosvenor's style, we shall give her relation of an extraordinary incident in the romance of real life, which occurred only a few days before she visited the spot—a village near Malaya.

A party of soldiers coming in one evening, one of them requested to be billeted on a particular house, which was granted. The terms of the billet being to provide him with lodging, but not with food, he gave the woman of the house a dollar to procure him supper, another for his bed, and gave her besides a bag of dollars to take care of for him till the morning. The woman, struck with his wealth, suggested to her husband when he came home from his work, the not unusual proceeding of murdering the soldier in the night, and taking possession of all he had. The man refused, saying he would have no hand in such a business, and desired her to think no more of it, and early in the morning went out as usual to his work. In going along he met some of his neighbours, who congratulated him on his son's return home after so long an absence, and particularly on his being settled in his own house. He could not at first comprehend what they meant; but at last it struck him that the soldier who had arrived the night before, must be his son, who had been absent for fifteen years in the army, and had therefore not been recognised. His wife's proposal then flashed across his mind, and he hurried home with a dreadful foreboding of what he might find, and in truth he arrived too late! The wretched woman had already murdered the weary soldier in his sleep, who proved to be her own son, and who had desired to be billeted on his parents' house, intending to surprise them next morning; and having met some of the neighbours in the evening, had told them the secret of his return. Both father and mother were in prison at Malaya at the time we were there.

POETRY FOR THE MILLION.*

Ever since Mr. Wakley declared in Parliament that he could write Poetry "*by the mile*," it has been a matter of wonder and speculation with us, what became of his wholesale effusions. Did he compose at *three-mile heats* for the *League*—who, however, have published none of his rhyming addresses. Or, invoking the nine, did he manufacture poetical *clothes-lines* for Moses, the cheap tailor? Or were those his Long Measure verses retailed by the itinerant ballad-mongers at one penny *a-yard?* Above all, did he manufacture all or any of those anonymous volumes of Lays, which encumber the tables of reviewers and the shelves of the Row?

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* Poetry for the Million. By an M.P. Edited by Peter Priggins.

This last question has partially been solved. If there be any truth in Prefaces, the M.P. has perpetrated at least one little book which has just appeared under the editorial auspices of a writer well known as having distinguished himself in the Oxford *Blues*. Through the politeness of the gentleman we suspect, and not that of the M.P., we possess a Right to a copy; but our limits compel us to give the briefest, not the best sample, it contains of the powers of the Laurel Crowner.

TO BETTY.

Metr. Iambic. dim. acat. terti. et sext. Iamb. monomaniac. hyper-cat.

Styl. W. W. Ed.

Quid sit ancill. tib. amor pudor ?—HORACE.

I met a little waiting-maid,
And when I spoke to her she stay'd;
I'm not ashamed to tell
That she was fair and rather young;
Her apron-string around her strung.
Become her bodice well.

And she hath ringlets all her own,
Ringlets without Macassar grown,
They fall beside her face;
And when she laughs, in frolic glee
Wafts them about, just like a tree,
Why then—they're out of place.

She loves her kitchen and its fire,
But comforts such as these will tire,
Then out from home she trips;
And, when she drains a drop of true
Schnaps, might I kiss the mountain dew,
That sparkles on her lips.

There, take my cash—it is not much
But I would give it all to touch
That pretty lily hand.
It is not hers to give; I hear
She's to be marriéd this year,
To Bob, who sweeps the Strand!

Seriously, instead of waiting for the bonfires and Guys of November, it is a pity that this lively bundle of squibs did not go off in April, along with the fooleries of Mr. Wakley, when he was vapouring that if he could not write for all time, he could do it for all space. It might then have been taken for the actual work of the Finsbury M.P., intended to show by specimens in various styles, that he was as competent as Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Bowles, Landon, Knowles, Ingoldsby, and others of our popular Poets and Versifiers, to sing for the Million.